



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

NYPL RESEARCH LIBRARIES



3 3433 07493043 3

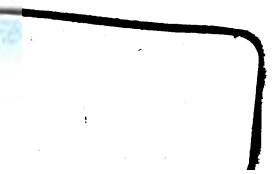
IN·BLUE·AND·WHITE



ELBRIDGE·S·BROOKS

1. O.K.
A.H.

44



NCW

Sum





AT BAY IN THE SMITHY.

"Where, then, is your little plot?" said Humphrey. "Now, go on;
fire, if you dare!"

See page 187.

IN BLUE AND WHITE

The Adventures and
Misadventures of Humphrey
Vandyne, Trooper in
Washington's Life-Guard

BY
ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

Author of "The True Story of George
Washington," "The American Soldier,"
"The Story of Our War with Spain," etc., etc.

ILLUSTRATIONS BY F. T. MERRILL

CLC

BOSTON
LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO.

10 1811

611

THE NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY

332038B

ASTOR, LENOX AND
TILDEN FOUNDATIONS
R 1945 L

COPYRIGHT, 1899,

BY

LOTHROP PUBLISHING COMPANY.

PREFACE.

IN the multitude of stories based upon the campaigns and battles of the American Revolution, other phases of that immortal struggle for independence have been somewhat overlooked. No one of these Revolutionary episodes possessed more interest, or had a more direct effect upon the fortunes of the great strife, at its very beginning, than did that dastardly conspiracy against the patriot army at New York and the life of Washington, known as "the Hickey plot."

That conspiracy has furnished the background for this story of Humphrey Vandyne, a trooper of the Life-Guard; and in the adventures and misadventures of that devoted but often heedless young follower of the great chief, as here set down, may be discovered, it is hoped, not only fresh and interesting material bearing on the story of Washington and the Revolution, but a proof also of the excellence of that maxim, peculiar to no age and true in all lands, that "Eternal Vigilance is the price of Liberty."

E. S. B.

Boston, *September*, 1899.

CONTENTS.

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE MEETING IN THE FIELDS	9
II. HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED	27
III. THE FACE AT THE WINDOW	46
IV. IN CORBIE'S TAVERN	61
V. HICKEY, THE GUARDSMAN	77
VI. AT THE PIG AND WHISTLE	90
VII. THE GOVERNOR'S BOUNTY	110
VIII. BY THE BUTTERY-HATCH	127
IX. ON BOARD THE "DUCHESS OF GORDON" . . .	144
X. WHAT THE CHAIRMAN SAID	160
XI. IN THE SMITHY ON THE GREEN	177
XII. OUT OF THE NET OF THE FOWLER	197
XIII. HUMPHREY'S BUSY DAY	212
XIV. ON THE GENERAL'S SERVICE	230
XV. THE SON OF A TORY	247
XVI. GREEN PEASE FOR THE GENERAL	265
XVII. A DAY OF RECKONING	282
XVIII. WHEN THE FLEET CAME IN	300
XIX. THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NIECE	316
XX. HOW HUMPHREY SERVED HIS APPRENTICESHIP.	333

IN BLUE AND WHITE

In Blue and White

CHAPTER I

THE MEETING IN THE FIELDS

THE crop-haired boy swung his long legs defiantly from the inky and bespattered table upon which he was perched.

"I don't care," he said, "I'll do it."

The short boy, with the olive face and the curly hair, planted himself squarely in front of the boy on the table, and with his hands plunged in his waist-coat pockets, faced the crop-haired youth with the twinkle of conscious influence in his deep-set blue eyes.

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Hun," he said quietly.

The boy on the table flushed a bit. But the influence of those searching eyes had evidently been felt by him before.

"Well, at any rate, I won't stand any of his Tory nonsense," the boy called Hun declared.

The short boy in the brown waistcoat laughed merrily.

"Hun Vandyne, you'll be the death of me," he cried. "Don't you know that it will cost you five shillings for disrespectful or contemptuous language towards the president? And if you hurl a defiance at him like that, it will go far to cost you your footing at King's. That's what the Laws and Orders of the College say. I know it, because, you see," here the earnest eyes snapped merrily, "I've tried it."

"No! have you, Injun? honest, now?" Humphrey, or Hun Vandyne as the boys called him, almost shouted, as he slipped from his perch on the table. "What did you do to Prexy Myles?"

The short boy called "the Injun" pulled open his table drawer, and from under a batch of papers drew out a pamphlet.

Humphrey looked at it curiously.

"'Reply to a Friendly Address,'" he read from the title. "Why, that's Mr. Jay's pamphlet, pitching into Prexy Myles's Tory logic. Troup told me about it. But I don't see—what—no—you don't mean it—you didn't write it? No, Injun, did you? Why, Troup told me—well, well, if you don't beat all that ever I saw. You wrote it, Injun? Why, Troup told me Prexy was madder'n seventeen hornets, and all the Liberty Boys are huzzaing for Mr. Jay, because they say he doubled up Prexy so

J. S. M.

prettily. Injun, you're a — I'll be — " and at a loss for words strong enough to express his jubilant commendation, young Humphrey Vandyne flung his arms around his friend's neck.

"Injun" struggled free with a merry laugh.

"Never mind," he said. "Don't swear over it, if you do like it. Do you know, Hun," he continued, flinging the pamphlet into the drawer, and looking at his boy friend soberly, "I've about come to the conclusion that it don't mend matters to swear about things — when we like 'em or when we don't like 'em, as so many of the boys do. Now, take Prexy's 'Friendly Address' that I tried to reply to. It did make me so mad with its ridiculous quibbles instead of sound arguments that I got quite warm over it. And when a man grows warm over a thing he does, you know, have a regular itch for swearing. More'n twenty times, as I was reading it and answering it, I was going to rap out an oath — By Him that made me! or something as strong. But then I'd reflect that it is unmannerly, at any rate, to treat Him that made us with so much freedom; and so not a swear went out of me or into that reply."

Humphrey Vandyne looked amazed at this singular young man, who deemed it ungentlemanly to swear, — ungentlemanly at a time when swearing was almost the sign and prerogative of the gentleman.

"You're a funny chap, Injun," he said at last.

"But you're right, as you always are. I'll wager you, though, that Prexy swore over your reply, which of course he knows is Mr. Jay's," — and the lad laughed jubilantly over what he deemed so good a joke, — "even if he is the Reverend Myles Cooper of King's College. I know I did when he forced open my door, and fined me ten shillings just for jumping the fence, and going to a Liberty bonfire."

"Ten shillings for a bonfire!" the "Injun" exclaimed. "Liberty comes high, eh, Hun? Going to pay it?"

"Where will I get the ten shillings, Injun?" Hun demanded, "and quarter-day a month off. And what would my father say when I told him what I wanted the money for. No, sir, I'll take the dose and say nothing. 'Adequate exercise,' the rules say, don't they? I wonder what mine'll be?"

"Forty Repetitions to learn the Art of Speaking, I reckon," his companion replied, laughing. "You're a second-year boy, you know; and that's part of the course. But, talking of speaking, are you for the Fields, Hun? The big meeting is to be held there to-day."

"What big meeting?" queried Hun.

"A pretty Son of Liberty you are," the "Injun" responded. "Why, the Indignation Meeting to protest against the acts of the authorities because they won't hurry and bring New York into line

with the other colonies against the Ministry. Oh, don't I wish I could speak there! I'd show 'em a reason."

"Of course you could," echoed young Vandyne, who believed nothing impossible to his friend. "Why don't you?"

"Look at the size of me, lad," responded the "Injun," twirling about on his heel. "What would the freeholders and worthy citizens of New York say to a dwarf giving them advice?"

"But you're seventeen," cried Humphrey with a protest in his voice at his friend's self-abasement.

"And five feet no inches. What's seventeen in years alongside that in height? But anyhow let's go to the meeting. Perhaps I can get some points for another reply to Prexy. Don't let out who wrote that yet, though, will you, Hun? I don't wish to seem disrespectful to President Cooper. I like him well enough, though I hate his political views."

"He'd get more than ten shillings' worth out of you in fines and penalties too," Vandyne declared. "He's enraged over what he calls acts of rebellion. That's what roused him, you know, when he found I'd jumped the fence to go to a Liberty meeting. 'Master Vandyne,' he said," and the lad assumed a dictatorial attitude, and so well copied President Myles Cooper's magisterial manner and voice that his friend laughed in spite of himself. "'Master Vandyne,' said he, 'are you

not aware, sir, — do you not comprehend, that the ill consequences of open disrespect to government are so great that no misconduct of the administration can justify or excuse it?’ So, look out for the ill consequences, Injun! I don’t believe that ten shillings will begin to cover them when Prexy Cooper finds you out, and begins to lay the fines.”

But Humphrey’s friend had no thought of the threatened “ill consequences;” the other part of the sentence had aroused his indignation.

“Did he say that, Hun?” he cried. “Did he truly declare that no misconduct of the administration could justify or excuse disrespect? Oh! let me jot that down. I’ll have that out with him some time. Why, who has a better right to say how they shall be governed than those who are being governed?”

“I’d like to give that to Prexy when he lays down the law on behavior,” Humphrey commented, pulling from his pocket the orders of the president, and waving the paper in his friend’s face. “See here, Injun, do you suppose he’d stand it if I said to him, ‘Sir, because I am to be governed, I have a right to say how I shall be governed. I object, sir, to this order of yours, and refuse to obey it.’ Let’s see, what does it say;” and the boy reread his “fine for offence” decreed by the “Book of Misdemeanors:” “‘Humphrey Vandyne, for going over the college fence on Tuesday night after hours to

attend a seditious meeting, after being reprimanded, is ordered to be confined to the college until the evening of the Saturday following. He is also directed to translate into Latin four pages of Doctor Chandler's Charity Sermon, besides attending the usual collegiate exercises.' Talk about consent of the governed, Injun! Why, where do I come in there?"

The "Injun" rubbed his forehead thoughtfully.

"Come in, Hun? Faith! I think you stay in," he said. "The order is that you be confined to the college until next Saturday. How, then, are you going to the meeting in the Fields to-night?"

"'Over the Fence is out,' " replied Humphrey, rebelliously quoting one of the college game rules, still familiar to the boys of to-day.

"You don't mean," — began his friend.

"Yes, I do mean," Vandyne replied. "You argue so well, Injun, that I'm going to tie my fate to you. You say the governed have a right to say how they shall be governed. Prexy Cooper is against the voice of the majority here in New York — and in the college. *Ergo*, he has no right to say how I, Humphrey Vandyne, a duly matriculated student of King's College, shall be ruled. Lead on, brave youth! Here goes for over the Fence and off to the Fields!"

Humphrey's friend banged shut the drawer of his table, and clapped the young rebel on the back.

"Bravely spoken, Master Vandyne," he cried.

"If you defy an unrighteous law, so do I. It's over the Fence to the Fields, and that means fines for both of us. But strategy, strategy, my boy! It's more than a fine for you. You're breaking bounds against confinement orders. That's the risk of expulsion, is it not?"

"'Obstinacy and Perseverance in all Cases may be punished by Expulsion,'" again quoted Humphrey; who, alas! better knew the "Body of Laws" of King's College by heart than his college textbooks — "*Wallisy Logica, Ovidy Epistolae, Johnson Noetica*, and all the rest of his oddly-listed, second-year studies."

"Here goes for leave of absence, then," the "Injun" remarked. "I'll to Prexy at once, and get us both off — if I can."

"Well put, O West Indian youth!" Humphrey commented, but with so much faith in his friend's persuasive powers that he added: "you'll get leave, though; I know you will. I believe, Injun, you could even make Prexy Cooper a Son of Liberty if you gave yourself up to it."

His friend flung back a laughing disclaimer as he dashed from the room, while Humphrey, easy in his mind now that his cause was in such good hands, sought his own room, ostensibly to "tackle" a page of Doctor Chandler's Charity Sermon, but really, ambushed behind his window, to snap cherry-pits at the perambulating collegians in the yard below.

Half an hour later his envoy and special pleader returned. His face did not altogether speak of success in his mission.

"Well, Injun? When do we go?" Humphrey demanded.

"*We* don't go, Hun. But I do, and that means you," the Injun replied.

"You talk in riddles, lad," Humphrey declared. "I pray thee, expound me this, as Dr. Chandler says. How, if we don't go and you do, does that mean me, good Injun? I fear Prexy's Metaphysics, 'to be continued,' such as he gives the fourth-year boys, have bemuddled your luminous brain. Unravel the mystery, I pray."

"A dozen or more of the lads are going," his friend replied; "and I am to go to see that the first and second-year boys are orderly and attentive, and that they be made to applaud only expressions of confidence in the government."

Humphrey laughed immoderately.

"O Cæsar Jehoshaphat!" he cried. "If Prexy only knew who wrote that 'Reply to his Friendly Address!' Injun! Injun! would you be the wolf guiding the lambs to loyalty? Fie upon you! Oh! but won't it be racy to see you guiding the applause for confidence in the government. I shall die a-laughing to see you. I shall — but hey! I sha'n't; I cannot go, you say."

"The president declares that so heinous and re-

prehensible an act as that of Master Vandyne's" — and the curly head shook solemnly — "merits the strictest punishment, and under no consideration are you to leave your study, sir. So, I've arranged it with the porter. You will go through the lodges in my place, as prefect and guide to loyal applause, while I remain in your study — until such time as I go over the Fence."

"Injun, you're a genius! you'll be a great man some day, mark my word," Humphrey cried, with a resounding slap of approval. "But what about Cerberus?"

"The porter? Pst! listen close, lad," and the boy whispered the secret into Humphrey's ear: "he's a Liberty Boy himself."

Humphrey actually rolled under his study table in delight.

"Honeycombed with treason — traitors within our gates — O my poor Prexy!" he moaned in apparent distress, as he lay on his back, and looked up at his boy friend.

"How about those ill consequences now, Injun, when the very watch-dog at our doors is a secret abettor to open disrespect," he said. "And this is the America of which our dear, dear Prexy Cooper wrote in his 'Friendly Address:' 'The Island of Britain is able to govern ten such Americas if she will exert her power.' Let her exert it, eh? Give me your farewell and your blessing, Injun, my boy."

I'll lead the lambs through the lodge to loyalty as soberly as would His Excellency the Governor himself. Just you cram up on a page or two of the Charity Sermon, and then, hey! for freedom and over the Fence! Meet us on the east side of the Fields, close by the sunken rock. That's farthest away from the college, if the tutors are out. Injun, we'll raise the town before we approve the government. What was the hour?"

"Three o'clock. The dial said well beyond two as I came along. Be off now."

"I'm off. Let me get on your sedatest manner. There! now mark me, Injun. Am I not the very pink and model for a leader of Prexy's loyal lambs. I could pose on his monument to Prexy Johnson, could I not, as I pass the lodge with this appearance of—

'Decent dignity and modest mien,
The cheerful heart and countenance serene.'

To thy Charity Sermon now, and with good digestion, fair youth. And don't forget the Fence? That knob-holed sycamore on the nor'east corner is the best place for a leg-over, you know."

And conspirator Number Two marched soberly into the hall in his borrowed character of guide and proctor, while the chief conspirator, instead of attacking the good doctor's Charity Sermon, fell at

once into the deepest thought. With hands clasped behind his back, and his eyes fixed upon his own unseen ideals, he walked up and down the narrow college study in true Napoleonic attitude; for "the Injun," as his mates called him, was a deep and earnest thinker of great thoughts, even at seventeen.

At last, however, he roused himself from revery, glanced toward the shadows of the sycamores in the yard, and stealing down the dormitory stairs, crept stealthily into the yard and by the "knob-holed sycamore" on the northeast corner, as Humphrey, the well-initiated, had advised. There he flung himself over the prohibited limits of the college fence, and raced away to join his companions in the Fields.

"The Fields," as every old-time New Yorker knows, were the open meadows beyond Broadway, now partially occupied by the City Hall Park. It was here, a short distance above what now is the head of Dey Street, that a rude platform had been built to afford footing to the speakers who were billed to address one of New York's many pre-Revolutionary mass-meetings, protesting against the timid, narrow, and un-American stand of the Tory Assembly of the Province of New York, which, so the Sons of Liberty and other fervid patriots declared, did not represent the desires or demands of the people.

"In the skirts of the city," too, along that part of Church Street still known as College Place, stood the college, then familiar under its loyal name of King's, but now famous as the great Columbia University on Morningside Heights. It was a long three-story building, surmounted with a cupola, and topped with a copper crown. Its beautiful grounds ran down to the broad and majestic Hudson; but it was a brief five minutes' run for an active boy, after he had cleared the college fence, to join the throng gathered in mass-meeting in the Fields.

It was the sixth of July, 1774, a warm summer afternoon, when even the tree-shaded City Hall Park of to-day would be hot. The heat that was most oppressive on that especial day, however, was the fire of indignation that burned in the breasts of the New York patriots against the time-serving, self-loving, sometimes honest, but more often contemptuously loyal Tories of their own town and colony.

But even the heat of indignation is not always sufficient to warm a dull or halting speaker into the resistless persuasiveness of the orator, or bring the doubters to the side of action. The Sons of Liberty were there in force to cheer and applaud every sentiment of union and freedom. The best of the liberty talkers were there, — McDougall and Livingston, Sears, Duane, and Jay. But, somehow, their words were not as strong as their desires, nor their argu-

ments as inspiring as their faith; and when Humphrey Vandyne and his college contingent reached the Fields the meeting was wordy but divided in opinion, assertive but unenthusiastic, and the boys began to vote it stupid.

Just then Humphrey spied his friend.

"Hey! Injun, Injun!" he shouted. "Here we are;" and speedily the newcomer was with his mates, "by the sunken rock."

"No fun here," was Humphrey's rather disgusted comment. "I wish we'd gone in swimming at the Cove."

"Fun!" cried his friend, "fun, Hun Vandyne! We're not here for fun, I hope. This is business. Who's speaking, — Lewis? Who's presiding? McDougall? Why don't they warm up? Let's get closer to the platform and huzzoy for the cause."

As only active college boys can, the lads worked and wormed their way into the press, until well near the speaker's platform. Then, as now, the crowd had an eminent respect, though never an overwhelming love, for "collegians," as they called the students.

The speaker droned on with his arguments, and his honest but uninspiring sentiments. He was too conservative to be frank, too critical to be outspoken. The "Injun" fretted visibly.

"Ah! he's missing the main point. Can't he see that, I wonder?" he fumed, beneath his breath.

"Why don't he huzzoy for non-importation? Why don't he demand a congress of the colonies?"

"Give it up, Injun, why don't he?" Humphrey Vandyne returned. "Give him a steer, lad. You could speak better than he does, I know. Go on. I'll give you a leg up."

Young Vandyne spoke in jest; for in those days, when children and young people still in their teens were expected to be seen and not heard in the company of their elders, or, as the college laws had it, were expected to make a habit of "rising, standing, uncovering the head, preserving a proper distance, and using the most respectful language," — a word in public was esteemed most indiscreet. But Humphrey Vandyne's comrade was one who rose above the conventionalities when justice and determination burned in his ardent young breast.

Even as the prosing speaker on the platform withdrew, and the chairman was about to call another, Humphrey heard a quick command at his ear.

"Give me a leg up, Hun," was the word; "I've got something to say."

Nothing loath, but startled by his friend's assurance, Humphrey "boosted" his small friend to the platform.

"Go it, Injun; good for you!" cried the boys.


"What's the younker want?" "Collegian! Collegian!" came the cries from the encircling crowd.

"Mr. McDougall, may I speak?" he demanded, with a bow toward the chairman; and the chairman, surprised into acquiescence, bowed in assent, even before he appreciated that this small lad really intended to "speak out in meeting."

For an instant the boy stood facing the throng, shy, embarrassed, and just a bit stage-struck. Then his eye fell upon Humphrey Vandyne perched upon a corner of the platform. His soul caught the thrill of faith, friendship, and encouragement that smiled from his comrade's eyes; and, plucking off his hat from his curly head, he rushed into the speech that was struggling for utterance.

That speech carried the day. There was little of the spread-eagleism and clap-trap of the show-orator, in the talk of this boy of seventeen; it was rather an appeal to the reason and judgment of his countrymen, clear in its logic, unanswerable in its arguments. It caught, convinced, and carried the meeting.

"Non-importation and non-exportation," declared this remarkable boy, "are the only peaceable means in our power to save ourselves from the most dreadful state of slavery. There is not the least hope to be placed in anything else. Your measures here alone can procure you the most speedy redress. Are you willing to be slaves without a single struggle? Will you give up your freedom, or, which is the same thing, will you resign all





ON THE PLATFORM IN THE FIELDS.
"He's Hamilton of the second class — Alexander Hamilton
from Nevis."

security for your life and property, rather than endure some small present inconvenience? Will you not take a little trouble to transmit the advantage you now possess to those who are to come after you? I cannot doubt it; I would not suspect you of so much baseness and stupidity as to suppose the contrary."

The throng waved sticks and hats in approval; the collegians set up a yell of applause, Humphrey leading it off with swinging hat and a cry, "Bravo, Injun! keep it up."

Thus encouraged, the "Injun" went on.

"Tell me not of the British commons, lords, ministry, ministerial tools, placemen, parasites," he exclaimed. "I scorn to let my life and property depend upon their pleasure. Give me the steady, uniform, unshaken security of constitutional freedom. Give me the right to be tried by a jury of my own neighbors, and to be taxed by my own representatives only. What will become of the law and courts of justice without this? The shadow may remain, but the substance will be gone. I would die to preserve the law upon a solid foundation; but take away liberty and the foundation is destroyed."

With words like these did that slight, small, blue-eyed but earnest-faced boy of seventeen sway and capture that divided throng. Then he dropped from the platform upon the waiting shoulders of his comrades, while the crowd shouted again in approval.

"Collegian! collegian! good for the young 'un! huzzoy! huzzoy!" they cried.

"Who is he—the little chap?" one of the throng inquired of Humphrey, as the speaker, with a hand on Humphrey's shoulder, had sprung into the welcoming arms of his college mates.

Humphrey, poised for the spring, turned his head in quick reply.

"Who? he? Oh, that's the Injun!" he replied.

"Injun," exclaimed the puzzled citizen. "What d'ye mean, boy? He's no Injun. He's a collegian, eh?"

"Yes, yes," replied Humphrey a bit impatiently, anxious to join his shouting, hustling schoolfellows. "We call him 'Injun,' though—'the little West Indian'—because he came from that way, you know. Isn't he a master hand at a speech though, when he gets at it? That's the sort we grow at King's. Name? Why, dont you know his name? I thought of course you did. He's Hamilton of the second class in King's College—Alexander Hamilton from Nevis."

CHAPTER II.

HOW THE TABLES WERE TURNED.

THE sober second thought which often succeeds enthusiasm rather "took the starch" out of those uplifting arms of the applauding collegians that held their young orator aloft. It even raised a question as to consequences in that patriot son of a Tory father, Humphrey Vandyne.


For though Alexander Hamilton's earnest and convincing arguments had turned the meeting in the Fields to strong and decided action in support of Boston's rebellious stand against British authority, upholding non-importation, and demanding a Congress of the colonies, and although the plaudits for the "collegian" still echoed in the air, Humphrey and some of the other boys soon found their thoughts turning more upon President Myles Cooper's reprimands than the Acts of Parliament, and the "College Book of Misdemeanors" more than upon the call for a Congress. Thus do the dangers of the present often obscure the glories of the future.

But Alexander Hamilton was a natural leader. Though a boy in appearance, he was already a man

in ability ; and as the group of students slowly made their way back to the college, it was he who braced up the drooping spirits of those who, like him, had "gone over the fence" to get to the mass-meeting, while he replied with confidence to the taunts and challenges of the king's men tossed to the Liberty Boys.

"Don't you worry, Hun," he said, as Vandyne's confidence began to weaken ; "Prexy's bark is worse than his bite, you know, and anyhow this is my affair. You didn't 'jump the fence ;' I did ; and it was worth it, eh, my son ? That's all right, Auchmuty ! When that Congress really does assemble, you loyalty boys will be laughing on the other side of your mouth. What's that ? You soldiers will fix us ? O well ! talk's cheap, and you haven't got that ensigncy yet. That crowd in the Fields was all our way anyhow ; and we can do as much in New York as they can in Boston."

But when the delinquents stood at last before the awful bar of the President that evening, both loyalists and Liberty Boys who had been present at the mass-meeting without leave came in for so strong a dose of the President's displeasure, that alike liberty and loyalty seemed wofully wrong ; for the vials of the Reverend Myles Cooper's wrath were poured upon those who, by going without leave, had even by their presence countenanced "so unjustifiable and inexcusable an affront to royal authority" as



that meeting in the Fields ; while as for the student who had dared to address " the rebellious herd " — for swift messages of Hamilton's audacity had quickly reached the Presidential ears — " no disgrace," the President declared, " could be too pronounced, no punishment too severe."

" Was it not enough, sir," he said, turning upon Hamilton, " for you to bring disgrace to the fair fame of our college, which bears the royal name of King's, by proclaiming to the world, by your very presence at that rabble meeting, that there are, within its walls, those whose minds are unprincipled and whose hearts are disposed for rebellion? Think, then, how much more heinous it is, that you, sir, — you, whose standing heretofore has even been as high as your conduct has been irreproachable, — must advocate a rebellion of these colonies, which, whether it should prove successful or unsuccessful, would surely terminate in ruin or destruction? Can you imagine, sir, you and the violent republicans whom you champion," demanded good Dr. Cooper, warming as his indignation grew, " that you can threaten, bully, and frighten the supreme government of the British nation into a compliance with your rebellious demands? Can you, sir, expect to favor submission to your peevish and petulant humors by exciting clamors and riots in England and open rebellion in America? Let me tell you, and let us thank God for it, that I can, sir," con-

cluded the doctor solemnly, "that it is morally certain that, in the day of trial, a large majority of Americans will heartily unite with the king's troops in reducing America to order. Then will your friends, the wretched republicans, find themselves deserted by thousands and thousands in whom they now confide, and inexpressibly dreadful will be their disappointment and grief?"

Auchmuty and Chandler and the other delinquents who were loyal, but curious, and so expected to escape with the normal fine for absence without leave, audibly applauded the President's eloquence, while even Humphrey Vandyne, who was in the "scrape" more for the fun of the thing than for any strong and compelling principle, felt that the good doctor had the strength of his position, and waited anxiously for the "Injun's" reply.

There was no hesitation in that reply. Alexander Hamilton could be calm and courteous, for he was a polite and well-reared young gentleman; but he could be exasperatingly cool and sarcastic when occasion prompted.

"You are mistaken, sir," he said, bowing to the robed and wrathful President; "we neither desire nor endeavor to threaten, bully, or frighten any person into a compliance with our demands. We have no peevish and petulant humors to be submitted to, such as you charge us with. All we aim at, sir, is to convince your high and mighty masters, the

British ministry, that we are not such asses as to let them ride us as they please."

At this the face of the President flushed red with anger; while, as they heard this open and rebellious defiance, the mouths of the loyalist students gaped wide in speechless astonishment. As for Humphrey Vandyne, that young make-mischief speedily tumbled off the political fence upon which he was astride, and ranged himself by the side of "the little West Indian" as much the bolder advocate.

But Hamilton went on unheeding the effect of his words.

"No, sir," he proclaimed, "we are determined to show the ministry that we know the value of freedom; nor shall their rapacity extort that inestimable jewel from us without an open protest, or, if need be, a manly and virtuous struggle. And believe me, sir, though I cannot much applaud your wisdom" — more gasps from the doctor, the students, and delighted young Humphrey Vandyne — "yet am I compelled to admire your valor, which leads you to hope you may be able to threaten, bully, and frighten us Americans into a compliance with sinister ministerial designs. What blows and scars will not our Congress and their supporters — a very large part of the continent, let me say — receive from your tremendous arm? Indeed, sir, we must all be soundly drubbed with your hickory cudgel; for surely you would not undertake to drub one of us without

feeling yourself able to treat all the friends and adherents of the Congress in the same manner, since 'tis plain that the first blow of your cudgel would bring all of them on your back."

The spirit of the meeting in the Fields was still strong upon Hamilton, and had carried him farther in his sarcasm and heat than was usual with his calm and reasonable nature. He hastened to add, "Believe me, sir, I mean nothing personal in this, save as it affects your advocacy of the ministry. For you, as you know, doctor, I have profound respect; for those whom you support I have the deepest contempt."

By this time the President had found his voice.

"I refuse to answer your scurrilous and indecent words," he said. "They are on a plane with those of your unacknowledged master who hides himself behind an unknown name, — though I know him, sir, I know him, — and attempts a weak and unmanly reply to my 'Friendly Address to all Reasonable Americans.' Well, Master Vandyne, what pleases you so immensely in that? Is this a time for unseemly mirth? Pray sir, at what are you laughing?"

In fact, at this last charge against Hamilton, the irrepressible Humphrey had been unable to retain his bottled-up spirits, and fairly doubled up with laughter that would not remain even silent.

"This disrespect, sir, rises into ill-behavior," de-

clared the scandalized President ; "it is contemptuous, sir. I repeat, sir, why are you laughing?"

"That reply to your 'Friendly Address,' sir," retorted Humphrey, trying to silence his laugh ; "whom do you think wrote it, sir? The Honorable Mr. Jay?"

"Well, you have said it. Was it not, sir? was it not? I know the hand and style of the chairman of your Secret Committee," the President replied ; "but let him beware. Jays have sought ere this to worry and attack the king, but have lost their heads in consequence. Even he—what, still laughing, Master Vandyne? This is most unseemly ; why do you point so at Master Hamilton? Do you mean—what— No—would you have me infer that he—that boy—wrote the reply to my address? Nonsense, sir, it is impossible. Young gentlemen," he demanded, turning to the Tory students, who, loyalists though they were, were boys enough to dearly welcome "one on the President," "young gentlemen, is this so?"

"It is so bruited about in the college, sir," replied Auchmuty, struggling to keep down a smile.

"And I saw it, sir ; I saw the writing," declared the heedless Humphrey.

The President turned accusing and questioning eyes upon "the little West Indian." "Master Hamilton," he said, "do I hear aright? Are you the writer of that virulent reply?"

Alexander Hamilton bowed his answer.

"It was my attempt at a reply, sir," he acknowledged. "It was not intended to be virulent; it was but in the way of a logical return of arguments."

Dr. Cooper's high front lowered visibly. This was the unkindest cut his pride could have received.

"Faced by a boy?" he muttered; "defied and niggled by one of my own students! A logical return, d'ye say, Master Hamilton?" he broke out indignantly. "Then shall you have it truly. The logical return for disrespect toward your superiors and especially toward the authority of this college, is fine, rustication, or expulsion. I decree the last!"

"Oh, sir!" cried young Auchmuty, springing forward. "I beg you to recall that decree. In these days, when talk is hot and difference runs high, much must surely be excused to the heat of argument and opinion. Master Hamilton and I are unalterably opposed as to our views of the present trouble, but the honor of King's College is at stake; and surely you, sir, as its President, would not bring criticism upon it and yourself by writing the sentence of expulsion against one who dared cross swords with you in fair and logical dispute?"

This championship by an opponent was so unexpected that they brought Hamilton to his feet in acknowledgment. His impulsive nature responded swiftly to the generous action of his rival, and his hand at once sought Auchmuty's in gratitude.

"Sammy," he cried, "you are a friend worth having. For, friends we are, lad, even if we do not hitch politically. Classmates of King's will always be friends, even though duty separates them."

Tears stood in good Dr. Cooper's eyes; for though a hot partisan, he had a warm and sympathetic heart.

"Behold how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity," he quoted; and then, unexpectedly forgetting in his emotion the causes that had summoned the students on the misdemeanor line, he said to the assembled boys: "Young gentlemen, let us hope for the best. If matters will but be discussed in what I might call the Auchmuty spirit of fairness, this country of confusion may yet become again the home of peace and order. As for the rest: *Veritas magna est et privalebit*. Gentlemen, to your quarters."

So, what had promised to end in fine and expulsion closed suddenly in peace and immunity, thanks to "the conquest of Cooper," as Humphrey Vandyne termed it. But when Hamilton began to take the boy to task for giving away the authorship of the reply, young Humphrey protested.

"I couldn't help it, Injun; 'pon my soul I couldn't," he declared. "It was too funny to see Prexy swinging off on the wrong track, and I just had to let out the truth. And why do you blame me? I'm sure it was what I said that brought Sam

Auchmuty out so boldly on your side,—funny thing for Sam to do, wasn't it, and he so hot for the king? Anyhow, his coming out brought Prexy up with a short turn; it got us all off from fines and you from expulsion. I don't see but it is all due to me. I'm the hero, and here you go trying to pull me down. Mr. Hamilton, you are not fair to your benefactor."

At which even Hamilton was forced to laugh, while Auchmuty, who overheard Humphrey's "chop logic," called out,—

"Keep on, Hun, and they'll have you in the 'Moot' yet. A law-club and debating-class like that is the only fit place for your monstrous fine talents—eh, Hamilton?"

But Humphrey was not really sure whether the boys meant their laugh for chaff or for applause. So, like the wise lad he was, he accepted it for the latter.

King's College (now Columbia University) was a sorely divided institution of learning in those summer days of 1774. Already the great question as to the king's right, which was rending the English colonies of North America, had divided the growing college into hostile camps, and made every collegian either Whig or Tory, rebel or loyalist.

Alexander Hamilton, an exceedingly bright boy from the West India Islands, had early been convinced of the colonists' rights in the matter; and, as we have seen, had entered as earnestly into the war

How the Tables were Turned. 37

of words as he was, in time, to enter earnestly into the war of sword and musket in those stirring days of the American Revolution when, as James Russell Lowell so truthfully declares —

“English law and English thought,
'Gainst the self-will of England fought.”

Into this war of pamphlet and conflict of debate young Humphrey Vandyne had blindly followed his leader. The son of a loyalist farmer in the fair section behind the Nyack hills, Humphrey, a student of King's, had there speedily come within the influence of Hamilton, accepted his arguments, and followed his lead, never once stopping to think of consequences or of what his father would have to say about his actions.

He resented what he deemed “the interference” of good Doctor Cooper, the aggressive Tory President of King's College, and, as you have already seen, lost no opportunity of ranging himself on the side of the often obstreperous “Sons of Liberty,” in whose ranks he paraded, who were alike making public opinion and powerful enemies in that same half loyal, half rebel, New York.

Half royal, half rebel, both town and college continued to be through the succeeding fall and winter of 1774, and Humphrey found himself in continual hot water because of his pranks and escapades. As for the latter, he was ever a “wander-foot,” so the Presi-

dent declared. Whenever the Sons of Liberty were out for a "Tory hunt" (or as they dignified their mob law, "enforcing the will of the people") Humphrey was "over the Fence" and with them in spite of college laws and exactions; and on Christmas Day he received, as his holiday gift, an order from the President and council that, for his continued contumacy, he was (under threat of rustication for non-compliance) to translate half of the eighth *Æneid* of Virgil into English by the first day of next term.

But before the first day of that next term came around other things had transpired. Great news had come from Boston. On an April day in 1775, the farmers of Middlesex had openly withstood the troops of King George. Blood had been shed on Massachusetts soil; and when, on the following Sunday morning, the quiet of New York had been broken by a swift rider spurring down Broadway with the news of Lexington, Humphrey had the momentous tidings as early as any one, and loudly proclaimed the event in the college halls.

The President was aroused and angered, as so stout a supporter of his king was certain to be; and when the Sons of Liberty on that same April Sunday stormed the City Hall, supplied themselves with stands of arms, and cleaned out the ships that lay in the harbor loaded with supplies for the king's troops, the valor and indignation of the ardent and loyal college president broke into such open denun-

ciation that the Sons of Liberty were hot against him in their wrath.

"You have defeated the attempt of our Congress to bring about a constitutional reconciliation with Great Britain," they charged in the angry letter of protest they sent the outspoken President of Kings. "You have held up a signal for civil war. The blame is yours. Your blood be on our head. Parricide and Tory! look to your welfare! Fly, fly for your life, or anticipate your doom by being your own executioner!"

Openly the President denounced the "mob of villains" who thus pursued him with threats, and declared that he would not be moved. The college was torn with conflicting emotions; but the men of Kings were loyal to their college, and vowed to defend its president even from the wrath of their own partisans of liberty.

The farmers and minute men of New England were swarming Boston-way to coop up and besiege in that water-circled town the hated redcoats of King George; and in New York, on an April night, the Sons of Liberty pledged the men of Massachusetts their sympathy and support; then, inflamed against the partisans of the king, they vowed in outspoken and aggressive tones instant vengeance upon those most prominent in the town.

Humphrey Vandyne was at that "indignant meeting," you may be sure. He had scaled the fence

by the "knot-hole sycamore" to be there; and, with other of the Liberty Boys of the college, he had gone over the fence, too, heedless of punishment.

"Cooper, Cooper!" suddenly rose the cry in mass-meeting. "Tory Cooper! Pull down the college! Smoke him out! Give him a coat of tar! Let him ride the rail. Yah! Tory, Tory Cooper! Haul him out!"

There was a mad swaying and turning of the crowd; it surged out into the street toward Broadway, and Humphrey and Hamilton found themselves almost heading the throng, "sprinting" for dear life by the "shortest cut" college-ward.

"Here, you can run the fastest," called Hamilton, grasping his comrade's arm. "Good boy! Run for your life. Wake up the President. Tell him they are after him. Bid him fly at once."

"Is that what you mean? Why, I thought you were going to head 'em," cried Humphrey; "why not give Prexy Cooper a little taste of what they can do?"

"Fie on you, Hun Vandyne," panted Hamilton. "Are you a King's College man, and say that? The doctor's safety is first of all. King's men to the rescue! Troup, you stay by me. We'll get there and hold the mobbers back. Hun, do you spurt up and drag the President away. Get him off somewhere. Now break for it, lad. Run, run! King's to the rescue!"

How the Tables were Turned. 41

Not another word of protest did Humphrey make; but, following his leader's order, sprang far ahead with a mighty sprint, and gained the college building before the mob had reached it.

Up the stairs he hastened, regardless of the sacred dignity of the president's apartments, and hammered lustily on the doctor's door.

"Wake, Prexy, wake! Up, doctor, up!" shouted the boy, heedless of his words. "The mob are on you. Wake up, doctor; fly for your life!"

Then the door opened to the summons; and the president, just from his bed, demanded the cause of the uproar.

Humphrey burst into the room; he caught up the presidential breeches, and almost forced the protesting doctor into them.

"No time to talk, sir; dress, dress!" he urged breathlessly. "The Liberty Boys are after you. They'll ride you on a rail. They'll kill you if they find you. Hamilton's holding them back. Quick, sir, be off."

"Hamilton!" demanded the president, "I'll not believe it. He's urging them on, rather. I know him for a pestilent rebel. He has done this."

"No sir, believe me," cried Humphrey, "he leads the rescue. Quick! they are here now."

Up from the promenade came the harsh, hoarse cries of the mob. "Cooper! Cooper! have the Tory out," they called. Then they stilled an instant;

and in spite of Humphrey's frantic appeal to run, as the plucky president threw up the window to harangue his assailants, he caught the sound of a familiar voice addressing the threatening throng.

"Justice, gentlemen; justice and decency!" Hamilton was saying. He and Troup had gained the college first, and planting themselves in front of the closed door, had proceeded to guard it if need be with their lives.

"Think of your manners, men, think of your rights!" cried Hamilton. "Do not lower them by violence. This college is no barracks. Doctor Cooper is no redcoat. Do not disgrace the glorious cause of liberty by such a dastardly act."

The president heard the voice, but in his excitement did not catch the words. He knew that Hamilton was addressing the mob. He heard his own name and the words rights, redcoat, and liberty. He leaned far out of the window, the light falling upon his unwigged head.

"Disperse, disperse!" he cried; "this is unseemly conduct. Your king will punish all who mob his college. Disperse! I say. Listen not to the mad youth who addresses you. He is rebellious and contumacious. Be not guided by him or he will work your ruin."

A yell burst from the crowd as the object of its wrath was recognized.

"Out with him, throw him out!" they shouted.

Sticks and stones flew at the open window ; and as, once again, Hamilton and Troup held the barred door, and kept back the mob by appeals to decency and order, Humphrey Vandyne incontinently laid hold of the presidential legs, and actually pulled the protesting doctor in from the window.

"Run, sir, run !" he counselled. "Hamilton's all right. He's holding 'em back. But he can't do it long. Come, sir, come. I'll carry the rest of your clothes. It's death to stay here longer."

And half leading, half dragging, the dishevelled head of the college down the stairs and by a way best known to one who has "broken grounds" before, Humphrey hurried the President out of the building by a side door, and racing across the grounds, actually "boosted" him over the fence, and so down to the shore of the river and safety.

He saw the President well on his way to the country-house of his friend Mr. Stuyvesant, and then hurried back to the college to find the mob dispersed, the college in an uproar over the affair, and Mr. Moore, the tutor, in charge.

"He called me a 'heaven-directed youth,' Injun," cried Humphrey as he told of the doctor's escape. "But when I gave him a leg over the fence I had all I could do to keep from saying, 'most reprehensible, sir ; outrageous and contumacious. I shall fine you ten shillings for misdemeanor, sir ; and you can translate the Eighth Ænied before the next

term.' O Injun! it's as good as a play. And he thinks you're at the bottom of it all. 'Keep away from those seditious and rebellious assemblages, Master Vandyne,' he said. 'I shall give your worthy father a good account of your doings this night.' I don't really think you are proper company for a good loyalist like me to keep at all, Master Hamilton," declared Humphrey, with such mock seriousness that even young Hamilton was forced to call him, with a hearty laugh, "a sad young dog,"—which meant in those days rather a good sort of a fellow who delighted in fun, and would always have his joke.

Two days after, the "good loyalist" was "training" on the College Green, as sergeant-major in the corps of college cadets, which the energetic Hamilton had long before regularly organized and drilled, as the result of his own lesson in military evolutions learned from Major Fleming; while, at the same time, both boys enrolled themselves in Major Fleming's own volunteer corps, actively preparing for the stormy times for which, even then, men of both political parties were making ready, and which they fully expected, even while they sought to avert, or at least postpone, an open rupture.

Not even postponement, however, was possible. Bunker Hill was fought; Seventeen seventy-six came; and the New York Assembly pledged itself to resistance, and the support of the Continental

Congress. The royal governor, Tyron, fled to the British warship, *Duchess of Gordon*, from which he vainly sought to rule his rebellious Province; and one spring morning Alexander Hamilton burst into Humphrey Vandyne's room with great news.

"Put up your books, Hun," he cried. "Virgil can take a vacation, and some one besides Æneas can have a chance to fight. The Committee of Safety have taken the college buildings for a barracks, and I've applied for the command of the Artillery Company that the Convention is going to raise."

The "Æneid" dropped to the floor with a bang. Humphrey Vandyne sprang to his feet with a shout. His hand went to his forehead in quick salute.

"Present, captain!" he cried. "Count me in as one of that company. I'm going to fight too. Huzzoy for the Congress and independence!"

CHAPTER III.

THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

ALL aflame with this determination to serve in the army of the Congress, Humphrey hurried away from the now deserted college, and hastened up the river to gain the permission of his father to take the step he contemplated. For Humphrey, though headstrong, was not unmindful of his filial duty; and he felt that he could be a better soldier if he showed himself a respectful son.

Teunis Vandyne's farmhouse, set down on a slight rise in the broad Tappan valley behind the Nyack hills, seemed as old and staid in appearance as Teunis Vandyne in his ideas. For both were apparently the oldest of old fogies. The Vandynes, who in the opening year of the century had built the plain, stout-timbered farmhouse beside the restless creek, and had burned the date in fired brick above the broad Dutch doorway, had ever been loyal to king and Parliament, even in the land which king and Parliament had wrested from their forebears of Stuyvesant's day; so, too, had succeeding Vandynes been ever amenable to those in authority,

and Teunis Vandyne could not at once, Humphrey feared, change his "God Save the King" to "God Bless the Congress."

So when, full of exuberant enthusiasm and his determination to be a Continental soldier and don the buff and blue, young Humphrey returned to the Vandyne home quite breathless because of his ambition and openly anxious to be off again, he met his father's stolid resistance and stubborn refusal.

"And is this what I have let you be a collegian for, and had you taught loyalty in the King's College, son Humphrey?" demanded the father. "I would I had known what a nest of traitors was sheltering itself under President Cooper's innocence; I would have lugged you out long before you were so poisoned there. And President Cooper wrote me how nobly you had rescued him from a rebel mob!"

Humphrey smiled inwardly as he recalled his share in that transaction.

"It was Alec Hamilton who did that, father," he said. "I was only under his orders, as I wish to be now when he is to be commander of a battery."

"Which will kick backward, and blow the young runagate up, as it will you if you trifle with it, Hun," his father declared. "What chance, think you, have the men behind such rebel guns when all the power of Great Britain is opposed to them? Faith! They'll scatter your rebels into mince-meat at the

first go-off. Stick to the farm, son Humphrey, if your college is broken up ; or, if you will go a-soldiering, fight for the king, and I will get you a commission in Robinson's Loyal Americans or De Lancey's Dragoons. There's service and advancement for you in either, more than you could ever hope to get in Mr. Washington's rascalion rout, with nothing but a halter at the end."

"You're wrong, father, you're wrong!" exclaimed Humphrey warmly. "General Washington drove the redcoats from Boston ; he'll keep 'em from New York ; and I must help. There is no fear of our cause not winning. Why, Mr. Haring told me" —

"Oh, Mr. Haring! Mr. Haring, d'ye say?" cried Teunis Vandyne hotly; "and what does John Haring know of the future any more than I do, for all he is so high and foremost in the rebel convention? John Haring had best come back and attend to his farm, or it'll be mine before the snow falls. I always did want that north pasture, you know; and when Governor Tryon cleans out yonder rebel nest in New York, and sends John Haring flying for dear life, then comes confiscation ; and who will stand a better chance for that north pasture and all the land, in fact, up to the Long Clove, than I who am a loyal supporter of the king and his governor?"

"I don't like your talking that way, father," Humphrey said, shaking his head slowly. "Why,

here am I just from New York, and I know how surely things are going our way."

"Poof!" Teunis's contemptuous objection to his son's assertion rose almost to a growl. "Much you know how things are going on, boy. Why, I have word from inside the secrets that makes your observing only that of a blindman. Mr. Washington's course is well nigh run. His convention and the Congress will be hunting a new leader soon; and faith, they'll find one such just as scarce as hen's teeth, when the rebels know what is in store for him who would be leader. Your way, indeed! You're but a fool, son Humphrey, if you be a collegian."

"What's going to happen to General Washington, father?" asked Humphrey, suddenly alarmed and anxious; for upon that great chief, even in those uncertain days, the hopes of patriots were fixed.

"Ask me no questions and I'll tell you no lies, boy," Teunis replied, wagging his head. "We hear and know things up this way, even if it isn't the city. Only yesterday came a messenger to all the loyal folk on the West Shore, and he to me gave a hint of the great attempt."

"And what do you call the great attempt?"

"Is it like that I would tell the king's intent to one who would be rebel to the king?" his father replied. "Not that I believe you are one at heart, Hun," he hastened to add. "No Vandyne was ever long opposed to the powers that be."

"Nor am I, sir," Humphrey declared. "The Convention and the Congress are the powers that be; and I am their man, as you will be in time."

Teunis Vandyne laughed good-humoredly; for he was a man as slow to wrath as he was slow in habit.

"You know nothing of what you are talking, son," he replied. "'Tis but a breath of rebellion, that will go to pieces before a pinch of the king's snuff. Be wise in time, lad. Not only may we broaden our farmland with John Haring's rebel acres, but here comes a new chance for you to set yourself well in life. See, boy! Governor Tryon offers to all who will 'list in the king's service five golden guineas bounty: and, in the king's name, two hundred acres of land and one hundred for his wife if he be married. If you must fight, Hun, fight for your king, and get your two hundred acres. As for the other hundred, Hun—" Teunis rubbed his head thoughtfully, "you have no wife, true, but I'll tell you what, Hun—promise me that in two years time you'll marry—well—say Elishamet Sneed's Brachie, and I'll get the other hundred sealed to you the day you 'list. And there you are! A landowner already, to say nothing of the home farm."

Humphrey gave a ringing laugh.

"Great Peter, father dear," he cried. "And what do I want with a farm and a wife? They'd be

hard enough to take, even without the king's service thrown in. I'm not anxious for a red coat. The red facing in the blue of Hamilton's artillery is my choice, or perhaps even the blue and white of the general's Life-Guard. Ah, if I could be but chosen for the Life-Guard."

"The Life-Guard? Pooh!" The unruffled Dutch nature of Teunis Vandyne almost displayed a ripple of resentment. "Have done with such folly, Hun. Why, boy, if what I hear be true, Mr. Washington will have precious little life left to guard ere long."

Again that hint of danger to the general; again Humphrey anxiously demanded, "What d'ye mean, father?" and again the elder Vandyne became uncommunicative, while yet again Humphrey set it all down as loyalist bluff.

"But mark you this, son Humphrey," his father declared, "if you be such a fool as to fling my offer away, then not only do you miss the governor's bounty and the king's land, but the home farm as well. The Vandynes have ever been loyal folk, knowing that their interest was best served by being hand and glove with those in power. King George is our man, and we are his men. This estate that I have worked hard to increase and improve shall run no risk of forfeiture through your rebel pranks. Side with the king, and all I have is yours; side with the rebel congress, and you are none of mine and shall have nothing of me."

The one thing Humphrey Vandyne could not stand was threat, from whomsoever it might come.

"And would you play the tyrant, too, father, even like your British king?" he cried. "I have heard Alec Hamilton declare that a fondness for power was implanted in most men, and that it is natural to abuse it when acquired. I did not think my father would abuse a father's power. But, since you put it so, why, I will go away. I am for liberty and independence. I am for Congress and America. Better a private in Hamilton's artillery than an ensign in De Lancey's dragoons. Keep your land, my father; I'll win mine by my sword. 'Conquer or die' is the motto of the general's Life-Guard, and I'll make it mine."

And though father and son reasoned for half the night, in the great living-room of the old house, seated beside the quaint tiled mantle and the ample hearth, nothing came of it for either side; for father and son were alike Vandynes, and equally stubborn alike.

There was no flare up and no quarrel. But when, next morning, Humphrey rode back to the city, he took, not his father's curse for disobedience, as, according to all the old stories, should have been forced upon him, but he rode away with his father's hearty farewell and "God bless you!" and with money enough to procure him outfit and conveniences in the rebel ranks.

But, all the same, to the father's goodness was added this unalterable assurance: "You've made your bed, son Humphrey, and you must lie in it. A rebel to the king is no son of mine. Henceforth you make your own way, and may good fortune attend you; but when your neck is in danger, too,—when your friend Hamilton is strung up for a rebel from Nevis,—don't count on me to help you out. I'm through with you from this day. For it behooves good men and true to keep their name from rebel plots and plans. So, good-by to you, lad, and good-luck!"

Humphrey Vandyne had plenty of food for thought as he crossed the river at Sneed's, and rode the thirty miles back to town. He could not quite make his father out. For sternness and punishment went hand in hand in those days of parental authority. And yet, Humphrey reflected, here was a case in which, though stern, his father did not set him adrift without money, and, though punishing his rebellion with dismissal, still had kindly words of farewell.

"I don't just make it out," Humphrey mused, as he rode along; "but then, father is slow to act. He'll probably grow furious after I have really got away, or else he'll be sorry when it's too late to say so. Well, I can't afford to wait, especially when there is so much fun afloat; and I must keep my promise to the captain."

And so, with a boyish trust in the future, and with a boyish interest only in the present, he rode along the Hudson's banks in the pleasant spring weather, and duly reported to "the captain."

By dint of continual and well-directed drill, Alexander Hamilton's artillery company was soon ready for service. The young West Indian himself had passed his examination with credit, and secured the command he coveted; and, with the exception of five hundred Continental artillerymen, his command was the only other artillery company in the service.

He had welcomed Humphrey with enthusiasm; he had given him an assignment in the company, and ranked him as corporal. He listened, too, with interest to the lad's report of Teunis Vandyne's actions.

"Fathers are queer sometimes, and that's a fact, Hun," was this superior young man's comment. "Looks as though yours wished to make friends on both sides; so that, if the king succeeds, he will be all right as a loyal subject, while, if the Congress win, he can fall back on your protection, and plead your services to free him from punishment as a Tory."

Humphrey repelled this conclusion indignantly, in spite of his ready acquiescence in all his friend Hamilton's opinions.

"You're wrong, Injun — I mean Cap'n," he said.

"You don't know my father. What he believes, he sticks to. He's no on-the-fence man; and I don't see but I shall have to hoe my own row, and trust to luck to bring our side through all right. You think it will come, sure, though, don't you?"

"As sure as fate," the captain replied confidently. "It'll take more than England to break us, if the colonies will but make a united and determined stand. Do you question that, Hun?"

"Question it? Not I!" cried young Vandyne. "I was only thinking of how Prexy Cooper and my father talk about it's being impossible for the undisciplined colonists to withstand the power and force of Great Britain."

"Impossible! Why?" exclaimed Hamilton warmly. "Discipline and military skill are not everything. Superior numbers, backed by a desire for freedom, will overbalance those advantages."

"But have we those superior numbers?" asked Humphrey, as he thought of England's host of red-coats.

"Thirty to one, my boy," his friend replied.

Humphrey opened his eyes wide with astonishment.

"No!" he exclaimed. "How do you make that out, Cap'n?"

"By those very mathematics you disdained at college, Hun," Hamilton responded. "See here. Great Britain can scarce afford to spare an army of

fifteen thousand men to send against the colonies. These would have to subdue six hundred thousand; for, by the rule of military computation, one-fifth of the whole people of a country are estimated as capable of bearing arms. These colonies have three millions of people; one-fifth of that is six hundred thousand. Drop one hundred thousand, and call it five; that's thirty to one. Can discipline and skill make up that disparity?"

"But, Injun — Cap'n!" broke in Humphrey, "you'll never get five hundred thousand of our colonists to get together. What about the Tories? There are thousands of them. And who knows that the North and the South will always pull together?"

"Granted," Hamilton replied; "suppose these five hundred thousand will not act together. I don't expect them to. But if one in ten of them at a time will fight, then fifty thousand will be enough to make headway; and if you keep fifty thousand in the field, what can England do?"

"She may get help from other nations," Humphrey suggested. "And how about the Hessians?"

"Hessians, say you!" cried Hamilton. "The very name of such hirelings will put a stain on England's name she can never wipe away. Other nations, do you say? Well, what other ones? France or Spain? A more desirable object to them than the disunion of these colonies from Great

Britain cannot be imagined. Shall help come from Holland? Her merchants provide the enemies of England with military stores and supplies whatever may be the war England is engaged in, even though Holland is her ally. Will she do less for us? No, Hun," continued this remarkably prophetic boy — for he was little more than a boy. "France, Spain, and Holland will find means to supply us with whatever we wish" — as they did. — "America, I tell you, is able to support its freedom, even by the force of arms, if she be not betrayed by her own sons. God grant that day may never come!"

Humphrey in his impulsive way echoed his friend's prayer; but even as he did so, the recollection of his father's insinuations flashed upon him; and he said to Captain Hamilton, "What d'ye think, Injun — Cap'n, I should say," for Humphrey was always forgetting his captain in his classmate — "is the general in any danger from Tories or traitors?"

"If I thought so," began Hamilton hotly, "I'd — but what is the use of threats? All we've got to do is to be as watchful against traitors and spies in our own camp as against the redcoats and Hessians from across the sea. And that reminds me," concluded Hamilton, turning suddenly from friendship to discipline and becoming commanding officer once more — "Corporal Vandyne, you will go to General Putnam at once (he's in Mr. Kennedy's house, you

know, Hun), and ask him if it is his pleasure that I parade and drill my artillery command in the Fields to-day. If he orders the drill there, then, on your way back, stop at the camp of Colonel Knowlton's Rangers. Present my compliments to Captain Nathan Hale of Webb's regiment, who is with them just now, and tell him I shall esteem his presence at the drill a favor. And then report to me here, sir, with your replies."

Humphrey saluted and departed. Hamilton's discipline had brought under control even his exuberant spirits; and though, in the curious composition of the American army in the opening Revolutionary days, the lines between officer and men were sometimes sadly relaxed, in Hamilton's Battery Captain Alexander Hamilton was commander, and the transition from friend to commander was made without question, and accepted without protest. There has been nothing quite like it until friend and comrade met as commander and commanded in the days of Roosevelt's Rough Riders at San Antonio and Tampa and San Juan.

So Corporal Humphrey Vandyne galloped down Broadway to bluff old General Putnam at Kennedy House — that appropriated home of a runaway "on-the-fence" patriot. He received the order that Captain Hamilton's artillery company should parade for drill the next morning at nine o'clock; then spurring up the Greenwich Road to Bayard's Mount, he

sought out Captain Nathan Hale, and delivered his commander's message.

"My compliments to Captain Hamilton," said Hale in courteous acknowledgment of the friendly invitation; "assure him that it will be a pleasure for me to be present at the drill. 'Tis a warm gallop you have had, Corporal. Let me offer you a mug of home brew. It was some sent from 'Hospitality Hall,' up at Wethersfield, to celebrate Captain Webb's promotion. He's been made private secretary and aide to his Excellency the General. You know Sam Webb, don't you? We were at Yale together. He's a bright one, almost as bright as your commander, whom I esteem the brightest young officer in the army. You were at school together, weren't you, — you and Hamilton?"

"At college, Captain, — King's College," replied Humphrey, putting down his mug, and touching his hat in acknowledgment.

"Lots of college boys in the army, on both sides, I guess," said Hale. "That's what will block much of our secret-service business. It would be kind of risky to get into the enemy's camp on a hunt for facts, and come face to face with some fellow you knew at school or college, eh Corporal? Well, my regards to Hamilton, and — Oh, Corporal! as you go back can't you oblige me by stopping at Corbie's, and see if you can find Hickey there — Thomas Hickey. He's one of Washington's Life-Guards

now ; he used to be in my company in Webb's, and then in Knowlton's Rangers ; but he's been drafted into the Life-Guard. The general seems to like him immensely. Tell him I have word from Wethersfield, will you ? Thanks. Good-day, Corporal."

"Good-day, Captain." Humphrey saluted and rode off. Turning from the highway at the east end of Bayard's Woods and north of Lispenard's Meadows, he reined in his horse before the door of a low, long-roofed roadside tavern of the Dutch days, about where Spring and Wooster Streets now cross, and known then as Corbie's Tavern.

As he did so a noise came from above his head, and startled him into looking swiftly up.

He saw the sash on the floor above pushed quickly up ; then the frightened face of a young girl appeared for an instant, and threw him one quick, appealing glance from the opened window.

"O sir !—" she began ; but she got no further, for a man's hand fell upon her wrist ; her hand on the sill was loosened ; she was drawn almost roughly back, and the sash came down with a bang. But as she was pulled backward the appeal still lived in her startled eyes ; and Humphrey, aroused to curiosity and stung to resentment by the face at the window and the rough ending to the episode, fairly flung himself from his horse, determined to interfere, forgetful, for an instant, of Captain Hale's message to Hickey of the Life-Guard.

CHAPTER IV.

IN CORBIE'S TAVERN.

HEEDLESS and incautious as ever, when an emergency seemed to call for instant action, Humphrey flung his bridle over a paling, and almost threw himself into Corbie's Tavern.

It was a low, dark, big-raftered room into which he burst; and at a table sat Corbie, the proprietor, talking with a guest as calmly and quietly as if no disturbance could possibly be going forward on the floor above.

The innkeeper's "guest" was a stout, sturdy-looking mulatto, dressed in a blue half-livery. Both men looked up as Humphrey burst into the room. The mulatto sprang to his feet.

"What's going on upstairs, Mr. Corbie?" demanded Humphrey breathlessly. "A girl sung out to me from the window, and a man pulled her back. Have you murderers here? There's some foul play afoot, and I'm going to hunt it out."

Corbie clasped his hands behind his head, and looked at the angry young questioner quietly.

"You're one of Hamilton's Artillery Company,

eh?" he said with questioning composure. "Crack command that's going to be in time."

Humphrey turned away yet more angrily.

"Is this the door upstairs?" he demanded.

"Yes, that's the door," responded the innkeeper lazily. "Go right up; or, hold on, I'll call 'em down. Reckon the sun's given you a turn, Corporal. I didn't hear any noise, and blame me if I believe there's anybody upstairs now!"

Then he called, "'Lizbet! You, 'Lizbet! Hi, there! Come down, I say."

All was still. Then from somewhere in the dim recess upstairs a girl's voice was heard singing in undertone; hurrying steps came to the stairs-head.

"Did you call, Uncle? I'm coming. What do you want?" queried the singer. And then, down the stairs and through the open door there walked into the tap-room the very girl whose terrified face and appealing voice had startled Corporal Vandyne as he rode past Corbie's Tavern. But the terrified look had changed to a smile; the appealing voice was the burden of a song and a question.

"What's the matter, Uncle? What's wanted?" she said.

"You are, 'Lizbet," the innkeeper replied. "Here's a corporal of Hamilton's swears there's trouble up yonder. Who's a-murdering you?"

"Nobody but you, Uncle, with your everlasting big house to take care of," the girl replied.

"But didn't you sing out to me from an open window?" Humphrey demanded. "Wasn't some one terrifying you so that you called for help?"

The young girl looked at Humphrey with a puzzled smile.

"Why, Corporal, I never saw you before," she said.

"Just what I thought, Corporal," the innkeeper put in. "You've been riding in the sun, and it's made you dizzy — kind o' makes you think you hear and see things. I've been took that way myself sometimes. Just you set by, boy, and let me fix up a bracer for you. And you, 'Lizbet, get back upstairs. There's plenty for you to do there, and I don't want you galivantin' round here with young corporals of Hamilton's Artillery."

Humphrey refused the "bracer," and, puzzled and amazed by the incident, concluded that he had been made a fool of, as he saw the girl, with a saucy toss of her head as if in defiance of her uncle's insinuation, whisk up the tavern stairs.

Then, with a half-apology to the tavern-keeper, and an intimation that he might have been mistaken, he withdrew from the tap-room. In his perplexity he utterly forgot Captain Hale's request; for, as he mounted his horse and rode away from Corbie's, he was musing as to what under the sun could be the matter with him to thus hear and see things, which, so it seemed, he did not either hear

or see. But as he trotted off he gave one quick glance at the open window from whence had come the appeal for aid. It was shut and silent.

So he rode on, speculating over the singular thing, and almost inclined to believe that the hail for help from Corbie's window was indeed an hallucination. But as he rode beneath a big limbed chestnut-tree at the corner of the Greenwich Road a little green-spiked burr dropped full upon his bridle hand.

Involuntarily he looked up. As he did so, however, a whispered warning arrested him.

"Pst-t-t! Get down;" it said, "look to your girth and to your horse's hoof. Busy yourself; do not look up, but listen."

Quick-witted and alert because of his recent experience, Humphrey reined in his horse, and, leisurely dismounting, unbuckled and shifted the saddle-girth as if it did not ride easy, and then proceeded to examine very deliberately his horse's hoofs, testing the shoe on each. But all the time his ears were strained to hear the words that were dropped to him from the chestnut-tree.

"The general is in danger," said the voice, a girl's evidently, so Humphrey decided, as in an audible half-whisper it reached him beneath the chestnut-tree. "Don't ask or inquire, but be on your guard, if you love the general. There is a plot a-foot from the governor down, and I know of



THE FACE AT THE WINDOW.

"The frightened face of a young girl appeared for an instant and threw him one quick, appealing glance."

it. I overheard it just before I called to you from the window, and then, for fear of discovery, I denied it all. I must know more and save the general. You are loyal to him?"

"To the death," whispered Humphrey.

"Give me two days more to know the truth," the girl continued. "Then come at five in the afternoon to Corbie's yonder, and take the bench just under the buttery hatch. Whatever you hear, hold it until you know all. Thus may you save your general. Now, up! Ride off slowly, and then act."

"Who are you?" queried Humphrey, curious almost to the verge of examining the chestnut branches.

"Ask me nothing now, and look not up, on your life. Here's Tryon's man coming down the roadway. Be wise."

Humphrey completed his inspection of his horse's hoofs, and by a deft use of his athletic fingers actually loosened and pulled out a shakey nail from the forward shoe. Even as he did so and was testing the loosened shoe, "Tryon's man," the same mulatto in blue half-livery whom he had seen in Corbie's tavern, approached and hailed him.

"What's the matter, sah? Shoe loose?" he asked.

"Looks like it," Humphrey replied. "I thought something was wrong. Another of Corbie's ghosts been fooling with it, perhaps."

The mulatto laughed boisterously.

"Hi! Reckon that's so, sah," he said. "Mighty queer ghosts at Corbie's, eh? Calling corporals out of windows, and stopping them under chestnut trees, eh?"

Humphrey laughed too, though his heart gave a tug as he did so.

"That's so, sure enough," he said. "It was the oddest thing I ever knew. I was sure I heard a call; but it seems not. Think the shoe'll hold till I get to the barracks?"

The mulatto bent down to inspect it.

"Mighty rattley, sah," he said. "Better try a blacksmith."

"Where's the nearest?" Humphrey asked.

"None nearer on this road than Forbes, sah — Gilbert Forbes by the Bowling Green. Your road'll lead straight there, sah."

"I think I'll get you to show it to me, Mr. Governor's man," said Humphrey suddenly. "If I should let on that there was one of Tryon's people at Corbie's it mightn't be just healthy for you, do you see? There have been two or three rail-ridings hereabouts lately, and the Liberty Boys have got good and ready for another."

"You're wrong, sah; you'm sho'ly wrong," the mulatto declared, meeting Humphrey's steady gaze with a wicked look in his eyes, which changed, however, to one of fear and uneasiness.

"I may be," said Humphrey, "but,—don't you see,— I don't think I am so long as you've got these about you ;" and suddenly flinging open the mulatto's waistcoat, he drew from an inner pocket a packet of papers, addressed "For His Excellency."

It was Humphrey's lucky stroke, and it told. The messenger turned livid beneath his dusky tinge, and the fear deepened in his eyes. Without a word he walked beside the artilleryman.

"The governor'd better try some other sort of fool messenger," said Humphrey slowly. "You're as thick-skulled as they make 'em. Couldn't you see my dodge at Corbie's? Of course there was no one at the window — not the right one, you know. He failed me, you see ; and Corbie played it well."

The mulatto looked sharply at the young corporal.

"What, you are one of us?" he said.

"Every time," replied Humphrey. "You just whisper to the governor 'Eighty-six' and 'Rockland.' That'll please him. When are you at Corbie's again?"

"In two days time, sah," said the messenger, visibly impressed. "To-morrow's my day for Gilbert Forbes."

"Ah,— hm — at the usual place?" asked Humphrey, shrewdly.

"No, sah ; at his honor the mayor's, or Flatbush," the mulatto replied. "What are them words?"

"Don't be too curious. Just you say to the governor 'Eighty-six' and 'Rockland,' and I'll get more word to him after you see Forbes. Only, button that waistcoat tight and look for me in two days' time at Corbie's."

They were well on towards the town; and Humphrey, with a nod at the still astonished mulatto, turned quickly off by a cross-road to the Broadway, and so galloped around to the quarter near the hospital.

"Whew!" he said to himself, "but that was a narrow squeak, my boy. Luck favored me; but, Jupiter Tonens! as Auchmuty used to say, what a hobble I'm getting myself into. I don't quite see through it yet; but there's a plot a-foot against the general — the same no doubt that my father hinted at when he tried to work me over, but for which I know he has no love. I wonder who that girl is, and how she happened to warn me of the plot? 'Lizbet, eh? A plucky girl, though, she was; and you must see to it, Hun, my boy, that you keep faith with her. But how — how — how shall I work this out? A plot against the general, with the governor and mayor back of it? I'll just have to consult Hamilton about it. He can advise."

But as he rode on he remembered that the girl in the chestnut tree had pledged him to be silent and secret. With a boy's confidence, too, in his

own powers he believed he could find a way to proceed without advisor or confident. At all events, so he decided, he would await the issue of the next meeting at Corbie's Tavern. There perhaps he might learn more of the hateful plot, and have something different to work upon when unfolding it to the authorities.

So he came at last to quarters. But, even before he had completed the report of his interview with General Putnam and Captain Hale, Alexander Hamilton sunk the officer in the friend, and fairly spun Humphrey about on his military heel.

"What do you think, Hun?" he exclaimed; "the general has drawn you for his Life-Guard!"

"What? No! Whew-w!" Humphrey was almost speechless with surprise. Here were his highest hopes about to be realized, and that, too, when such an appointment might be of especial advantage to the cause.

"Yes," Hamilton went on, "Captain Gibbs himself, the commander of the Life-Guard, you know, has been here asking about your name, your height and weight, and your proficiency. I told him you were everything his Excellency required in his Guard,—that you were sober, young, active, and well-made, five feet nine inches high, of good character and soldierly qualities. As a result of my goodness, I am to lose you, and you are from this day, if my schedule prove true when you report to

the captain of the guard, a wearer of the blue and the white. Ah, Hun, Hun!" added the captain with mock seriousness, in which, too, there was just a grain of feeling, "the good things of this life are not well distributed. Here am I bereft of the one friend I desire in my company, and I myself, who could bravely command the Life-Guard, can get into it neither as private nor as captain, because, alas! I cannot stretch out my miserable five feet into the necessary five feet nine. Think of it, you great hulking Life-Guardsman, who much prefer to be, I know, in Hamilton's Artillery. Here are you especially selected by the general, while I am cheated out of immortality by a lacking nine inches of flesh and muscle. *Hinc illæ lacrimæ. Eheu, eheu!*"

"I shall be mighty sorry to leave the company, Captain," returned Humphrey, as Hamilton ended. "Faith, Injun," he said, falling back on the old comradeship, "I'll throw over the offer if you say so. I'm your man as much as I am General Washington's."

"There's friendship for you!" cried Hamilton dramatically; and then he added more seriously, "Give up such a chance, Hun Vandyne? Never! To be schooled to arms and kept up to duty under the eyes of the commander-in-chief is far better than to be in a volunteer artillery company, whose future no man can plan. The American army can never win final victory if it is to be all and always volun-

teers. We must have a regular Continental service-for, don't you see, Humphrey, the advantage of securing the attachment of the army to Congress, and binding them to the service by substantial ties, are immense. We should then have discipline—an army in reality as well as in name. Congress would have a solid basis of authority, and Washington be indeed general of the armies of America.

Even before the enrolment was completed a spectator appeared. A man well beyond forty, big framed, large featured, of strong and athletic build. Humphrey did not need to look twice upon that noble face in which sternness, serenity, and power, pride, purpose, and balance, were alike combined, together with that impelling something that is not easy to describe or explain, but which marks the leader, and before which opposition and criticism alike were forced to yield. He knew that he stood in the presence of General Washington.

"A new man for my Guard, Captain Gibbs?" the general queried, his eyes resting in evident satisfaction upon the sturdy, healthy, sinewy lad standing at salute.

The captain saluted duly.

"Yes, General," he replied, "this is that young Vandyne of Hamilton's Artillery, whom you desired to draft into the Guard. I took him in hand myself, as Lieutenant Colfax is on special service."

"Ah, so this is Vandyne of Hamilton's, eh?" the general remarked with renewed interest. "You

were one of President Cooper's boys, too, I believe."

"Yes, General." (Humphrey wondered just how much the general knew of his relations to "Prexy Myles of Kings.")

"My wife's son, Jacky Custis" — the general was always particular in his specifications, — "was there, you know, for a while."

"Yes, General, so Captain Hamilton told me," Humphrey replied. "Master Custis left the college before I entered — to be married, I think."

The general smiled.

"Yes, against my will, he said: "I would have had Jacky educated before he was married; but my will gave way before his importunity, and now he is to be one of my aids here. I wished to make him fit for more useful purposes than horse-races, and so I had him placed with Doctor Cooper at King's. I had a high regard for your late president," the general added; "it is a pity he could not see the justice of our cause. But men's minds are different. Did you get on well with the president, sir?"

"Well, General," honest Humphrey began, "I — I — we had some differences of opinion."

Again the general smiled, and looked shrewdly at the young man.

"I fear, my son, you were not as true to him as some of the other collegians," he said. "I have been told it was one of his students that held back

that lawless mob we have all heard about from laying violent hands on him, while another conducted him to a place of safety."

Humphrey, recalling that exciting night, forgot even the presence in which he stood, and actually laughed aloud before his commanding general.

"Why, 'twas I, sir," he said; "I was that student that got Prexy — the president out of harm."

"You!" the general looked closely at the lad. "Ah! and your father, I am advised, is a Tory?"

"But I am not, General," said the boy proudly, looking straight in Washington's eye. "I am a Son of Liberty. I am of the Patriots."

"And yet you helped your Tory president to escape from a college mob," said Washington.

"I am for justice as well as for liberty, sir," replied Humphrey. "That mob was a cowardly attack upon a defenceless man; and I did for Mr. Cooper what I hope any boy — Tory or rebel — would do for my father should he be so beset, much as I dislike his principles."

The general's eye fell in approval upon this outspoken young Guardsman. But he only said, "You are a good horseman, sir?"

"I have never been unseated, General," replied Humphrey.

"You can ride well, shoot straight, obey your superiors, and never question a command?" came the query.

Humphrey saluted.

"That is what I try to do, General," he said.

"To saddle, sir! Catch me that boy!"

The general's command came sharp and sudden enough to startle even a corporal of artillery. But Humphrey was in the saddle at once, and galloping headlong down the green slope that stretched riverward.

"That boy" was a colored servitor, of man's age and stature. Hearing a horse come thundering upon him, he flung his water-pail into the air with a yell, and made for a clump of trees to the right.

But that sort of chase, horse against man, had, by good luck, been one of Humphrey's athletic amusements on his father's farm, behind the Nyack hills. At a dead gallop, he passed the flying darkey, turned, doubled, and wheeled, as the man himself tried to dodge and double; and, finally, coming beside him at one baffling sprint, he reined his horse suddenly still, and, with one hand clutching the runner's collar-band, actually lifted the darkey from his feet, wheeled about, and saluted the general.

"Golly, massa!" exclaimed the captive, as, still collared by the horseman, he was brought to headquarters, "I never was caught better by any gentleman in my life. The gineral, he's tried that before."

And Humphrey began to suspect that he had been put to a cut-and-dried test.

But he never relaxed his hold of the negro's collar, and walked him into the presence of the general, to whom he delivered his prisoner with a soldierly salute.

The general nodded approval.

"He'll do, Captain Gibbs," he said. "Neatly done, eh, General?" he added, turning to the manly, soldierly-looking General Greene, whom the flying negro's yell had brought from headquarters.

"Your new Guardsman, is it, General?" said Greene, with the companion nod of approval. "Where did you draft him from?"

"Hamilton's Artillery Company," Washington replied. "Speaks well for his training, doesn't it?"

"Excellently well," Greene replied. "Where is your company, sir?"

"Mine, I trust, is here, sir," replied Humphrey, who, even in the presence of authority, could not resist his opportunity for a joke. And he saluted the general-in-chief, who had looked at Greene with a nod and smile. "Hamilton's Artillery Company, sir, is stationed near the hospital. They parade and drill to-morrow at nine in the Fields, by direction of General Putnam."

"I'll have to take a look at that company, General, as I ride over to headquarters to-morrow. I've heard of them before," said Greene; "and with this specimen before me, I am the more anxious to examine the complete article."

“Do so, General, and report their condition to me, I beg,” Washington replied. “I, too, am pleased with the specimen, both as soldier and man,” he added, to Humphrey’s supreme delight; for now he knew the general did not criticise his openness of speech.

“The Guard is as yet only infantry, you understand, Vandyne,” the general observed. “But there is hope to form a file of cavalry for it yet; and meantime, with Captain Gibbs’s permission, I will hold you as mounted trooper, for special and personal service. Have I your countenance, Captain?”

“We are your Excellency’s Guard,” Captain Gibbs replied. “What you order, we stand ready to do unquestioned. Private Vandyne, you are detailed as special trooper, for service at headquarters, at the general’s orders.”

“Thank you, Captain,” said the general. “Trooper Vandyne, I have service for you at once. Do you know Corbie’s Tavern?”

CHAPTER V.

HICKEY, THE GUARDSMAN.

CORBIE'S TAVERN! The startling question almost disturbed even Humphrey Vandyne's easy equanimity. What was afloat now? he wondered.

He saluted promptly, however, and in the act recovered himself sufficiently to reply, "I do, General. It is just a bit below you here, near to Lisperard's Meadows, and off the Greenwich Road."

"Report to me in two hours' time," said the general. "I may have a commission for you there. Meanwhile, the captain will show you your quarters, where you can rest from your—cavalry charge," he added, with almost a twinkle in his gray eye. "Report here in two hours. And remember, sir, prompt obedience is the chief requisite of a soldier. See that you do not fail me; for I must rely upon the obedience as well as the sincerity and valor of my Guard."

Speculating much as to the reason of this especial interest which the commander-in-chief seemed to have taken in him (for, even in that day of lax discipline and familiarity between officers and men,

Washington was the notable exception), Humphrey was turned over by the captain to a sergeant for assignment to quarters and equipment, and was soon transferred from an ununiformed corporal, of Hamilton's volunteer artillery, to the blue and white that were the distinguishing colors of the two hundred picked Continentals, who, drafted from the best of the regiments, comprised the Life-Guard of the commander-in-chief.

"And let me tell you, sonny," remarked the old sergeant, a veteran of the French war, "there's no throwing sand in the general's eyes. He knows what soldiers ought to be, and if you're not up to the mark, you'll hear from him."

Whereupon Humphrey determined to be always up to the mark.

In two hours' time, so quickly can youth adjust itself to new conditions, Humphrey Vandyne had "learned the ropes" so far as his surroundings were concerned, and, in the blue and white uniform of the Guard, saluted his captain.

"Your orders, Captain," he said; "I was to report to the general for special service."

"The general says the need does not exist at present," replied Captain Gibbs. "You are to hold yourself in readiness for the same service in the afternoon of the day after to-morrow. Remain on duty here at headquarters for the rest of to-day."

Humphrey saluted and returned to the guard-

room; but, like a flash, the remembrance of his promise to the girl at Corbie's Tavern came to him, with the captain's orders.

"The afternoon of the day after to-morrow! Why," he reminded himself, "that is exactly the time when I promised to be by the buttery-hatch in Corbie's tap-room to hear things. The plot thickens, Humphrey, my boy. I wish I knew just what to do and just what this shadowy plot means. Can the general know anything, I wonder, that he selects the same time for my duty at the same place? Can he have heard anything of what I said to Tryon's man; I'd like to ask? That would be a coil, and more than I bargained for. I'd like to talk it over with the Injun. He's got head enough to help me out of any hole. Help? What do you need of help, Humphrey Vandyne? If you're not old enough and big enough to help yourself in such a matter, then all the scrapes you pulled out of at college did you no sort of good, and you've no business to be in so honorable and responsible a position as trooper of the Guard. The Guard — the general's Life-Guard! That's just your business, my boy: to guard the general's life; and here's your chance coming almost as soon as you've been drafted into the Guard. See that you do your duty wisely and do it well too."

Thus to himself did Humphrey read the lesson as with himself he communed within the guard-room

at Richmond Hill. Then a hand caught him by the shoulder; and, as he looked up, a greeting fell upon his ears.

"Ah, ha, me boy! So it's a new recruity ye are, they're tellin' me. And where did they draft ye from into the Guard?"

The speaker was a tall, well-made, black-haired, dark-featured man, unmistakably Irish, alike in face and speech. But the air of comradeship and welcome about him attracted Humphrey at once to this fellow-wearer of the blue and white, and unhesitatingly he gave the desired information.

"Ah, to be sure! It's from Hamilton's artillery ye come, is it?" the Guardsman replied. "'Tis a fine company, that same. And how came you to leave it?"

"Orders," responded Humphrey briefly. "I found 'em waiting for me this morning, just after I got into quarters from a ride to Corbie's."

The big Guardsman's eyebrows contracted just a trifle as he looked up at the young man.

"Corbie's, is it? Ah, ha! and what was you doing at Corbie's now? Sure the tavern is no place for a fine young lad like you," he said banteringly.

"Oh! I'd been on orders elsewhere for Captain Hamilton," Humphrey hastened to explain. "I just stopped there for Captain Hale of Knowlton's Rangers."

"Hale of Knowlton's, d'ye say!" cried the Guards-

man. "Sure, that was my regiment, and Nathan was my captain before he went into Webb's. What d'ye think of that, now?"

"That's odd," said Humphrey, feeling just a bit guilty as he remembered how the happenings at Corbie's had quite crowded Captain Hale's message from his mind. "Why," he added, "then perhaps you know the man Captain Hale wished me to find at Corbie's. He was of the Life-Guard too. Let me think, what was his name?—Hickey, Thomas Hickey—that was it; of the Life-Guard too, and he was from Connecticut. Where can I find him?"

"At the end of your nose, me boy, at the end of your nose," the Guardsman cried merrily. "Sure, I'm Hickey, d'ye mind. And what now would Captain Hale be wanting of me—and at Corbie's?"

Humphrey sprang to his feet.

"Oh!—I hope you will pardon me," he began; "but, you see—there was something—I found something else at Corbie's, and Captain Hale's message clean slipped me. He asked me to tell that you he had some things sent down for you from Wethersfield—is that your home?—and that you were to come to his quarters for them."

"Oh! and that was all, was it?" said Hickey. "And how was the captain to be knowin' that I was best like to be found at Corbie's now, d'ye think? Faith, he's a shrewd one, is Captain Nathan Hale. He's a nose for finding out more than you'd think

for by the looks of him. But see here, my boy, what was it ye found else at Corbie's that made my goodies from Wethersfield slip your mind? Come, I'm askin' ye. Own up, now. Ah, ha! I've caught ye. Was it Corbie's tankards? Or, faith! I believe ye, it was Corbie's niece, you're a tellin' me."

To save himself Humphrey could not keep the tell-tale blood from mounting to his face, but not, as Hickey would have it, because of the fascinations of the girl he called Corbie's niece. The flush in Humphrey Vandyne's face was from a totally different cause. He feared lest Hickey might surprise the real truth from him, and cautioned himself to be careful of his words.

"Faith, lad! and if you've seen Corbie's niece, it's more than I've done," cried Hickey. "The old curmudgeon keeps her close, I'm thinking, and only lets her be seen, d'ye mind, when college chaps like you are around."

"College chaps!" cried Humphrey. "How do you know I'm a college man, Hickey?" he demanded, with a feeling of surprise that was almost suspicion.

Hickey gave the new Guardsman a resounding slap on the back.

"Is it how did I know, ye're asking me?" he said, laughing loudly. "Just hear that now! the suspicious nature of the lad! Sure, it's no disgrace to be a collegian, Mister Vandyne. Ye couldn't

help it. 'Twas your father's fault, I'll be bound. Faith, it sticks right out in ye, lad; but if ye must know, I was told it for a fact. 'Twas Johnson, Tommy Johnson, our fifer, told me. 'Whist!' says he, as I came into the guard-room; 'we've a new recruity,' says he; 'and there he is,' he says to me, showin' you to me here; 'he's one of them college boys from Hamilton's artillery,' says he. And that's how I guessed it, d'ye see?"

"I see," nodded Humphrey, all his suspicions allayed.

"But, d'ye mind, if Fifer Johnson hadn't told me about ye, sure the general would," Hickey declared. "He's a special friend of mine, the general is; and he's a way of talking over the new recruitys with me, when I'm detailed at headquarters."

"What? General Washington?" cried Humphrey. "Why, I didn't suppose the general ever talked over affairs with —" he hesitated.

"Don't be bashful," laughed Hickey. "Give it speech, give it speech, me boy. Ye didn't think the general ever talked over matters just with a common private of the Guard. Now, that's what you were going to say, wasn't it? Of course; I can read you like a book. Well, the general wouldn't with every one of us, if I do say it," added the guardsman; "but he does with me. But I have the confidence of the commander-in-chief, me boy," he declared with true Irish grandiloquence;

"and as ye'll find, I'm thinking, I have a taking way about me that makes people talk confidentially with me,—as no doubt you will, d'ye mind, when ye know me better and want a confidant"—his voice fell to a whisper—"about the girl at Corbie's Tavern; ah, ye young rogue!" and he gave Humphrey so vigorous a poke in the ribs, as almost to stagger the lad from his two well-set feet.

"You're joking, Hickey," he cried protestingly; "you don't know what you're talking about. Why, I never set eyes on the girl,—but once."

"But once, is it?" Hickey repeated. "And faith! once is sometimes once too often, me boy. Trust not the girls, me son. Take the advice of a man of experience, and trust 'em not. They was ever for foolin' of us poor, weak, mortal men."

"You're foolish, Hickey," Humphrey returned. "Why, the girl is hardly more than a child—so far as I know," he added.

"An' you're such a man—three score and ten, I suppose, if you're a day," laughed the big Guardsman. "Why, Humphrey, me lad, age has nothing to do with the case. From child to grandam, women are deceivers ever—and delicious!" he cried wafting a kiss from his finger-tips. "Faith! I must go to Captain Hale's quarters and get some of that home-brew from Wethersfield,—or is it sangaree, I wonder?—to drink a health to 'the ladies, God bless 'em!' 'Twill never do for me to go to Cor-

bie's Tavern again. It's not safe now you're in the Guard. It's jealous you'd be, me boy, if you caught me there drinking that health: 'The ladies, God bless 'em!'"

"Huh! That's all you know about it," returned Humphrey unthinkingly, "I'm going there again the day after to-morrow. Under orders," he added significantly.

"Under orders, is it?" cried Hickey, darting a swift look at the young Guardsman. "And whose, now? Is it hers are ye telling me—Corbie's niece?"

Humphrey remembered that in one sense it was under "that girl's" orders, but he didn't say so.

"Hers, huh! no," he answered, "it's the general's orders."

"Ah—ho, say ye so. The general's! D'ye mind that," said Hickey; "and what would the general be wanting at Corbie's?"

"How do I know? I'm just detailed for duty there; that's all I can say. I'm not in the general's confidence as much as you are, Mister Hickey;" and the boy saluted his comrade with mock respect.

"Ah, it's a great boy ye are, Humphrey," the man from Wethersfield responded heartily. "Ye'll be an honor to the Guard. I'm seeing that; but, between us now, have you no idea of what your special duty is? Not a hint, d'ye say?"

"Not a hint, Hickey; not a breath even," Hum-

phrey replied. "But, say, you might get the truth out of the general when you're on duty at his door. See what it is to be in the commander's confidence!"

"Faith, I'm due there now, I'm thinking," said the Guardsman. "Ye'll be hearin' the call for relief soon, so I'd best be furbishing up. The general knows if there's a button loose or a strap away. But trust me, Humphrey, I'll find what you're up to. It's my opinion you've fixed it up with his Excellency so's to see that girl again—that child! d'ye mind. Ah, Humphrey, me boy, you collegians are great rogues, so they're tellin' me! I'll have to talk it over with the general, sir."

And, with a profuse bow, the big Guardsman strode off to his duty, leaving Humphrey to wonder just how much was true in his comrade's talk, but with a half-formed opinion, too, that he liked this talkative Irishman from Captain Hale's company of Connecticut Rangers and that he was lots of fun.

Humphrey Vandyne was one who could readily adapt himself to his new surroundings; and he speedily became "hail fellow" with his comrades of the Guard—fine fellows and picked men, all of them, neat, active, and soldier-like, and very proud of their importance in the little army of his Excellency the commander-in-chief.

Duty, more than fun, however, pressed most closely upon trooper Humphrey; and the very next

day he was ordered to saddle as bearer of a special message from the general at headquarters to the Committee on Conspiracy in session at the Province Arms on Broadway near to Little Queen Street.

The "Committee on Conspiracy," or the Secret Committee as it was usually called, had a most attractive sound to Humphrey. It meant mystery, secrecy, and all those things that awaken curiosity in an inquisitive and investigating youth; and he even felt that he should like to be assigned to some special and secret service of this sort and confound the enemies of the Congress in their own haunts. And he really believed, he said to himself, that he could begin at Corbie's Tavern, and get that girl of the chestnut-tree to help him.

It sounded most attractive, indeed; and Humphrey was still revolving in his mind some "conspiracy" procedure on his own hook when he reined in his horse before the broad doorway of the fine colonial mansion that had now become a public house under the name of the Province Arms.

A sentry stood before the door. To him Humphrey showed his despatches, addressed to "Colonel the Honorable John Jay, chairman, at the Province Arms," and was at once ushered into the presence of the Conspiracy Committee, assembled in the Long Room.

The chairman of the secret committee received the letter from the trooper, and rapidly glancing it

through, read it to his colleagues. Humphrey was commanded to await the committee's pleasure as to the reply, and had withdrawn to the lower end of the Long Room, where other messengers were awaiting replies from the busy committee; for the chief business of the Congress and the New York Convention just then seemed to be the hunting down of Tories. So he heard nothing; but as he approached the chairman in reply to his summons for "The Guardsman from General Washington," he came upon this floating scrap of conversation:—

"Mr. Haring declares he is harmless, and that he is ready to vouch for him," Mr. Leonard Gansevoort, one of the committeemen, was saying. "He is further reported to me as a quiet and inoffensive farmer of the old Dutch stock, thinking more of his fields and his produce than of the present troubles. I submit that Mr. Haring's report is to be taken."

"And I am advised," said Mr. Gouverneur Morris, "that the man is a rank and arrant Tory, loud in his talk against the Congress, and deep in the plots that Tryon and the others are stirring up."

"Advices that are based on jealousy and spite should leave no weight with us," said Mr. Gansevoort. "Why, John Haring tells me the man has a son serving in Hamilton's artillery company. That doesn't seem like Tory proclivities."

"I think, gentlemen, we must go on the records and reports that come to us," said Colonel Jay, while Humphrey, aroused by the last words, became at once attentive and alert. "This man may be an angel in disguise, or he may be as quiet and harmless as our neighbors in yonder churchyard. But his name is on the list, and, until he prove himself scathless, I shall include him in the number of those to be appended. As I understand, the arrests are in the general's hands for final action in this instance; so, even against Mr. Haring's suggestion, I deem it best at least to place upon the list of suspected persons this name in question—pray add it to the others, Mr. Secretary—Teunis—we spell it with an e-u, Teunis—Vandyne, of Rockland, and let it go to the general."

And, full before the eyes of the startled Life-Guardsman, the name of Teunis Vandyne was added to the list of Tory "suspects;" and the paper, duly sealed, was given into the hands of Teunis Vandyne's own son.

CHAPTER VI.

AT THE PIG AND WHISTLE.

HIS father a suspected person ! listed for apprehension, and to be arrested as an enemy to the cause ! Humphrey was so startled and perplexed that he mounted his horse almost in a daze, and rode up Broadway toward headquarters in anything but a haste to deliver his papers.

“O this is too much !” he declared, as the real meaning of the orders he bore grew upon him. “Give up my father to arrest and open punishment ! See him treated to a Tory-ride like those in the Fields the other day ! I will not. I’ll tear the papers up first !” And, impulsive as ever, he drew from his belt the paper that contained the tell-tale list, and only paused before the act of destruction as his sober second thought asserted itself, and restrained him from so criminal a proceeding. Thankful that he had saved himself in time, Humphrey thrust the paper into his belt again ; and just at that moment he heard a voice he recognized at once accosting him where he rode with slack rein up the road called Broadway.

"Whist, now! What is it, Humphrey, Humphrey, me boy — what is it you'd be doin' with your despatches? Faith! you're so eager with 'em I'm a-thinkin' 'tis a letter from Corbie's niece, d'ye mind."

"Great Jupiter! Hickey, I wish it were," groaned Humphrey; "anything rather than this!" And he looked woefully on his comrade of the Guard and then down at the papers in his belt.

"And how d'ye know what's in 'em?" queried Hickey. "Sure, they're sealed, of course. Faith, Humphrey, lad, if it's after tinkerin' with the general's mails ye've been — why! it's good-by to the Guard, ye'd be sayin'; and good-by to the world, too, I'm a tellin' you."

"I'm not tinkering with his mails," retorted Humphrey indignantly. "But, O Hickey! I heard what the committeemen said just before they sealed the papers; and what do you think? My father's name is down on the Tory list. He'll be arrested, Hickey, and who knows what they'll do to him? Is it not horrible?"

"No! Is it true you're speakin'?" His comrade's tone betokened all the horror and sympathy the worried boy could have desired. "Is it your own father them bloodhounds of the secret committee are after? Look, now, ye wouldn't like to see him at a Tory-ridin', would you? It's put a stop to it ye must, Humphrey, me boy; but how?

Here, lad, turn in here to the 'Pig and Whistle,' and let's think it over. It's sad and sorry for ye, I am this day, Humphrey Vandyne."

"No, no, I must not delay," Humphrey protested. "'Tis my duty to ride on and deliver my papers, whatever they contain."

"And hobble the father you are bound to save?" queried Hickey; "sure, that's not right, lad. It's out of your senses those bloodhounds at the Province Arms have put you, with their charges and their lists. We have time to talk it over, me boy. Do you think Thomas Hickey would see a comrade in distress and not try to help him? You don't know Hickey, me boy, if you'd be thinkin' that same."

"I don't think it, Hickey," Humphrey replied, as he suffered the Guardsman to turn him into the lane that led up to the ill-appearing wayside tavern known as "The Pig and Whistle." "You're a friend in need, and I thank you — Look here, now. Couldn't I lay this before the general, and ask him to help me?"

"And let him know you've been tampering with his mails — for eavesdropping he will call tampering!" the Irishman exclaimed. "He'd never forgive you, my boy. And it's harder than nails on your father he'd be, d'ye mind me. The general is a hard one when he's crossed."

Humphrey protested hotly.

"But I was not eavesdropping," he declared. "I was there on duty, and the words were spoken in my presence. Where was there either tampering or eavesdropping about the affair?"

"'Twill be as both to the general," the Irishman replied. "It'll be that, like as not, he'll say that even your ears and your tongue are his when you are abroad on his service. 'Tis no mercy the general has for those who hear what they should not, and do as he would not have them, let me tell you. He's a martinet in his discipline, my boy. He'll never forgive you the ears that hear what they should not, and the tongue that tells what it ought not, though it were to save your own flesh and blood."

"This is a hard thing," groaned Humphrey. "Why should it have come to me? I did not seek it. And yet I must save my father. How can I do so, Hickey?"

"You can lose the papers, d'ye mind; it'll be easy saying that it's taken from you, they were," suggested the Guardsman.

"But they have not been; they cannot be; I have them here safe in my cross-belt. I cannot lie—I will not lie to the general," Humphrey declared.

"Then lose yourself," replied Hickey. "Faith, I'd be doing that same to myself if I stood in your shoes, and me own father in danger of his life."

Humphrey looked at his comrade with a look that changed from perplexity to horror.

"Lose myself!" he echoed. "Do you mean — you cannot mean — desert."

"There's a ready hand waiting for you and such as you, down the harbor, I'm thinking," the big Guardsman responded. "'Tis easier to change your colors than to face the music when that music means the dead march and leads you blindfolded to the firing-line; think of that, me boy. For, of course, it's savin' your father's life you'd be after doing isn't it? And if you do that — Whist! 'tis all up with you as far as the general is concerned. And the governor's bounty is ready, they're telling me, for everyone who comes to him from t'other side."

"But that's desertion, Hickey," the young Guardsman cried; "and desertion is dishonor."

"Faith, then, it's many a dishonorable man that comes to high honor," Hickey replied. "Mind, I'm not saying what I'd do, me boy. I am one of the Life-Guard, and I serve the general. But it's not my father whose head is in danger, d'ye mind. If it 'twas — Well! there's a way. And it's not such a terrible thing to turn your coat, if it's best for you. Sure, I wore the red before I turned it into blue and white; and — see here, lad; stand close. It's money in your purse if you place those papers in the governor's hand. There's plenty will follow you there if you will take the lead, for —

listen now—the king's fleet will be in the harbor soon; and there's boys ready, sworn to turn things the king's way when once the jack shows on blue water yonder. It's your own good I'm advising you for. Lose yourself, I say. Get yourself to Gilbert Forbes's smithy on the Bowling Green, and he'll see you down the bay. There's safety for you—safety and the governor's bounty—And, faith! 'tis doubling the bounty I'm thinking he'll be to have one of the general's body-guard come over to his side."

"And do you think for an instant, Hickey," said Humphrey indignantly, "that I would be so low-down a villain as to desert in the face of the enemy?"

"Well, it's only advisin' you I am," his comrade replied, shrugging his shoulder. "If it's wanting to see how your father looks Tory-ridin' with a coat of tar, or, mayhap, flung into the jail yonder; or, bein' as you'll save him, as I'm thinking you will, if it's how you'll like to be cashiered or drummed out of camp for losing important papers—perhaps even strung up as a suspicious traitor; if it's one of these things you're wanting—faith! there's no accountin' for tastes. If 'twas my skin or my father's that could be saved by skippin' the service and gettin' a well-lined palm with the governor's bounty, it's I'm a tellin' you, me boy, it wouldn't take Thomas Hickey long to decide."

Humphrey paced the floor in dire perplexity.

Into his honest heart there never for one instant came the desire or the thought to desert. He was true to the core. But his father's safety! There was the problem. How could that be compassed, and yet he do his duty as a soldier, and deliver the accusing list into the hands of the general? It was a hard question; and while he debated it, with drawn and furrowed brows, his comrade the Guardsman watched him intently.

"It's a sorry day that ever you donned the blue and white, me boy," said the Guardsman, as Humphrey still walked the floor in his distress. "It's trying to help ye, I am; but don't think because I bid ye run into the governor's arms that I'm of that way of thinkin' myself. But here — whisper! Our party can't hold out much longer, I'm tellin' ye, when once the king's fleet lands its redcoats here; but I'm of the general's Life-Guard, and faith! it's I that will look after his life. But it's this way, Humphrey, lad: I can see it in your two eyes that you will do nothing that seems to you a bit dishonorable; I'm not askin' you to do so now, d'ye mind. But I'm strong to help a comrade in distress; even against his will, I am that. Whist, now! listen. Leave me have the papers. 'Tis I will get them into the general's hand; and, d'ye hear me, when they get there, faith! if he can find the name of Teunis Vandyne on the list, it's better eyes he has than I give him credit with."

"Do you mean that you will deliver the papers to the general, Hickey, and, before you do so, that you will cut out or scratch off my father's name from the suspicious ones?" Humphrey demanded.

"It's a truthful man I am, Mister Vandyne," the Irishman replied, with a twinkle in his eye. "You'd better be askin' me no questions or it'll be ruinin' my reputation for a truth-teller, I will, with the answer I make you. Just leave it to me—with the papers."

"But me—what about me?" exclaimed Humphrey. "What report or excuse can I make to the general?"

"Faith! this," cried the Guardsman, with a sharp and sudden whistle. The signal—if it were a signal—brought into the room a stalwart, strapping fellow, brawny as a blacksmith, and carrying in his hand a coil of rope.

Without a word the rope was cast about the surprised young Guardsman; his arms were pinioned to his side; his legs were bound beyond kicking. Even before he realized it all, Humphrey Vandyne was a prisoner.

"It's savin' you from yourself, I'm after doin', me boy," Hickey explained. "If ye won't lose yourself I'll be doin' it for you. Ye're that obstinate ye'd go right into the face of trouble for yourself, and of death for your father. 'Tis the part of a friend to save you from all this in spite of your-

self; and 'tis that part I'm actin'. See, now! I'll tell the general that his young Guardsman was way-laid returning from the Province Arms by those who knew he had the list; it's true I'm sayin', is it not? But that I, who was watchful for his Guardsman's safety, though I could not circumvent his Tory assailants, nor strike a blow for you, plucked the papers from your belt, like this, and dashed away, as I shall do now, to report your capture to the general, deliver up your despatches without the name of Teunis Vandyne, mind you—and head an instant relief to set you free."

As he spoke, the big Guardsman made a grab at Humphrey's belt, wherein was thrust the sealed despatches. By this time, though, the boy had recovered himself from the first surprise; and, even at the risk of his father's safety and his own security, he would not willingly yield to what he believed to be the doubtful strategy and generous plotting of his friend.

He had not been an active, athletic, quick-witted college boy to no purpose. As Hickey's hand grabbed at his despatches, Humphrey stiffened himself, and dropped suddenly to the floor. Legs and arms were both tightly bound; but muscles and sinews responded to his will, and he was rolling over and over, now one way and now another; and always, when his two assailants were almost upon him, the despatches were underneath. Tugging

and twisting and turning, he deftly evaded them, rolling this way and that until he had nearly reached the doorway.

Suddenly the door swung open; the captors of Humphrey drew back in fear of discovery, and with one last "turn over" that should send him into the air and liberty Humphrey rolled straight and full against the feet and into the arms of Captain Alexander Hamilton.

Even as he did so, through the farther door of the room the burly stranger leaped as if shot. But Guardsman Hickey stood his ground.

"What does all this mean?" demanded Captain Hamilton. "Two Life-Guards in a tavern brawl. And — what — bless my soul! Is it you, Hun? Why, Humphrey Vandyne! explain yourself. Who trussed you up like that? What are you here for?"

Hickey saluted, laughing.

"Faith, Captain! it's I that must speak, I'm thinkin'," he said. "Humphrey is mightily near spent with his exercise. I was but givin' a lesson to a new-recruity. For, do you see, Captain, a Life-Guardsman of the general's gets into so many close quarters it's well for him to know just how to save his bacon in these risky days. 'Twas I went through this same blessed experience a week ago; only, d'ye mind, sir, 'twasn't by me friends I was trussed up at that time; and I wriggled out to the

door and freedom, just as Humphrey has done — though not into the arms of so good a friend as your honor. Faith! if you'll permit, I'll just untie the lad, so that he may rise and receive his former captain with proper respect."

And as he bent above Humphrey, untying the cord, he whispered into the boy's ear, "Mum's the word. Remember your father," he said.

The cord was thrown aside, and Humphrey, lifted to his feet by Hamilton's ready hand, greeted him with a laughing salute.

"Rough bit of play, Captain, eh?" he said. "I suppose a recruit in the Life-Guard must be properly seasoned, though. But you didn't get the best of me, Hickey; didn't I do it well?"

"Well, you did that," replied the laughing Guardsman. "It's you collegians are the lads that know how to wriggle out of scrapes, is it not, your honor? Faith! Jimmy and I — where is the man? He don't like to be caught in such child's play, sir," — and Hickey saluted again — "Jimmy and I had our hands full dodging this young doubler and twister. Well, the bet's yours, Humphrey; and fairly won 'tis, too, lad, even though the captain did pop in just to save you from the last tussle. Faith! the boy'll beggar me, Captain, if I lead him into many more wagers. 'Tis a sly rogue he is, with his suppleness and his tricks."

Captain Hamilton had spoken no word beyond

his first exclamation. But he looked sharply and closely from one Life-Guardsman to the other.

"No fooling now, boys," he said at last. "Was this really just a friendly trick, Hun — a trial of wit and wrestle between you?"

Humphrey caught at the words.

"It was, upon my soul, Injun — Captain, I mean," he replied. "Just a friendly trick, that's all. Hickey wants to keep me clear of danger, but he takes a stranger way about it, I reckon, than even we used to try on the college playground. My training carried me through, though, you see. Remember how we used to do that tie-and-roll act in the upper corridor?"

Hamilton laughed at the recollection.

"You were always the champion wriggler, Hun," he said. "I am glad it was nothing worse here. I give you my word I thought I had stumbled upon a murder, or a press-gang, and rushed in here to save some good patriot from being impressed into his Majesty's service on board the *Asia* or *Duchess of Gordon*. And, lo and behold! it is but two Life-Guardsmen skylarking."

"It's wise ye are, Captain," said Hickey, "as wise as brave, and my service to your honor for your good intentions. It is just skylarking we were; you've put a name to it; and yet, 'twas for a lesson to young Humphrey, too, I was takin' a hand in that same skylarking. For let me tell ye, Captain,

in your ear, sir, there's more of that press-gang business about in this town than is good either for the Congress service, sir, or the strength of His Excellency's army. 'Tis well to be forewarned, sir, as well as forearmed, and it's just that I was tellin' friend Humphrey, here, and givin' him a lesson on it as well, d'ye mind."

"'Tis well said, sir, well said," responded Hamilton. Then to Humphrey he added, "Are you for headquarters, Hun. I am riding that way myself, and will go with you."

"At once, Captain," said Humphrey, saluting and moving toward the door. But again Hickey interfered.

"Savin' your presence, Captain, an' ye'll excuse me," he said; "but is it good discipline, sir, for a captain of artillery to be ridin' cheek by jowl, as ye might say, with a plain private—even though 'tis like my friend Humphrey here, a trooper of the Life-Guard? If it suits your honor we boys will ride behind, according to regulations."

Hamilton laughed.

"Regulations may not be too strictly read, sir," he said, "when friends and mates are in question. You may fall behind, sir, if you please, as a private of the Guard; and I will ride ahead with my old comrade and college mate, Humphrey Vandyne."

Then, taking Humphrey's arm, the captain passed through the doorway to where the horses stood teth-

ered, leaving Hickey discomfited and baffled. The Guardsman feared young Humphrey's ready tongue, but, according to his own reasoning he had no recourse save an obedient following of the captain's pointed command.

Hamilton and Humphrey rode on up Broadway and toward Richmond Hill, with Hickey following, ten good paces in the rear. But if the big Guardsman feared for the careless talk of his young comrade he was sadly at fault. Humphrey knew what a "close call" he had experienced, and how Hickey's ready wit had saved him from an awkward mistake. He knew his duty too; and in that brief interval in the doorway of the "Pig and Whistle" tavern he had made up his mind that, come what might, he would deliver his despatches to the general, and that he would be mum, as Hickey cautioned.

"I don't know as I like that Life-Guardsman of yours, Hun," Hamilton remarked, as he rode away from the tavern. "He talks too much, and somehow he doesn't ring true."

"Oh! Hickey's all right, Captain," Humphrey replied. "He's been of real service to me, and I am beginning to learn just how much to take as sense in all his fooling. It wasn't just the thing to do when I was on special duty, but — live and learn, Injun — live and learn; I suppose that's the way to take things."

"On duty, were you, eh? See here, Hun!" exclaimed the captain, "that's hardly safe — for a Guardsman to turn aside from duty to skylark in a tavern! If you're to keep the general's confidence you'll need to attend strictly to business. What was your mission?"

"Oh! just to get some despatches from Colonel Jay, of the Secret Committee at the Province Arms," Humphrey replied.

"The Secret Committee, eh," said Hamilton. "More Tory hunts afoot, I suppose. Odd that you should have been the messenger, wasn't it, and your father one of the sort that's hunted. What would you do if his apprehension were given into your hands?"

Humphrey came perilously near to breaking down and telling his friend the whole truth. But he caught himself in time, and remembered that the general's business and the commander's secrets were not for him to repeat, however closely they affected his comfort and concerns. He had been caught napping once that day. It should not occur again. But he could not help wishing for Hamilton's advice.

"Well, what would you do if it was your case, Injun?" he demanded. "Not that the dreadful chance ever could arise; for my father, as you know, is quiet and keeps his opinions to himself. Besides, didn't he give me the wherewithal for my outfit,

and his blessing too? I don't think the Secret Committee could touch him very sharply. But, suppose a case, as we use to say at King's. What would you do if it were your father you were detailed to apprehend?"

"The first duty of a soldier is obedience, Humphrey," Hamilton replied. "It's a hard supposition, but there's only one answer to the problem — do your duty. And I should do mine."

"I don't really know that you are a reliable authority in this matter, Alec," Humphrey returned; "for I know you've told me many a time you never knew what it was to have a father. Just think what it is you advise — to help in arresting your own father; one who has always been good and kind to you; to see him, ay! to help him to a rail-riding — to haul him down to headquarters, and see him clapped into prison as a Tory — perhaps for even worse treatment. Do you think I could stand by and see that done, Hamilton? Why, it would be infamous."

"Heaven grant you may never have to stand the test, Humphrey," Captain Hamilton said fervently. "It would, I admit, be a hard and bitter thing to face. But I still say that duty is duty; you are to subordinate your will and your affections to those of your superiors — the Congress and the general. I should do my duty first as a soldier; and then, as a son, appeal to the general."

"Appeal to the general! But he is terrible hard on Tories. I fear you'd get no comfort or help there."

"Well, it's what we used to call in debating a supposable case! Thank Heaven it's only that," said Hamilton; "your good father is in no danger yet, I imagine; and as for the general—well, I don't really know him, you know, so I can't vouch for his leniency. But I'm willing to wager that he would not withstand a plea from a son for a father's safety—Tory though that father be. But I hope to know the general better, Hun. I'm bound for headquarters now on a summons from General Greene to meet the commander-in-chief."

Humphrey forgot for an instant even his own woe in his pleasure over his friend's opportunity.

"I'm glad of that," he said, smiling. "I know the general will take to you."

"Thanks, old chap," replied the young captain of artillery. "You see, General Greene came down to see my parade and drill this morning—"

"No, did he! I told him about it yesterday," cried Humphrey. "He said he would be there."

"Oho! So you're the good fairy, are you?" Hamilton exclaimed. "Nothing like having a friend at court, eh? Yes, he came to the drill, invited me to his quarters afterward, and was good enough to say some very pleasing things to yours truly. He told me that my company showed

excellent handling and commendable discipline, complimented me on my evident knowledge of military art, and asked me no end of questions as to my bringing up and what I had been doing for a living."

"And you told him breaking the discipline of your college by writing pamphlets against the president, no doubt," put in Humphrey; "and getting your fellow collegians into scrapes — and out of them."

"I'm afraid I didn't go into details like that, Hun," laughed Hamilton. "Don't like to have too much to say about myself, you know. Anyhow, General Greene must have made some sort of a report or mention to the general; for here comes to me the commands of the commander-in-chief to report at once and — here I am."

"I hope it means a colonelcy, Hamilton," said Humphrey. "I'm thinking that you're in training for being generalissimo, rather than myself, as you prophesied about me. I'm afraid my rise in life is far off. It may be a drop rather than a rise."

And Humphrey gave an inward groan, as, full upon him again came the possible tragedy he bore within his cross-belt, the consequence of which he had elected to face boldly and promptly, as a soldier should.

As they cantered into the post at headquarters, discipline again took the place of friendship, and

the captain rode on ahead, while the private dropped behind.

As Humphrey proceeded up the roadway, Hickey joined him.

"It's the last chance I'm givin' ye, Humphrey," he said. "Pass me your papers and I'll act for you. Sure, it's not getting your own father into jeopardy, ye'd be doin', would ye? Did you tell the captain aught?"

"Not a word, Hickey," Humphrey replied. "This is my worry, and I'll face it out."

"An hour's delay is not heart-breakin' in this matter," said the Guardsman. "Leave me have the papers, and I'll get off your father's name and then return 'em to you, and nobody'll be the wiser. It's a friend's act I'm offering, lad."

But Humphrey only shook his head. His mind was made up. His action was determined.

"You're a good fellow, Hickey, and I hold it most kind in you to try to help me out," he said. "But I can't do it. It would be betraying the general's confidence."

"It's betraying your father, it'll be, ye young fool," Hickey whispered in his comrade's ear. "Faith! I'd wash me hands of you this moment, did I not think you'd get others into trouble through your pig-headedness."

Humphrey turned on him a look of surprise.

"Make yourself easy on that point, Mister

Hickey," he said. "This concerns me alone. You need not fear for my tongue or for my own safety."

And holding himself erect and soldierly as he flung himself from his horse, escaping the last desperate clutch on his arm by which Hickey strove to restrain him, Humphrey Vandyne walked manfully into headquarters.

"From Colonel Jay, of the Committee at the Province Arms, General," he said, saluting, as he was ushered into the general's presence.

The commander-in-chief looked up from the table at which he was writing. He was alone, as his secretary had just left the room, weighed down with documents and despatches.

"Ah, Trooper Vandyne, you have returned," and he took the papers from Humphrey's hand. "You may retire," he said. "I shall have service for you later. Hold yourself in readiness."

Humphrey saluted, wheeled about, and walked from the room. But at the open doorway he stopped. The sacrifice was beyond his power. Hamilton's words flashed through his mind.

He caught at the door-post, turned himself about, and with one swift step stood before the general, both his hands extended, as in a plea for mercy.

"O General!" he cried, his voice broken with emotion; "spare him I beg, and I will do anything for you. My father's name is on that paper."

CHAPTER VII.

THE GOVERNOR'S BOUNTY.

WASHINGTON looked at the lad sharply, his gray eyes sternly fixed upon him from beneath contracting brows.

"How now, Trooper!" he said; "you know what is in this paper? You have been tampering with it?"

"No, General, believe me, I have not taken it from my belt," he replied. "But I heard the committee talk. I saw my father's name go down on it."

"An eavesdropper, then? That is worse than an open marauder," the general declared.

How well Hickey knew the chief, was Humphrey's unspoken comment.

"It is not so, sir," the lad replied, drawing himself up proudly. "There was no dishonor in my act. I was summoned to the committee's presence before their work was finished. And even as I stood at the table waiting for these despatches, my father's name was openly discussed — and added to the list of suspected persons."

"And you made no movement to interfere?" demanded the general, sternness changing to surprise.

"How could I, General?" cried the boy. "I could not lie in the matter, even for my father's salvation. For, oh, sir! I knew the truth. My father is a Tory!"

The young Guardsman's head drooped in sorrow rather than in shame; his face flushed red as he confirmed the accusing list. The surprise on Washington's face turned to pity.

"Poor lad," he said, "had I foreseen this possibility, I would have sent another messenger. Forgive me," he added. "But do you tell me, Trooper Vandyne, that, knowing your father's name to be upon that list, you took the papers and brought them to me, conscious of the justice that is meted out to Tories? Were you not minded to destroy or lose it, as you rode along, and thus delay your father's apprehension, perhaps even save him, though at the cost of your own honor, and in spite of your manifest duty?"

Before the general's searching question, and under his masterly mind-reading, the young Guardsman flushed and paled alternately, torn by conflicting desires.

"O General," he cried, "do not question me. Oh, sir! I have been tempted of the devil. But—" he drew himself up, manfully casting aside his tremor, "you have the papers, untouched."

• The general rose, steadying one hand on the table while he laid the other on the shoulder of his young Guardsman.

"Vandyne," he said, "yours is the noblest triumph. Already have you learned the deepest meaning of the motto of my Guard — Conquer or die ! In the cause of liberty, my son, all interests must give way for her dear sake, even as our Master said of his own mighty truths, 'He that loveth father or mother more than me is not worthy of me; and he that taketh not his cross and followeth me is not worthy of me.' You have taken your cross manfully this day, my lad. Leave the rest to me. See, for my fault I will atone."

He dropped his quill in the ink.

"Rest easy, my boy," he said. "The error was mine in not foreseeing this possibility. See ; your father is free of his danger ;" and with a broad and rapid stroke of his quill he crossed from the accusing list the name of Teunis Vandyne.

The tears fairly welled over in Humphrey's grateful eyes. With a quick hand he brushed them away.

"Oh, thank you, General," he cried, his voice quivering with emotion. "My life is yours, sir, for any service now." And with a swift salute he turned again to leave the room.

The general nodded, but said no word in response to Humphrey's heartfelt offer.

"Who is waiting?" he said.

"Captain Hamilton, sir," Humphrey replied. "He came when I did, under order to report to your Excellency."

"Ah, of Hamilton's Artillery. Bid him come in," the general said; "and—that was your company, was it not? Return with him, and remain on guard inside the door. That is your post during my interview."

Humphrey joyfully withdrew, his happiness shining in his eyes, and speedily ushered in the captain of Hamilton's artillery company. Then he stood at guard beside the door.

"Captain Hamilton, sir," announced Humphrey.

The captain stood before Washington and saluted.

"General Greene gives me an excellent report of the efficiency of your command, Captain Hamilton," said the general. "It is a Provincial battery, I believe."

"Yes, General; the First Provincial Company of Artillery of the Colony of New York, established by the Convention," Hamilton replied.

"And you were commissioned by them as its captain?"

"Yes, General; according to the certificate of Captain Badlam, examiner for the Convention, and duly qualified on March last," the captain reported.

"What has been your training before, sir? Had you seen service?" the general queried; and then

added with a smile, "from your years I should say not."

"No, General, not absolute service," Hamilton replied. "I was at college with my classmate yonder, Mr. Vandyne," he inclined his head towards Humphrey, "when the war broke out. But I had raised and drilled a company of collegians; I had been drilled in Major Fleming's company, and had studied all the books of military discipline and the artillery arm I could obtain. I shall hope, under your favor, General, to have opportunity to try something more than book-learning for the Cause."

"No doubt you will, sir," replied the chief. And then he added with a smile, "You young men are all most enthusiastic. I doubt not, when occasion serves, your enthusiasm will be tempered by wisdom, and both will be displayed in necessary courage. I shall hope to be able to supplement General Greene's good opinion of you and your command. Where are you stationed, sir?"

"At the Grand Battery and Fort George, General," the artillery captain replied.

"How do you regard them, sir, for defence?"

"Necessary in their way, General, since it is best to include that point in your system of defence. But until they were strengthened by your Excellency's orders they were almost useless," Hamilton reported. "Now, I trust, we shall give a good account of ourselves if the need arises."

"As I fear it may, sir," said the general. "I am glad to know you, Captain Hamilton. I may have further need of your services."

Then as the captain saluted and turned to go, the general said, "I have drafted one of your men into my personal service, I believe — Trooper Vandyne, yonder. Let me congratulate you on the influence you have had alike on your college mate and a soldier of your company. I had a good opinion of King's College, even when I placed Mrs. Washington's son in school there. I have a higher opinion of it and its students when I have discovered, as I have to-day, how one had the cause of independence at heart and was preparing for it well while there; and how another, put to the test from which many a man would shrink, proved himself at once a patriot, a soldier, and a citizen. Captain, I am pleased to know you personally; Vandyne, you are relieved from your special service. Report to your lieutenant, and ask him, with my compliments, to detail another Guardsman for service here."

Then both men saluted and withdrew.

"What did he mean, Hun?" Hamilton demanded as the door closed upon them. "Ah, there's a man to serve under and die for. I envy you your guard duty, old fellow. But what did he mean about the test you stood so nobly?"

"My father's name was on the Tory list I brought

from the Secret Committee, Injun," Humphrey replied. "And — I knew it."

"You knew it, Hun?" cried Hamilton. "Then it wasn't a supposable case you were putting to me?"

"No, it was real. I had the list in my belt, and my father's name was on it," Humphrey acknowledged.

"And what did you do?"

"I — had a fight with the tempter, and then — took your advice, Captain," answered the young Guardsman.

Hamilton caught him by the arm.

"You made a plea to the general, Hun?"

"Yes, after I had given up the list," the lad returned. "And, Oh, Injun! he scratched off my father's name."

"Of course he did; of course he did," cried Hamilton. "I would if I had been in his shoes. I'm proud of you, Humphrey Vandyne. And so is the general. He as much as said so, Hun. You are of liberty's own Life-Guard; you're a worthy wearer of the blue and white;" and, in his enthusiasm, Hamilton clapped young Humphrey so soundly on the shoulder as almost to stagger him.

"You're putting it on too thick, Injun," said Humphrey modestly. "You know all I came near doing. I very nearly got into trouble through being a coward."

"You a coward, Hun! Nonsense," exclaimed his friend.

"No, honest!" returned Humphrey. "I was mightily tempted to lose or destroy those despatches, or even to run away. You see, it was my father's life that was at stake; and when I stood as I did before the committee, and heard them deliberate over my father's case, why, I tell you, Hamilton, I was nearly wild. And Hickey said —"

"Hickey? You told him? The big Guardsman? What did he say?" demanded Hamilton.

"Why," replied Humphrey, regretting that unguarded mention of his comrade, "he offered to take the despatches for me and — deliver them."

"That sounds friendly, but, somehow — I don't exactly like that Guardsman of yours," Hamilton said slowly, repeating his former verdict. "Hickey rhymes with trickery, you know."

"Ho, Injun — Cap'n! you don't know Hickey," Humphrey protested. "Why, he's just full of fun and good sense too. Why, man, he's the general's pet Guardsman. He's high in his confidence."

"All the same I don't just like him. He's too full of palaver," Hamilton protested. "Don't make a confidant of any one, Humphrey, in such matters — excepting me, of course! These are ticklish times, and amid all these Tory plots, your next neighbor may be hand in glove with traitors. You've got the general's confidence; keep it, old

fellow, for it means very, very much to you. George Washington is a great man, Humphrey Vandyne; and he who is fortunate enough to be near him cannot but be strengthened and bettered by the intercourse. As I told you before, I almost envy you your duty."

"You!" laughed Humphrey. "Why, Captain" — saluting — "you're right in line for the general's shoes, if the war lasts long enough."

And with a warm hand-clasp the two young friends separated, Hamilton riding off to his post at Fort George and the Grand Battery (near where the Battery stands to-day), and Humphrey seeking his quarters to rest a bit, and think over the exciting events he had taken part in that day. Humphrey Vandyne's first battle of the Revolution had been fought and won — for he that ruleth his spirit is greater than he that taketh a city.

"Vandyne," said Lieutenant Colfax at noon next day, "the general has designated you for a service at Corbie's tavern this afternoon. There is something afoot there which he desires knowledge of. 'Tis said the tavern is the rendezvous for certain Tory plotters, and the general wishes it held under a secret watch. Guardsman Hickey and you are assigned there to-day, as if on duty, to note what goes on in or about the tavern. More of our men than the general wishes to see in such suspicioned places are reported to hang about the tavern, and you

two are expected to be at once watchful and wary. If you really unearth a nest of Tories there, one of you is to remain as guard, while the other brings word to headquarters. A force will be in readiness to assist you or arrest the suspects. The general depends upon you for good service and prompt action."

On duty at Corbie's ! and on the very day when his promise to the girl in the chestnut-tree had been made.

"Go slow, go slow, Humphrey, my boy," he said to himself, in council. "Here is a chance, if you don't misuse it. Hold yourself back, old fellow, and don't overleap your duties."

You see, Humphrey Vandyne was learning the weaknesses as well as the worth of Humphrey Vandyne, by his own experience. It is well for a boy to have confidence in himself, and believe himself equal to emergencies ; but — self-conceit needs to be very largely tempered by self-control, and a thing to be done well must be done wisely.

This service at Corbie's was to be on foot. Both Humphrey and Hickey went to seek the tavern as if off duty, and on pleasure bent, in order that suspicion need not be raised ; and together they strolled down from Richmond Hill and into the lowlands, where, on the road through Lisperdard's Meadows, the inn of Corbie sat by the wayside inviting the traffic that was sometimes as questionable as it was secret.

It was the poorer class of taverns in Revolutionary New York, it is interesting to note, that were the resort of Tories, spies, and malcontents in the days when the patriot forces held the town and when, through the rank and file of Washington's uncertain volunteers, ran the web of Tory machinations, strung on a fabric of mingled fear, cupidity, and weakness.

Humphrey had scarcely seen his big comrade since the affair at the Pig and Whistle the day before; but as they struck into the cross-paths over the meadows the Irishman broke into a lively air, and strolled lazily along as if life were nothing just then but a chance to loaf the day away in Corbie's tap-room.

"It's a queer boy ye are, Humphrey," he said at last, when the woods of the Richmond slope quite shut off the broad porticoed front of Mortier House. "And is it to arrest your own father in a Tory plot, think ye, that we are bound for Corbie's this day?"

"You don't think the general would knowingly send me on such an errand as that, I hope, do you?" cried Humphrey indignantly. The memory of his commander's early atonement was too fresh in the young Life-Guard's mind to permit the entrance of such a suggestion.

"And isn't it on such an errand he has sent you already?" demanded Hickey. "D'ye mind the old sayin' 'What man hath done man may do again'?"

"But he didn't do it," replied Humphrey. "And when he found out what I had gone through he crossed off my father's name at once."

"Oh, is it that way now?" said Hickey; "and was ye tellin' him all the tale — the Pig and Whistle story, and how I tried to keep you from seeing him?"

"Of course not, Hickey," Humphrey replied. "I didn't want to get you into trouble; so I thought it best not to mix up your name in the matter at all."

"It's me thanks ye have for that same, lad," Hickey declared. "Ah, but ye have a long head, so ye have Humphrey, and a wise one. Pity 'tis not long enough nor wise enough to fathom all the general's manoeuverisms."

"What do you mean?" demanded the trooper.

"I mean, me boy," said the Guardsman, "that when it suits his purpose, the general can promise anything. I mean that it's your good father's name I have on me orders, concealed on me person, as one of the Tories from Rockland I am to apprehend and arrest whenever I find him, within the limits of the patriot lines of New York."

"I don't believe it," declared Humphrey bluntly.

"An' is it so you're talkin'? It's good I love ye, Humphrey, me boy," Hickey said smilingly, as he faced his comrade; "for there's few men can give the lie to Thomas Hickey and walk in their

boots thereafter. I once went so far as to call you a fool, d'ye mind, when you would not give me the chance to save ye. It's wishin' ye had not played the fool ye'll be when ye see my list; and it would be wise for ye, my lad, not to play the fool again, having seen it. See! whisper now! does that move ye?"

And plucking a paper from his waistcoat on which appeared a long list of names, headed "*To be apprehended when found*," Hickey pointed out to Humphrey the last name on the list. It was that of Teunis Vandyne.

"But that may be the old list, Hickey," said Humphrey, perplexed at this new surprise. "Besides, that's not the general's writing. I know how that looks."

"Yes, but will ye be knowin' how his secretary's writin' looks? Is it Mr. Harrison's writin' ye'd be knowin', I'm askin' ye?" Hickey retorted. "And, faith! Humphrey, lad, it's the general's secretary that gave me that list. 'Keep it close,' says Mr. Harrison to me, says he, 'the general depends upon you for secrecy until such time as you may apprehend any or all of the Tories on this list. Then arrest them at any cost.' But it's not at the cost of me love and affection for you, Humphrey Vandyne, that I will keep mum to you. There it is, and now can you fathom the general's meaning?"

Humphrey could not. He was distressed, even

more than when, in the Province Arms, he had first seen his father's name go down on the list of suspected ones. For then he believed in the general. Could he believe in him now, if, as Hickey showed him, the general had played him false.

"Of course it's not I that am sayin' that the general juggled with you, Humphrey," he said. "I think he meant you well; but the general hates a Tory worse'n a Hessian, and he's seen some cause to change his mind since you came it over him with your sweetly convincing voice. But would you trust such a man with your future, I'm askin'? It's I that have struck a man down for less."

"But what shall I do?" queried Humphrey, more to himself than to his comrade.

"I'm tellin' ye what to do," said Hickey. "Pay him back in his own coin. It's loyal and true I'll be to a man — be he general or comrade — who's true to me. But when once he tries to play me false, it's no more use I have for him. I left King George's pay when it was playin' false, he was, against his American colonists; by the same token I'll leave the colonies' pay when the man that heads their armies plays false to my friend and comrade. He's done it here," and Hickey struck the accusing list an emphatic blow; "and if ye say the word I'll step down the harbor with ye this very day to the *Duchess of Gordon* frigate, and we'll do as your father did, and take the governor's bounty."

"And what is the governor's bounty, Hickey?" demanded Humphrey, recalling some offer of land and gold that his father had hinted of.

"'Tis five guineas in gold and two hundred acres of land to whosoever will enlist in the army of the king," Hickey replied. Then, coming close, he whispered at Humphrey's ear, "but d'ye mind this, Humphrey; to one of the general's bodyguard, such as you, who may be of service inside the rebel lines, it's a hundred guineas in gold that the governor will give and a confiscated estate from out the rebel riches, when King George shall once more be in power again here — as he must be soon. There, now, I'm tellin' of it all to you, without swearing ye to secrecy, out of my love to you, Humphrey, lad, and my wish to see ye even up accounts with this double-dealin' general."

"But how can I be of service inside our lines — in rebel lines, as the governor calls 'em?" demanded Humphrey, who was learning wisdom through experience. "What does the governor expect us to do, if we accept his bounty? and what proof is there that we can get it, if we go over to his side?"

"Sure, Governor Tryon's word is good for what he promises, I'm thinkin'," Hickey replied. "Wasn't it he that was sent back here with power from King George himself to give, so he said himself, 'every reasonable satisfaction to England's faithful subjects in New York'? And I'm thinkin', too, 'tis safer to

trust a rich king than a beggarly Congress. Sure, you'll get your money fast enough, Humphrey, me boy. And is it what ye can do inside the rebel lines that will be of service to the king and earn the governor's bounty—is it that you're after askin'? Whisper!—there's guns to be spiked and magazines to be fired, and communications to be cut, and high-placed rebels to be seized, and loyal men to be mustered and led, so that, when the king's ships come up the bay, the rebel army will be caught in a trap. Help trap 'em, Humphrey, me boy, and, with all your trainin' and your father's influence, you may yet be a high officer in the king's Loyal Americans. There's riches and honor for ye, Humphrey—ay, and revenge on a false friend and general. What say ye to that?"

Humphrey had listened to this intimation of a well-laid plot and downright treason with growing horror but with calm face. Now he turned swiftly and suddenly upon his tempter.

"See here, Hickey," he demanded; "are you in this, that you know so much about it?"

There was just the ghost of a flush in the brown face of the Irish deserter and Guardsman. But only for an instant did he falter.

"I'm in it, if you are, Humphrey," he replied. "I've learned the plot through those who think me with them; but I could not desert my general. It's too much honor I have in me for that. But

this shakes me. If the general can do that for one, he can for another; and what pledge have I that, to serve his plans, he might not turn me over to the British as a deserter? Faith, Humphrey, I am minded to take what ye're callin' a bond of fate. If ye go I do."

"Well, I won't do it, Hickey. I'll tell you that flat!" Humphrey declared with warmth and emphasis. "If what you say and what you show are true, I have indeed been deceived and juggled with. But I'll take nothing on hearsay; and I'll be no deserter, sneaking away in the dark to take what Governor Tryon calls his bounty, and spiking the guns of defence I am pledged to hold by betraying the general I have sworn to serve. No, sir! if he has wronged me I'll know it first, and then fling my defiance in his face. I'll tell him if he plays me false I am no longer a soldier of his. And I'll do it now,—now, Hickey, when the spirit and the flesh are both willing. I'll withstand the general to his face, and, knowing the truth, will then be free to act."

And wheeling in his tracks, indignantly impulsive but honest and earnest, Humphrey Vandyne strode back toward Richmond Hill to have it out with the general.

CHAPTER VIII.

BY THE BUTTERY-HATCH.

HUMPHREY had not gone a dozen yards before Hickey came bounding after him.

"Whirra, now?" he cried, catching the lad by the arm and whirling him about. "It's a peppery young limb that ye are, Humphrey Vandyne. Is it your own neck and mine, too, ye'd be after slippin' a noose around, I wonder? Faith, there's no one safe with you a minute if once ye're thinkin' things are not as they should be."

"Well, they're not, are they?" demanded Humphrey.

"But d'ye mind now, Humphrey," the big Guardsman continued, still clutching his young comrade's arm, "I'm not tellin' ye that I'm in all this coil of the governor's, or that I even believe in it at all, at all. It's only that I am after tellin' ye what I'm hearin' now; for did ye but know it, there's more than one Liberty Boy in [the army of the Congress that's fair tired out with all this Tory trappin', and all them fine promises that are not kept; there's more than one of them is minded to

take up with the governor's bounty. But I'm not one of 'em, Humphrey. Sure, didn't I be tellin' ye that I am the general's man to the end?"

"It's a funny way you have of showin' it, Hickey," Humphrey declared. "Of course I know you're all right, and I was not going to blab out any of the secrets you've been tellin' me. I was hot-footed to spoil my own. I hate secrets and I hate foul play worse. I'm going to face the general about saying one thing and doing another."

"And so upset your whole kettle of fish? Best not, Humphrey, me boy," said Hickey persuasively. "Listen, will ye? Haven't I the list? And isn't it I that am the one to do the apprehendin' and arrestin'? Well, now, d'ye mind, if I don't see your father's name there and don't proceed to trap him, am I not doin' the good turn, be the general's orders what they may?"

"Yes," said Humphrey; "but they are his orders, and we are to obey them."

"Ay, but when?" retorted Hickey. "Leave that to me. How do we know your father'll be about here? And 'tis best to see what is to do at Corbie's first. For we may hear what should help us to get a warnin' to your father, and so let him give the slip to the Secret Committee and still not be breaking the general's orders. Turn about is fair play, Humphrey, me boy, and with wise workin' we may save your father; hear what we shall hear;

bag a brace of the Tories, and maybe turn the trap so as to catch the catchers. I've handled such things before, Humphrey Vandyne; and I'm the lad ye can follow without dashin' away on your own hook to get the general angered, yourself in a peck of trouble, and no good done to anyone. Sure, I believe ye, poor Richard's a tellin' the truth when he says 'haste makes waste.' "

Humphrey saw that his comrade's advice was not only wise but practical. Besides, he still felt that what the general told him he could rely upon, and that his father's name on Hickey's list might have been a blunder of the general's secretary rather than a piece of treachery on the part of the commander. Treachery and Washington did not go together in Humphrey Vandyne's mind, and sober second thought led him to accept his comrade's leadership in the perplexing affair.

So he turned about, and determined to keep eyes and ears open for developments, to seek the seat by the buttery-hatch at Corbie's, according to his appointment with "that girl" at the tavern, to seem, even, to side with Hickey's plan, if by that means he might learn treasonable secrets.

The tap-room at Corbie's was vacant as he and Hickey opened the Dutch half-door and entered the low-browed house, that June afternoon.

The bench he looked for was conveniently placed; and as he dropped upon it close to the buttery-

hatch, Corbie himself came into the tavern, and greeted the Guardsmen.

"Ah ha, Mr. Hickey, my bold boy in blue and white! It's you, is it, sir? And who's your comrade? What? No! it is—it's my dashing friend, the corporal, who charged me with murdering my niece. But you, too, are in the blue and white. Have you gone through Hamilton's Artillery as you did through King's, and graduated in a hurry into the Life-Guard?"

"It's a great head ye have, Mr. Corbie, for figurin' out things," said Hickey. "Sure, my friend is a friend of my friend, the general, and he's donned the blue and white so's to give the chief the rare pleasure of his society, d'ye mind. Ah, me boy! It's the Life-Guard that's the class they're all tryin' for in Washington's Military College, and faith! Mister Vandyne has gone up on a dead run for head."

"Is he major or captain, general or corporal, now?" demanded Corbie, with a wink at the lad.

"Only high private just now," Humphrey replied good-naturedly.

"But, d'ye see," broke in Hickey, "that's a step beyond corporal when it takes you into the Guard."

"I see! You have to go down to get up?" said Corbie. "Well, what goes down now, gentlemen? What can I serve you with?"

Hickey gave their desires a name, and then ex-

pressed his determination to go himself with the innkeeper and see that the compound was properly made.

"Sit ye here, Humphrey, lad, until I come back," he said, with a friendly nod. "Faith, there's no trustin' these innholders now-a-days. They think nothin' of tamperin' with good ingrejunts, as ye'd call it, if ye were a collegian like me, and palmin' off false brews for true ones. It's watchin' him I'll be, Humphrey," he added, pushing the laughing and protesting Corbie before him from the room; "do you wait here a bit, and," here he dropped his voice as he looked back at the lad, "watch for — we know who."

Evidently the Guardsman, so Humphrey concluded, meant for the lad to watch for the coming of his father and give the necessary warning as to the accusing list. But Humphrey could hardly believe that his father would appear in such a place as this, or, indeed, that he would risk his well-being at any Tory rendezvous. Teunis Vandyne, so his son concluded, was too anxious to save his own loaves and fishes, to put them in jeopardy by active measures in behalf of either rebel or Tory. What interested Humphrey much more, just then, were the possible developments through the buttery-hatch; for it was there that he had his appointment with the girl in the chestnut-tree.

But there came no warning through the buttery-

hatch. Instead, the tavern door swung open, and into the room came from without one whom he least expected and certainly least desired to see — “the mulatto man” in the blue half-livery.

The man hesitated an instant as he saw a private in the blue and white at one of the tavern tables. But he came forward.

“Where’s Corbie?” he demanded. Then he darted a more searching glance at the young Guardsman.

“It can’t be; why, it is,” he said. “You’re the young sprig I caught under the chestnut-tree. But not in the blue and white. You change your coat as often as — See here, sah!” he broke off as if suddenly remembering something. “I gave the governor them words you told me, and he didn’t know ’em. No, sah! he said either he was a fool, or I was, and he knew I was.”

“Oh! he knew that, too, did he?” said Humphrey slowly, trying to fathom the man’s meaning, and absolutely at a loss as to who “he” was, or what “them words” were.

“Yes, sir. The old governor was hot mad, he was. Said I’d been trifled with,” the mulatto declared. “Now, see here, young sir, what were you trifling with me for? What did ye mean by those words — ‘Eighty-six’ and ‘Rockland’?”

“Eighty-six” and “Rockland!” Ah! Humphrey recalled the whole scene now, and the words

flung out on the spur of the moment, to mislead the man in the blue half-livery. And here the words had come back to roost with a vengeance. But Humphrey was as quick-witted as he was heedless.

"That's all right," he said, shaking his head wisely. "The governor can't tell you all, you see. He knew well enough what those words meant; but that's a secret between us, and I was the fool, I reckon, when I spoke 'em to you. But I hadn't any other way of getting him word. Don't you worry, blue livery, the governor knows how to hide a thing or two; and, see here, a word in your ear, 'tis the only way he can keep posted as to what's up in the general's family, you see. So it doesn't do to let on, even to his own messenger, what ropes he is pulling among the boys of the blue and white, d'ye see?"

The mulatto shook his head sagely. "Do you think it's that, sah?" he said. "It may be, for the governor don't let me know everything. He just bids me fetch and carry between him and Forbes and Corbie's and the mayor. But he might as well let me in for all the secrets. 'Cause I could tell him, as I'm tellin' you young sir, I know which of the boys in blue and white are in the plot, and which of them are ready to cut Mr. Washington's throat and get the governor's bounty any day he says so."

Cut the general's throat! Humphrey grew hot

and cold by turns at this horrible news. But he made no sign, save by an impatient stroke of his clinched hand upon the table, as if in denial of the go-between claims.

"That settles it; that's enough for me," he said. "You see, you don't know all. Because you don't know how I stand in the matter. You don't know what the governor expects of me;" — ("and no more do I," he said to himself, wondering at his own audacity); "you don't even know my name."

"Ho, don't I though!" cried the mulatto knowingly. He came nearer to the lad. "You're the new fellow that Mr. Hickey says has just joined the Life-Guard, and that he's going to work around into the plot in short measure — 'cause that's what I heard him tell Mr. Forbes yesterday. And the blacksmith was telling me how he nearly had those papers from you in the Pig and Whistle."

And the man in the blue livery laughed heartily.

Hickey! Hickey in the plot! And that struggle for the papers at the Pig and Whistle not a friendly, but a warlike wrestle! Humphrey thanked heaven for Alexander Hamilton's timely arrival. He was almost stunned by this tidings of Hickey's perfidy. But that explained to him much that he had not before fathomed.

These thoughts went swiftly through his brain as he joined in the mulatto's noisy laughter.

"Clever, wasn't it?" he chuckled. "And they'd

have got it soon if Captain Hamilton hadn't come in. That shows you they don't know everything, any more than you do. The governor and I have to work very secretly, you see, or other things will leak out. St! Somebody's coming. You see, I trust in you. Don't breathe a word of what you know about me — not even to the governor."

"All right, young sir; I see," the mulatto replied, openly flattered by being made a partner in the new mystery.

"And not to Hickey, or Corbie, or any of them. Mum's the word," said Humphrey, with a finger on his lips.

The governor's messenger placed his finger on his lips in reply, and edged away from Humphrey just as Corbie came through the tap-room door.

"What's the joke?" demanded the innkeeper, while Hickey looked at Humphrey closely, and asked, "And is it a friend of yours ye have here, Humphrey, lad?"

"No friend of mine," replied Humphrey. "The colored gentleman was merely trying a little sport with a new man in the blue and white. He wants to look out, though, or he'll get more than he bargains for, eh, Hickey?"

"He will that, if he tackles my friend, Mister Humphrey Vandyne," said the big Guardsman. "Whisper, lad! What's he been sayin'? Will I take it up for the honor of the uniform?"

"No, no, I can fight my own battles; isn't that so, my friend?" said Humphrey.

"I reckon you can, sah," the mulatto admitted, with apparent memories of discomfiture. "He gives as good as he gets, gentlemen."

"He'll give better than he gets too," cried Humphrey in evident generosity. "See here, Corbie; serve my friend in blue with my portion; it is my treat. That'll show I bear no malice, if what he does is just in sport."

"Of course it was; but,—don't you join us, Humphrey?" said Hickey.

"No, I'll sit here on the bench. I've some good hard thinking to do, you know, Hickey," Humphrey replied significantly.

Hickey nodded, thinking that Humphrey meant his father's danger, as the lad intended he should. So he whispered to Corbie; and the three men sat at the table by the door, while Humphrey remained quiet, as if deep in thought, but his ear was close to the buttery-hatch.

He had already learned then more than he expected or imagined. He knew now that the girl in the chestnut-tree spoke true, and that a deep-laid plot threatened the life of the commander-in-chief and the very success of the patriot cause. Its overthrow, and its punishment alike, he felt, lay almost in his hands; and as he vowed to devote himself to the discovery and betrayal of this foul conspiracy,

Humphrey already felt himself a person of consequence, who had a duty laid upon him to perform—as he surely would perform it, he assured himself. But to think that Hickey was in the plot! Hickey, his comrade and apparent friend; Hickey, who had the general's confidence, as a loyal wearer of the blue and white; Hickey, who—

St! The ghost of a signal came through the buttery-hatch. Humphrey edged closer to the opening he felt sure had been made, although he did not turn his head.

“Get them away so that I can talk to you,” came the low-whispered girlish command. “We’ve got to do something right off. They’re planning to kill the general.”

Humphrey, forewarned by the words of the mulatto, was prepared for this announcement, and did not betray by a start or a sound his horror at the terrible news. Instead, he rose from his chair, and walked across to the conspirators. As he did so a quick glance through the open window decided his plan of action.

“Hickey,” he said, “Jimmy’s coming. If you don’t wish to see me get even with him for the way he played with me at the Pig and Whistle, you’d best keep him away from here, that’s all.”

The trio looked up wondering. Even Hickey seemed puzzled for the moment.

“Jimmy?” he queried. “Who’s Jimmy?”

"Well, that's what you called him, anyway," said Humphrey innocently. "I don't know his other name — a big blacksmith-looking fellow."

"Blacksmith? Oh! it's Forbes," said Hickey to the others, forgetting his usual caution. "Where is he?"

"Coming up the lane by the chestnut-trees. I just spied him there," replied Humphrey. "You'd best keep him clear of me, I tell you. You haven't got me trussed up now."

"Sure and it's not bearing malice ye are for a little thing like that, Humphrey, me boy. 'Twas but a joke," said Hickey.

"Then I'll joke with him a little, if he comes in here; I can tell you that," Humphrey cried with apparent indignation.

"Said I not he was a young firebrand," said Hickey to his companions. "Faith!" he added with a meaning wink, "it's warnin' Forbes we must be, I'm thinkin'. Ye don't want your tap-room sprinkled with his gore by this terrible one, Corbie. Let's out and warn him. Ah, Humphrey, you're a terror. We'll just lock the door on you, I'm thinkin', to keep your friend Jimmy from harm at your hands."

And out into the daylight went the three conspirators hurriedly. Again Humphrey was alone in the room.

Back to the buttery-hatch he rushed.

"Was it Mr. Forbes, really?" asked a voice through the crack. "How clever you are!"

"Lucky, rather," said Humphrey, in low tones. "I just spied him coming up the lane as I looked from the window. Who's Forbes?"

"He's the blacksmith and gunsmith, with a shop and smithy by the fort," the girl answered. "He swears all the plotters on the book."

"Ah, that's what the blue man meant," said Humphrey, recalling the mulatto's words at their first interview beneath the chestnut-tree.

"The blue man?—Oh, you mean the governor's messenger!" the girl remarked. "How well you turned him off and saved me that day! But we must hurry or they'll be here again. Oh! good Mr. Humphrey—I don't know your other name—"

"Humphrey's good enough; you may call me that," said the boy slyly. "But it's Vandyne—Humphrey Vandyne at your service."

"No, no, not my service, Humphrey Vandyne," came the earnest whisper. "'Tis the general's service we are on. He has been kind to me; he's a noble man; we must not let these wicked plotters succeed. But what shall we do?—Oh! what can we do?"

"We'll do something," said Humphrey desperately. "But what do you know?"

"Forbes is the worst one; he is managing it all,"

the girl answered. "The governor and the mayor know it too, and the mulatto man is the messenger between us here and the governor on the ship—what's its name?"

"The *Duchess of Gordon*?" suggested Humphrey.

"Yes, that's it. And some of the Life-Guard are in it too," the girl continued. "Mr. Hickey is getting them into it."

"How much do you know?" asked Humphrey; "and how do you know it?"

"I've listened," the girl replied. "They have their meetings here—upstairs where Mr. Forbes almost caught me that day I called out to you."

"Oho! So that was Forbes too?" said Humphrey. "Another tally on my score against him."

"Yes, he thought I was listening, and he was rough," said the girl; "but Mr. Corbie—my uncle, you know—took my side after you left."

"Is Corbie in it too?"

"Oh, yes! deeply," came the reply; "and I'd like to keep him clear, but General Washington is before all."

"Good for you!" Humphrey almost cried aloud; but he dropped even his enthusiasm into a cautious whisper.

"They are in communication with the governor," the girl continued; "and as soon as the British fleet is in sight, they are going to do something to the patriots' guns—I don't know what you call it—"

"Spike them, perhaps," suggested Humphrey.

"That's it; how much you know!" the girl made answer; "and then when the guns are no good, the Tories are going to rise; the general and his officers are to be killed or imprisoned, and the British brought into the city. Only their last plan is to kill General Washington right away — even before the Tories rise."

"But how?" asked Humphrey anxiously.

"I don't know yet. I haven't found out," the girl replied. "But I will, if they arrange it here. Can't we do anything to stop it?"

"That's the question," said Humphrey. "I'd go right now to the general and tell him — or to Captain Hamilton. But we've got nothing certain to say — only what you have overheard and what I have learned. Do you know of a meeting of Tories here — lots of them, I mean?"

"I have heard nothing," the girl replied.

"Then it was a trick of Hickey's to get that list," Humphrey decided. "And he said they were to be here to-day. Let me think it over to-night. I may think of what is best to do. And do you keep your ears open. They are sharp ones, I know. I don't like talking through cracks in the buttery-hatch. Why can't we talk where I can see you?"

"It's not safe — yet — Mr. Humphrey," the girl replied, with almost a laugh in her voice. "They

think I must be on their side because of my uncle ; but they don't know me. I'll save the general, if they kill me for it."

"Brave girl!" cried Humphrey. "They sha'n't. And listen — if you see me do anything out of the way as if I were one of them, don't believe it of me, will you? I'm like you; I would die for the general and for liberty."

"I know you would; and don't you believe wrong of me if I seem to be with them, will you? But, oh! do try to think of a way," said the girl; "do let me know what you —"

"Hush! They're coming!" said Humphrey, catching a glimpse of the returning conspirators. "Be watchful and wary!"

The slide closed carefully; and Humphrey, tilting lazily back on the bench, whistled one of the Liberty Boys' airs as he heard the door open.

"Nice way to treat a comrade, Hickey," he cried, as the Guardsman entered. "Where's your friend Jimmy?"

"Sure, I lured him off, Humphrey, my lad," said Hickey. "I told him a big chap was in here just thirsting for his gore — and he left."

"Good for him he did," exclaimed the lad boastfully. "I'd have served him out roundly."

"Ye would that," said Hickey. "He knew it. Come now," he said, turning to the mulatto, "you must be off."

"But I must go to Flatbush first," said the messenger. "And who's to get word down the bay. I can't be in two places at once."

"You must somehow," said Hickey. "It's not safe it is for Forbes to go, so it isn't; and Corbie can't. So 'tis you must bring it 'round somehow, me boy."

"But don't you see I cannot," said the mulatto sharply. "I'm working my legs off for you, anyhow, and I can't do more than I can do. You'll have to send some one else down the bay, if I'm to go to Flatbush."

"Let me go," said Humphrey. He had risen from his seat, and had gradually drawn nearer the three.

"You?" they demanded, turning swiftly.

"Do you think I don't know what you're about Hickey?" he demanded. "Do you think I have no old scores to settle on my father's account? I know what you wish. You have a message to send to Governor Tryon on the *Duchess of Gordon*, down the bay. Let me go for you, I say. Ask the governor's man, here, if I'm not in this thing. Ask him about 'Eighty-six' and 'Rockland.' I will take your message to the governor."

CHAPTER IX.

ON BOARD THE "DUCHESS OF GORDON."

FOR once in his life William Hickey was non-plussed.

"Ye don't mean it, Humphrey!" he cried. "Why! ye limb; ye young changeling! And when was it ye came over?"

"How could I ever be anything else?" cried Humphrey with well-simulated passion; "am I not the son of my father? I'll have payment for that list, I tell you, guinea for guinea and plot for plot. Give me your message to the governor. Is it to get that Tory list to him?"

Humphrey's voice fairly trembled with excitement, which the astonished conspirators set down as eagerness to be off.

"Bless the boy!" cried Hickey; "'tis the best convert I've made yet, I'm tellin' ye, Corbie. Sure, wasn't he an artilleryman before he came to the Guard? Bein' a Guardsman, he has entrance at all posts; bein' an artillerist, he can handle the guns; bein' in Captain Hamilton's confidence, he can work unquestioned. Faith, Humphrey, it's a great

catch ye are, lad. Ye can spike every rebel gun from Fort George to the Mount, and no one will be the wiser for it until the town is won for the king, God bless him!"

"The king! God bless him!" came the response to Hickey's toast, as the tankards, drained to the dregs, clattered upon the table.

"But where's Forbes? Shouldn't he swear the lad on the book?" demanded the innkeeper.

"To be sure, sah; he must do that," the governor's messenger declared.

"Your memory is a pretty short one, friend Blue Livery," returned Humphrey, eying the mulatto closely. "Do you forget what I told you under the chestnut-tree?"

The fact was, Humphrey had very nearly forgotten himself what he had said in that spur-of-the-moment "bluff," as it would be called to-day. But the mulatto evidently remembered.

"That's so; you'm right, sah," he replied with a bow, and fearful lest this terrible young Guardsman might reveal how carelessly the governor's messenger had carried his important papers. "Is it 'Eighty-six' and 'Rockland' again, sah? The governor he seemed all struck in a heap over them words."

"Is it passwords with the governor ye have too?" queried the still astonished Hickey. "Sure, Humphrey, lad, I'm clean mulvathered over your

sly tricks. And you're the lad that swore to me this selfsame day you wouldn't join a plot even to get square with the general. 'I'll be no deserter sneakin' away in the dark to take what Governor Tryon calls his bounty,' says you; and lo! would you believe it, here ye are beggin' to be the first one to go to the governor. It's a strange lad ye are, true for it."

"There are more ways than one to bring your ends about, Hickey," said the young Guardsman oracularly; "and, mind you, I'm no deserter sneakin' away in the dark, as you say; I'm pledged to a purpose, as you know, and just as ready to withstand General Washington to his face as I am to take your message to Governor Tryon. Come, let me have it. What is it — the list?"

"The list?" cried Hickey; "no, no. Sure that's just a —" he caught himself in time; for it must be confessed Hickey was still a trifle upset — "'twas just a little spoke in the general's wheel, so it was. What we're after sendin' to the governor now is more important still and must have a safe man."

"Safe! Who's safer than I am?" cried Humphrey. "I've been so safe even you didn't find me out, Mister Hickey."

"True for ye, Humphrey; you're the lad to keep mum," said the Guardsman. "And I took ye for a hot head! But — how'll ye get off? It's on duty ye are, and you can't get back from your trip

down the bay in time to report at headquarters. How'll ye fix that?"

"I'm not going to try," replied Humphrey. "That's for you to do. It's enough for me to risk my head through the lines without bothering it over excuses. You must make those for me, Hickey."

The big Irishman scratched his head in perplexity.

"There's a boy for ye," said he. "It's a fine job ye're crowdin' on me, Humphrey Vandyne. But — I'll put it through. Sure I've done harder things, I'm thinkin', and the general will take my word on whatever I'm tellin' him. Where's Forbes's letter, Corbie? Do you get to Flatbush, straight," he said to the mulatto; "tell the mayor we should be after havin' the governor's reply speedily, and that Forbes will be here to meet his men to-morrow. Tell the mayor it's half the Life-Guard we have on our side already, and when the time comes, faith! it won't be the general that'll be troublin' him I'm thinkin'. He'll know why."

Humphrey dug his nails into his clenched palm at this dark and murderous threat. But all he said, as the governor's man hurried from the tavern, was, "Come Hickey, time's going; and I've got to get on another coat than the blue and white if I'm to get down to the *Duchess of Gordon* to-night."

"Sure. It's truth you're talkin', Humphrey," Hickey replied. "The messenger's boat is waitin'

back of Forbes's shop on the Bowling Green; and as for clothes, all ye've got to do is to drop the coat and put on a frock, and Forbes 'll give you an old hat."

"You talk as if I hadn't seen the governor before, Hickey," said Humphrey boldly. "I don't need any of your blacksmith's disguises. I've my own way of getting to the *Duchess of Gordon*."

"True for ye, that's so," returned Hickey. "'Tis forgettin' I am that you're so good at the double act, that ye can pull the wool over my eyes. Well, here's Forbes's letter. Hold fast to it, as if it were your life; for, faith! lad, if the general catches that on ye, it's good-by to the blue and white, ye'd be sayin', and good-by to Humphrey Vandyne, too, as well as to Humphrey Vandyne's father. Luck speed ye, Humphrey, me boy; it's a jewel ye are, and I'm sayin' it."

And with a pat on the shoulder, and a shove through the door, the big Guardsman fairly ran his comrade out of Corbie's tavern, and started him on his journey to the *Duchess of Gordon*, at anchor in the lower bay.

Humphrey left the lane on the dead run; but as he dipped down into Lispenard's meadows and beyond the shadow of the trees, he quieted into a walk, which grew slower and slower as he thought things over. For Humphrey was thinking deeply.

And well he might. More by blundering good

luck than by design he had escaped wreck on numerous snags and obstacles, although pluck and a bold front had also borne him through in safety.

But was he in safety? He began to think he had got himself into a worse corner than ever; for here he was pledged to take a treasonable and dangerous letter to Governor Tryon, one which, if delivered, might lead to terrible results. Again Humphrey found himself confronted with the question of duty. He had promised to deliver that letter to the British governor. It might be ruinous to the liberties of America. Should he keep his promise, or give up the letter to the general?

"I wonder what Hamilton would advise?" he queried.

He had, indeed, almost made up his mind to hunt up his friend, the captain of artillery, and ask his advice, when, as he turned up Broadway, he ran plumb into the hastening form of a young man in plain clothes, evidently as much in a quandary as was he.

"What, Auchmuty! You here?" he cried. "How are you, old fellow? What are you up to now?"

"I'm up to you, anyhow, Humphrey Vandyne, with your fine new suit of blue and white," said the young loyalist. "You don't imagine I'm going to give away my movements even to a private in Mr. Washington's Life-Guard, do you?"

"*Mister* Washington, Sam?" cried Humphrey, to his old college mate; "haven't we shown you yet that our commander-in-chief has proved his right by achievement as well as by the voice of the people to his rank and title of General Washington?"

"The people? Always the people?" exclaimed Auchmuty. "It's the same old cry you used to give us at King's when you sparred and argued on the campus, in the corridors — you and Hamilton. How is the lad?"

"Fine, Auchmuty; fine!" replied Humphrey with enthusiasm. "Ah, Auchmuty, you should be on our side — such a good fellow as you! I know you'd be a colonel soon. I'm sure Hamilton will be, and the general would quickly recognize your sterling qualities."

"Thanks, old boy," said the loyalist. "I'm obliged for what you think would be Mr. — your general's good opinion, but I'm afraid if I have such qualities as you name I can best prove them to be sterling by using them where they belong — in the service of my master and sovereign — the king. And, by the way, if I'm to use 'em at all I must be hasty; for unless I get clear of this town to-night I fear those sterling qualities you refer to will be apt to moulder in the city jail, which your friends are so fast filling up with my friends. See here, Hun; we are on opposite sides, but we are old school-fellows; help me get outside the lines. I must."

"You have only yourself to convey? No secrets, no reports, no drawings — honest, now?" Humphrey inquired.

"What do you take me for, Humphrey Vandyne?" cried Auchmuty indignantly. "If I don't train on your side I train honestly on the other, and I have nothing but my own unworthy carcass to take out of this rebel town and into the service of his Majesty the King. But I must be on board the *Duchess of Gordon* this very night."

"The *Duchess of Gordon*! Why, that's Governor Tryon's ship," exclaimed Humphrey. "And — I —"

"Well, what about you and the *Duchess of Gordon*?" cried Auchmuty, as Humphrey suddenly stopped. "You can't be in love with the old girl, too, as I am. Wooden old craft, I know; but I'm more anxious to see and be with her just now than with the sauciest little rebel girl in all the thirteen colonies. But I shouldn't suppose a gallant warrior of the blue and white would have any call to wish for the *Duchess of Gordon*."

"Why do you wish to see the governor?" asked Humphrey.

"What! Old doubter. You still think me a sneaking spy!" said Auchmuty. "I'll tell you why I wish to see the governor, Vandyne. I just lack the governor's signature to my application for a commission in a loyalist regiment. If I have that I

can gain a lieutenancy ; and I've been trying to get away all day, but none of my old school tricks serve. I can't jump the fence now, as in the days at King's."

"I'll take you there, Sam," cried Humphrey suddenly, a way out of his own difficulties presenting itself.

"You, Humphrey? Why it's as risky for you to do that as for me to stay here," exclaimed Auchmuty ; "they'll jug you, sure."

"I think not," Humphrey replied. "The governor, you know, says he is ready to see and welcome all loyal subjects of the king, all who, temporarily led astray, see the error of their ways, and all who have tidings of importance to communicate in the interests of the king's majesty."

"And you —?" the loyalist queried.

"Have something to communicate," replied Humphrey simply.

"Why, Hun! You don't mean to say that you —"

"Have seen the error of my ways? Well, there are errors enough surely," Humphrey replied. "But ask me no questions, Sam Auchmuty. If by good fortune I know of a boat that will get you down to the *Duchess of Gordon* this night, and no questions asked, that should satisfy you. Does it not? As for myself, rest sure of this, Sam, I hate a sneak and a spy as much as you can, and Hum-

phrey Vandyne knows what honor is as well as Samuel Auchmuty, even though one is for the Congress, and the other for the king."

Auchmuty looked his old schoolmate squarely in the face. Then he grasped his hand.

"You're a good fellow, Hun," he said. "Get me down to the *Duchess of Gordon* any way you can, and I'll keep mum. I trust myself to your hands."

"I'll get you there. Do you remember where we used to keep the class yawl when we'd slip off out of hours for a row or a sail to Communipaw and back?" Humphrey asked.

The remembrance of many a college escapade was in that inquiry, and Auchmuty responded with a ready "Yes."

"Be there in an hour, Sam," said Humphrey. "You'll find me waiting for you, I promise you; and then, all aboard for the *Duchess of Gordon*!"

He said no more; but, wheeling to the left, he quickly crossed Broadway, and was off in the direction of the Fields, leaving Auchmuty puzzled and curious.

"That boy's got something on his mind," he said. "But that is no affair of mine. If Hun Vandyne says he'll put me down the bay, he'll do it. Hun always kept his promises."

Evidently Humphrey meant to keep his promise in this instance; for he walked towards the Fields in a very decided manner, and when, an hour later,

Auchmuty sought the rendezvous, the boat was waiting there, and Humphrey was at the oars.

"Step in quick, Sam," he called to his old comrade. "We must be off at once, or it may be worse for you. I'll row out of range, and then we'll step that mast, and scud down the bay. Seems quite like old times, doesn't it?"

It certainly did have the flavor of an escapade; and when, eluding all hails and even a stray sentry-shot, the mast was stepped and the sail shaken out, the two young fellows, foes in name, though friends at heart, entered heartily into the hazard of their enterprise, and enjoyed running before the breeze to the full of their excitement-loving young hearts.

But when, well down under the lee of Staten Island, they saw the *Duchess of Gordon* riding at anchor, her great hull looming high with lumbering poop, and her inflected topside "tumbling home," both boys began to consider their immediate condition,— Auchmuty wondering how he could account for Humphrey, and Humphrey cudgelling his brain to know just what to say.

"I say, Humphrey, when we've hailed and grappled, I'll jump into the chains," Auchmuty said; "and as I jump I'll give the boat a kick to shove you off. You have your oar or boat-hook handy, and shove for dear life. That'll send you clear of the ship, I think; and you can get well off before the sailors or marines can grab hold of you."

"Don't you worry about me, Sam," Humphrey said; "I'm all right. I think I'll go aboard the *Duchess* too."

"For what?" cried Auchmuty, in astonishment. "They'll press you for duty, certain, either for ship or shore. They don't let any go back from the old craft except in the king's service."

"That may be just what I'm going back for, Sam; didn't you promise to ask me no questions?" responded Humphrey. And then, as their boat drew nearer the frigate, the young fellow hailed lustily.

"*Duchess*, ahoy!" he cried; "friends and despatches for the governor."

"Despatches?" echoed Auchmuty. "What do you mean, Hun? I haven't any despatches."

"No, I know it," Humphrey returned.

Then he steered alongside the frigate, tossed his line aboard, and as the rope ladder dropped over the side of the big ship, Humphrey unstepped his mast, and following Auchmuty up the ladder, stood at last on board the *Duchess of Gordon*.

Their letters were both sent into the governor, who speedily came out to see them,—a stout, bluff man of fifty, courteous in speech, but a bit pompous withal.

"Mr. Auchmuty?—you are Mr. Auchmuty, I presume," said the governor, as that young man advanced. "I am glad to see you here, sir. I

know your honored father, sir, the worthy parson. I am glad to know that he and President Cooper united in giving to King George such good material as you and certain other young gentlemen from King's. You must be my guest, sir, until word comes from Admiral Howe and his brother, the general. I expect them any day ; and I will personally present to the general this well-signed recommendation, and strive to get your lieutenancy. As an honor man of King's myself, I am glad to give a leg-over to any other man of King's, whom I can lift a bit."

"Perhaps you may to my friend here, your Excellency," said Auchmuty, turning toward Humphrey. "He's a King's College man too."

"Is that so?" cried the governor. "Other good fellows rallying to the king's side too, eh? Well, well, there'll be more coming our way when the admiral sails into the bay. Our friends in yonder rebel town are simply waiting the word to rise. What can I do for you, sir?"

"Nothing but my reply, your Excellency. I came here with despatches," replied Humphrey.

"Oh! you brought the letter from my blacksmith, hey?" said the governor. "Almighty clever fellow, my blacksmith. But how came you by the letter, sir? Whom d'ye serve?"

"I serve my general, sir," said Humphrey proudly, forgetting his role of plotter.

"General! Your general, d'ye say?" cried the governor. "What general? There is none such here,—as yet,—unless you would honor the rebel Mr. Washington with that unmerited title."

"Merited or unmerited, your Excellency," replied Humphrey, aroused beyond caution by the royalist slur, "he's my general, and the general of Liberty."

"What's this? What's this?" the governor spluttered. "Have you brought a young rebel with you, Mr. Auchmuty, and a soldier at that? Have off that long coat, sir, and let us have a look at what you would call your uniform."

Now, in the voyage down the bay, Humphrey had changed his Guardsman's coat of blue for a drover's coat, and had replaced with a slouch the Guardsman's round hat with its feathers of blue and white. Indignant and heedless, as he too often was, he dashed the slouch hat to the deck, and, flinging open the drover's coat, displayed beneath it the white waistcoat and breeches, the black stock and half-gaiters, of the general's Life-Guard.

"I should know that dress, even though the coat was wanting," said the governor. "You are of Mr. Washington's Guard, so called; eh, sir?"

"I am of General Washington's Life-Guard, sir," replied Humphrey proudly; and then, as the full significance of what he had said, and of his compromising presence on board the British governor's

ship, broke upon him, he hung the head he had raised so proudly, and was silent.

The governor noted the attitude. He recalled the message this Guardsman had brought him.

"A singular thing, a most singular thing, sir," he remarked. "Mr. Auchmuty, is it possible that you have brought your young friend to his senses, and that he sees the error of his ways sufficiently to wish to exchange the services of a proscribed rebel for his lawful king?"

"Of that I can say nothing, your Excellency," Auchmuty replied. "Mr. Vandyne proved a friend in need, and brought me down the bay. I have asked no questions. And that is all I can say."

"Vandyne? H'm! Vandyne, eh?" mused the governor, and then drew a list from his pocket, which he consulted closely. "Ah, yes. Any relation to Mr. Teunis Vandyne of Rockland?"

"He is my father, your Excellency," Humphrey replied.

"Yes, yes; well, that alters the case. Come to my quarters, my cabin, Mr. Vandyne. I would see you in private," the governor declared.

"By your favor, sir, I should report in town speedily," Humphrey replied. "May I not have the answer to the despatch I brought you, and then be off?"

"Fair and softly, my friend," said the governor. "The answer requires careful consideration, and I

have serious questions to ask you,—a Life-Guardsman of the rebel leader here on the deck of his Majesty's frigate. Into my cabin, please."

There was no escape from the interview, Humphrey saw; so, into the governor's cabin, where an armed sentry stood on guard at either side without the door, the young Guardsman preceded the governor.

By this time the twilight had well nigh faded, and the cabin itself was dark with the evening gloom.

"Here's carelessness," cried the governor. "Why am I in the dark in more ways than one? Hello, there! lights; lights, I say!"

He stepped to the door to repeat his order. Humphrey caught sight of the open cabin window. Liberty and his open boat might wait upon the other side. With but one object in view—escape,—Humphrey Vandyne groped through the dark to the opening, and, without hesitation or delay, sprang through the square window, and disappeared in the outer darkness.

CHAPTER X.

WHAT THE CHAIRMAN SAID.

EVEN in his heedlessness young Humphrey Vandyne was cautious. For as, perched upon the edge of the cabin window, he peered into the dark water below, liberty did not seem quite so sweet after all ; and he felt for another footing, ere he gave up the one he held so uncertainly.

He caught the chains, and dropped to a swaying rope, peering and kicking about in hopes to see or strike his boat ; but little could be made out in the darkness, and when he had heard the governor's exclamation of surprise as his light flashed out in the cabin, Humphrey was half inclined to drop into the water and swim for it anyhow.

But that he knew, in his ignorance of the shore, would be dangerous ; besides, as he afterwards declared, "I didn't want to spoil or wet my uniform !"

So, with a sudden resolve, he swung himself up into the chains again, and pulling himself along to the first darkened window, he perched on the edge like a young monkey, and then, finding it open, darted into the unlighted room.

Silently and on tiptoe he listened an instant. A deep and regular breathing assured him that some one was asleep in the cabin. He felt his way noiselessly toward the door, and, as he did so, nearly tripped over a chest, across which clothes were flung.

An impulse as "fresh" as others of his boyish actions seized him. Flinging off the long coat and slouch hat in which he had disguised his Life-Guard uniform, he felt cautiously among the sleeper's clothes, until, at length, he came to the coat and hat that belonged to the man in the berth — whether admiral, midy, or boatswain's mate, he had no idea.

He drew them on, and, finding them only a trifle of a misfit, he again groped his way toward the door, silently raised the hasp, and boldly stepped out upon the deck.

The governor's cabin seemed to be in uproar; orders and counter-orders were being issued, and, as if in much perplexity, Humphrey turned upon the first-comer with a query.

"What's astir? What's happened?" he inquired.

The petty officer against whom he had stumbled, peered at him in the dim light, and evidently recognizing the "rig," touched his hat.

"Somebody's got away from the governor, your honor," he replied. "Spy, probably. He got through the cabin window, and either found a boat or is swimming ashore."

"Why don't they track him?" asked Humphrey.

"Going to, your honor. Boats are ordered off now, sir," was the answer.

"Who's with you, Williams?" A lantern flashed upon Humphrey's face, but he stumbled opportunely upon a coil of rope.

"It's his honor, Mr. DeLancey, sir," Williams replied.

"Oh, yes! I see," said the officer, evidently recognizing the lace coat and ruffles which Humphrey had appropriated. "I thought you had gone ashore after the dinner, sir."

"Just sleeping it off a bit," said Humphrey. "But I must go soon. Are you putting off a boat? Williams says a spy has given you the slip."

"Given the governor one, sir," the officer corrected. "But we're after him. Boat just going off."

"Let me go in it. I know these waters, and may be of assistance," Humphrey demanded. "Besides, they can put me ashore, and I can get up to town without a special boat."

"Very well, sir, I'll ask the governor."

"No time for that. I'll just slip in here," Humphrey replied. "The governor thinks I've gone anyhow. I'll explain it when I come down next time. Ah! is this the boat? Let me go, Lieutenant, as a volunteer aid."

And almost before any one could interfere, Humphrey Vandyne, in the Honorable Mr. DeLancey's borrowed coat and hat, had stepped into the boat beside the lieutenant.

"It's all right, Judson," said the officer of the deck. "It's Mr. DeLancey. He knows these waters and wants to help you. Put him ashore before you come back."

Humphrey bent far over the boat's side, as if peering into the water.

"He didn't swim for the island, Lieutenant," he said. "He must have gone townward. Throw your light that way, and you may see something."

The ship's lantern in the bow flashed over the water, and the oars pulled townward.

"Those fellows are marvellous swimmers, some of them," the supposed Mr. DeLancey declared. "He'll swim until he is picked up. But didn't he come in a boat?"

"Yes, that's what delayed us," the lieutenant answered. "We hunted around for the rascal's boat, but it was floating safe enough under the stern. Does your honor know that fellow that came aboard with the spy, — Mr. Auchmuty, I think they call him?"

"Young Mr. Auchmuty, or the parson?" queried Humphrey.

"It must be the younger man, sir."

"Oh, yes! I've met him," Humphrey replied.

"A good servant of the king, like the parson, his father. Eh! look alive there, Lieutenant; there's something ahead."

The lantern rays flashed this way and that over the water, but nothing of the fugitive was seen. Instead, there came a loud hail across the water from the *Duchess of Gordon*.

"It's the order to come back," said the lieutenant. "They've caught the spy, I'm thinking."

"That's good," said the supposed DeLancey; but the real Humphrey Vandyne knew that it meant anything but good to him. He knew why the recall came. The real DeLancey had been aroused by the noise on shipboard, and had found only a drover's coat and hat in place of his laced coat and chapeau. In fancy he could see the governor and the Tory gentleman prancing about in a rage. He had no special desire to meet either of them just then.

"Going about, Lieutenant?" he inquired.

"Yes, we'll put back to the *Duchess*. It's orders," the lieutenant replied.

"But you were to put me ashore first, you know," Humphrey said quietly. "Those were the orders; and I must get up to town to-night, if I'm to see the mayor to-morrow."

"But we're ordered back, your honor," said the lieutenant.

"You are, man; but I am not," replied Hum-

phrey. "I should not have come along, save on that condition. Pull across to the Nutten Island shore, and I can get a chance up to town, I reckon."

"You'll bear me out in my delay, your honor, will you?" the lieutenant inquired. "I don't wish to get into trouble for not obeying orders."

"But you are, sir," Humphrey persisted. "Your orders were to put me ashore. I'm trying to make it easy for you. I'll set the matter straight when I see the governor again, of course. Just set me ashore on the point of Nutten's. I'll find a man to put me in town."

"But the rebels are there," the lieutenant objected.

"And I am here," his passenger cried; "I'll promise you they won't harass either me or you, Lieutenant; so put the boat ashore, sir. I know how to get over any rebel objections."

The boat steered shoreward, helped on by the swift flood-tide that rushes between Nutten's (or Governor's) and Staten islands.

"There's no need of running head on, into trouble; so keep well out of the sentry line, Lieutenant," said Humphrey. "I don't think they've spied us yet."

"Lights out!" the lieutenant said to the outlook in the bow. Then he added, again fearing danger, "Is it safe to leave your honor in that rebel nest?" he inquired.

"If you'll once get me on shore, I shall be out of danger," said Humphrey truthfully. "I know where to go, I tell you. We have friends everywhere just now, you see."

"That's so," the lieutenant replied. "Why! even that spy, they tell me, was one of Mr. Washington's Life-Guard; and he had no difficulty in getting down to us."

"Nor will I in getting up to town, Lieutenant," said Humphrey. "There, sheer off a bit. There's a rock ahead. Lay round it on the other side, so that I can step on it and you needn't beach the boat. So, there, that's fine. Hup! haven't got my sea-legs yet, have I? There you are; now I'm all right. Many thanks, Lieutenant! My regards to the governor; I'll see him again on our matters. Look sharp, sir, I fear the sentries have heard us. So, now you're off. Good night and a safe return, Lieutenant."

The boat pulled swiftly off, headed for the *Duchess of Gordon's* lights; and Humphrey Vandyne, breathlessly thankful, stood alone on a rock at the point of Governor's Island.

"Halt! who goes there?" rang out the sentry's challenge.

"A friend, pretty well halted and not going anywhere just now," Humphrey replied from his rock.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign," continued the sentry.

"I can't advance without getting my feet wet, old fellow," responded Humphrey. "Give me a hand or a board, will you, and I'll advance and give you all the countersign you want. I'm a Life-Guardsman stranded on a rock, and our countersign this morning was to be 'Bunker Hill.' You may have changed it with the tide."

"Pass, friend, with the countersign," the sentry replied mechanically, and in strict accordance with routine.

But Humphrey laughed merrily.

"I'll be hanged if I can see how I can pass with anything but wet feet, unless you give me a hand over," he said. "Don't you see I'm stranded."

"But how in 'nation did ye get there, boy, and who be you?" said the sentry, peering into the gloom. "Hold on; there is an old dingy just around the rock. I'll shove it across."

And, suiting the action to the word, he pushed the small boat into the water, and, with hand on the painter and a kick of the foot, set it adrift until it touched the rock. At once Humphrey jumped into it, and was pulled across by the sentry, landing on the shore, dry-shod.

"Well, that's a good job. Rescued from the deep, and not a foot wet. Thanks, old fellow," said Humphrey; "I'll do as much for you some time. Where's headquarters?"

The sentry hesitated.

"Hold on; let's have a look at ye, first," he said. "It beat me how ye got here and what ye want. Wait till I burn a tinder."

Drawing out his tinder-box he struck his flint, and set a fusee aflame. It flared up; and, by its light, the sentry's astonished eyes fell upon the laced and beruffled coat and chapeau of a gentleman, instead of the blue and white of the Life-Guard.

"Here! What's all this?" he cried. "You're no Life-Guardsman. Hullo! Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard!"

The call rang out sharp in the night air; but ere the fusee flickered out entirely, Humphrey flung open his coat, and disclosed to the sorely puzzled sentry the white waistcoat and breeches of the Guard.

"Well, that's the queerest—" the bewildered sentry began; but Humphrey cut him short.

"Don't get excited; it's all square, old fellow," he said. "Might just as well have it out right here. Let the corporal come, and the sooner the better. I'm in a hurry."

The cry for the corporal had scarcely been twice repeated along the sentry line, before the guard turned out, and speedily confronted the new arrival.

"A Life-Guardsman in a citizen's swell coat! What does that mean?" demanded the corporal.

"I'll explain at headquarters," Humphrey answered loftily. "Who's in command here?"

"Colonel Prescott is at the citadel," the corporal replied.

"What! Prescott, the hero of Bunker Hill? That's good. I'd like to see him," said Humphrey. "Pray take me there at once; time's precious."

Well in the centre of the little round island, now familiar as Governor's to the thousands who daily cross the southern ferries of the great city, had been built the citadel, and its carefully constructed out-works, which defended the water approach to New York from the sea; and here Humphrey was brought before the commander of the post, Prescott of Bunker Hill fame.

"What have we here, Lieutenant?" he demanded of the officer of the day, to whom the corporal had turned over his prisoner; "a trooper of his Excellency's Life-Guard in the disguise of a gentleman?" and the stout Bay Colony farmer laughed aloud at his own joke. "What are you, sir? — a confounded spy?"

"Well, I don't know just what I am, Colonel," Humphrey replied with a smile. "I've been so many things within the last few hours that I'd like to get back to Mortier House, and be just plain Humphrey Vandyne again. Can you pass me on to Colonel Jay's committee, sir? I've been on the *Duchess of Gordon*."

"You don't say!" exclaimed the Colonel. "Well, what did you see there, lad?"

"With your permission, Colonel, I must tell that to Colonel Jay," Humphrey replied.

"To be sure, to be sure," said the colonel. "But — you'll have to explain that rig first," and he laid his hand on the laced coat and white waistcoat that went so illy together.

Humphrey glanced downward at his costume, and saluted.

"Don't pull well together, do they?" said Humphrey. "The waistcoat and breeches are all right, Colonel," he explained; "but you see I made a mistake on purpose, and walked off in the coat and chapeau of his honor, Mr. DeLancey."

"The big New York Tory? No, did ye, lad?" and Colonel Prescott laughed again. "On purpose, eh? Any papers in the pockets?"

"I never thought to feel," Humphrey replied. "Would it be courteous to a gentleman who lent me his coat, to go through the pockets?"

"Courtesy takes second place in war," replied the colonel. "Better see if you've got incriminating papers on you before you report to Colonel Jay. They're meat and drink to him just now."

"I'm your property, Colonel," said Humphrey cheerfully, throwing open his borrowed coat. "Go into the larder, sir."

"You're a cute one, lad," Colonel Prescott exclaimed with a nod and a laugh. "Go through him, Lieutenant."

The lieutenant did not find much plunder—a generous-sized laced handkerchief, a half-filled silver snuff-box, and a few papers; these were all. But with the latter, amid memoranda of bets with the governor and of orders for supplies for his country-house, was found a billet addressed: “His Honor David Mathews, Mayor of New York, By favor of Mr. DeLancey.” All that the note contained, was the request, “Let F. have his needs. I will be responsible. Tryon.”

“Tryon, eh?” commented Colonel Prescott; “and F? Now who in ’nation is F? But that’s no concern of mine. We’ll let Colonel Jay and his committee cipher that out. But I hope he’ll fix Tryon,—the skulker! Why doesn’t he come up from his old craft down the bay and fight things out like a man?”

“Too many revengeful North Carolina boys around, perhaps he thinks, sir,” Humphrey suggested; for all the colonies knew of Tryon’s cruelties upon the so-called “Regulators” of North Carolina, when, as governor of that Province, he had tried to stamp out rebellion.

“They’d like to get at him, eh?” said the colonel. “Well, I don’t blame ’em. But, see here, lad, if you won’t tell me what you’ve been up to on the *Duchess of Gordon* frigate, why! to Colonel Jay and his committee you must go. The general’s proclamation of April distinctly forbids intercourse

and correspondence with the enemy on ships of war or other vessels, and you seem to have been doing both. So fight it out with Colonel Jay. Lieutenant, send this young man under guard across to town, and deliver him at Colonel Jay's committee-room at the Province Arms. They need to see him before the general does, I guess."

So, still dressed in his borrowed finery, Humphrey was rowed across the harbor from Governor's Island to the Battery, and, though the hour was well on to midnight, was at once sent to the Province Arms, where Colonel John Jay's Secret Committee sat in constant session.

The chairman was aroused, and received the semi-prisoner in his apartment, the guard waiting without.

"What is this I hear?" the chairman demanded. "You claim to be a trooper in the general's Life-Guard, and yet evade his own proclamation by holding intercourse and correspondence with the enemy? You have been on the *Duchess of Gordon*, and you are wearing a Tory's coat over the uniform of the Guard? Is all true, sir?"

"I am, at any rate, your honor," Humphrey replied.

"What might your name be, Trooper, if a trooper you be," continued Colonel Jay.

"Humphrey Vandyne, sir."

"Vandyne? Of the blood of Tory Vandyne of Rockland, perhaps?"

"Mr. Teunis Vandyne, of Rockland, is my father, sir," Humphrey replied indignantly; "but there is no Tory blood in me; I am a trooper of the Guard."

"You wear the white, sure enough," said Colonel Jay; "but where is the blue?"

Humphrey thought ruefully of his blue coat, and his hat with the blue and white feathers, trophies perhaps on the *Duchess of Gordon*, spoil in the hands of the spoiler. He knew that there was but one best way out of the misunderstanding and difficulty — the truth; and so to Colonel Jay, the chairman of the Secret Committee, he told the story of his escapade. The chairman listened with interest and satisfaction.

"The game is almost ours," he said. "You're a clever lad, and, I judge, a stanch one, Trooper Vandyne. I have known something of this dastard plot, and this letter from Tryon to the mayor links those high and honorable gentlemen to this vile conspiracy. I wish we knew more about it, though I am not sure that you are an assured and eminent success as a spy."

"Pray, sir, don't call me that," Humphrey interrupted. "I would not be one for all this wide world. I'll help to hunt down treason and find the truth, when the general is in danger; but not for his Excellency's commission would I be that hateful thing — a spy."

"In war, my boy, all things have their uses as needs must," said Colonel Jay solemnly. "Would you not dare all for liberty, — even your honor?"

"For liberty I would risk everything except my honor, sir," Humphrey replied. "Surely, liberty would not demand that?"

"There may be times, my lad," Mr. Jay returned, "when even honor may be sacrificed — or seemingly sacrificed — for humanity's good. For humanity are we fighting; and honor, too highly held, becomes dishonor when by thus holding it you let the cause of liberty be foully dealt with; for liberty is above all."

Humphrey Vandyne was collegian enough and logician enough to feel that this "question of metaphysics," as he would call it, would bear discussion; but there was no time for debate. Indeed, the chairman dismissed the question undisputed.

"The case is not yet complete," he declared; "and though, as I have said, you are neither an assured nor an eminent success as a — let us say, secret-service agent, I am tempted to let the matter rest in your charge for a day or two longer, without trusting it to more professional hands. That girl at Corbie's will listen to good advantage; and you, believed by those plotters to be in the secret, may discover their plans by your own devices even better than by my instructions. If F. means Forbes, as you think, see that Gilbert Forbes himself gets the

note through to the mayor. It may bear upon the very missive you took for the conspirators to the *Duchess of Gordon*. If we did but know what was in that missive."

"We do, sir; I do, at least," Humphrey exclaimed — just a bit haltingly, however.

"You know?" cried the chairman. "Why didn't you say so, sir?"

"Because," Humphrey admitted slowly, "I hate to think of what I did. I opened, read, and copied that letter before I carried it down the bay. Was that dishonor, too, sir?"

"Never, my boy," Colonel Jay said impulsively, catching Humphrey by the shoulder; "it was the cleverest move in all your doings. What did it say?"

"I have it by heart, sir," Humphrey replied. "The copy I secreted, but where it would be found in case I never returned; and I addressed it to the general."

"Good, lad! What did it say?" the chairman demanded.

"It said, 'Your honor: The Life-Guard is surely ours. Send me two hundred pounds, and Mr. Washington and his leaders are yours within the week.'"

"They are, eh?" cried Colonel Jay. "Not if we can stop it. I will not believe the general's Life-Guard is false."

"Nor I, sir!" burst out Humphrey excitedly. "My life for their loyalty to the general."

"And yet you say one of them is known to you as dangerous," said Colonel Jay. "Who is it?"

"I cannot betray my comrades, sir," said Humphrey. "I cannot yet name names."

For even with all that he had learned, Humphrey still hoped that Hickey was true to the man who so fully trusted him.

"You cannot name names?" repeated Colonel Jay. "Why, sir,"—and Humphrey thought he detected in the tone a bit of a sneer,— "you have gone too far. You have listened and lied in behalf of liberty; now you shall tell the truth. Your father's son has no call to be squeamish as to methods."

"My father's son, sir? What do you mean?" demanded Humphrey hotly.

Colonel Jay looked at the trooper coldly, and with lowered brows.

"Tory Vandyne of Rockland is in my power, sir," he said. "Unless you give me the whole truth in this affair, his head shall pay the forfeit of his treachery as a double-dyed deceiver. Your father is himself a spy."

CHAPTER XI.

IN THE SMITHY ON THE GREEN.

HUMPHREY staggered backward, as if stricken by a blow. Then he faced the chairman almost fiercely.

"It is false, sir!" he cried. "My father is an honest man. He may be a Tory, but is no spy!"

Colonel Jay looked Humphrey in the eye steadily and long, but the lad bore the scrutiny unshrinkingly. Then the chairman's hand fell heavily upon the trooper's shoulder.

"You stood the test well, lad," he said at last. "Forgive my harsh accusation. In these troubled times, and in our determination to hunt down all secret enemies to our cause, I am forced to say what otherwise I would not, and to test the truthfulness as well as the honor of men. I ask your pardon. Even suspicion of the father should not implicate the son. I did but try you."

Humphrey was not altogether satisfied. The charge against his father seemed as unprovoked as it was unjust and untrue. But he had learned ere this that those in authority were neither to be

criticized nor withstood, and that it was sometimes wise to let well enough alone. So he swallowed his wrath while accepting the chairman's apology, and awaited his further commands.

"This billet to Forbes, found in Mr. DeLancey's coat, seems to have anticipated the answer called for by the note you delivered," Colonel Jay commented. "Deliver it at once. Rouse Forbes, even at this hour, and mark well his countenance and expressions. It is hard for a surprised or a satisfied man to bridle his tongue. Then, as soon as you may be able, keep in touch with affairs at Corbie's, and learn what that bright girl there has discovered. Upon your cleverness, my boy, may rest the whole unravelling and throttling of this vile plot against the life of the general and the liberties of the land."

"I would I were a more dependable rest, sir," Humphrey confessed. "I fear you are right, and that I am not a success at this business of double-dealing — for double-dealing it is, sir, when I must say one thing and mean another."

"It's for the cause, my lad," Colonel Jay declared. "For that we must all risk much and suffer much. In the end your action may be glorified ; but, come what may, I will stamp out Toryism and treachery in this Province, — this state of New York, I mean, — even if my nearest neighbor and best friend fall under suspicion and suffer for it."

And John Jay's record, in his masterly handling of the silent opposition that threatened and well-nigh sapped the life of the liberty movement in New York, through the opening days of the American Revolution, was a stern but a striking one, in which neither friend nor foe escaped apprehension, or even, when he judged it justice, swift and terrible punishment. Neither fear nor favor moved the action of John Jay as chief inquisitor in the cause of independence.

So, though Humphrey would have much preferred his soldierly duties as a trooper of the Life-Guard, he was forced against his will into being an instrument of the Secret Committee; and, with a new outfit of Life-Guard's coat and hat, and an assurance from Colonel Jay that his absence from barracks would be made right with his commander, he left the Province Arms on his mission. Though the hour was now well past midnight, he made his way to the smithy of Gilbert Forbes, near Bowling Green, to deliver the governor's billet.

Among the shops and dwelling-houses that gathered themselves about the old-time bowling-ground of the sport-loving Knickerbockers, who had set it aside for their pleasure in 1732, stood the combined gunshop and smithy of Gilbert Forbes.

The low-roofed building was shuttered and dark as Humphrey Vandyne approached it. But as he passed to the rear, where stood the smithy, Hum-

phrey thought he detected a glimmer of light through the chinks of the closed door, and, at a venture, gave the mystical three raps which, for some unknown reason, have ever been the conspirator's call.

There was no response ; but the gleam of light was drowned in sudden gloom, and once again Humphrey tried the summons.

The darkened window was slowly raised ; then, through the opening, came the whispered inquiry, "Who's there?"

One venture having succeeded so capitally, Humphrey tried another.

"Eighty-six," he whispered in reply. "Rockland."

"Back, are you?" the voice in the dark exclaimed ; and then Humphrey heard the mulatto, — for he recognized the voice of "Tryon's man," — say quickly to those within the smithy, "It's all right, Mistah Forbes ; it's the Guardsman, sah, back from the governor."

The window was closed ; the bar fell almost noiselessly ; the wide door of the smithy opened a trifle, and Humphrey, pulled into the shop, heard the door close swiftly behind him, and knew that once again he was in the company of the conspirators.

"And is it yourself, Humphrey, me lad?" Hickey's voice came from somewhere in the dark-

ness. "Be the powers! but ye're a shrewd one! Let's have the lights again, Forbes, and hear what the boy has to report."

The lighted candles were drawn from their hiding-places, and the coverings thrown from the forge, where the smithy fire was once more blown into a glow. Then Humphrey saw himself surrounded by a half-dozen inquiring faces, while Hickey, springing forward, caught him by the shoulder.

"It's a broth of a boy ye are, Humphrey," he exclaimed. "And did ye see the governor?"

"To be sure I did, Hickey," Humphrey replied; "that's what I went for. And I've brought the answer. Here it is, Mr. Forbes. You are to get it to the mayor forthwith."

The burly blacksmith opened the billet, and read jubilantly, "'Let F. have his needs. I will be responsible. Tryon.'"

"God save the king!" he cried. "That fixes us all right, Hickey." Then refolding it, he thrust it into the hands of the mulatto go-between. "Get it to the mayor straight," he said. "Tell him to have ready for me anywhere from one to two hundred pounds, as I may need them. I'll wait upon him in Flatbush to-morrow, in the afternoon, and get the money."

"How did his Excellency address it?" said Hickey, staying the messenger's hand. "Let me see what trouble Humphrey would be after getting

into if he'd fallen into the hands of the Philistines. 'To his Honor David Mathews, Mayor of New York. By favor of Mr. DeLancey.' 'Mr. DeLancey,' says he? Now, how come ye by this, Humphrey, me boy, and where is Mr. DeLancey? Is it murderin' or kidnappin' ye've been at, lad? And where is Mr. DeLancey?"

For reply, Humphrey laid his hand upon his heart and bowed low.

Again Hickey grasped him by the shoulder, and fairly swung him about on his heels.

"You?" cried Hickey. "Faith, it's an honor ye are to our undertaking, Humphrey Vandyne. I'm thinking the governor sent ye back from the *Duchess of Gordon* as Mr. DeLancey, and so ye passed the lines. But how did ye go down the bay, and how could you go as Mr. DeLancey of the Council, in the blue and white of the Life-Guard?"

Clever even in his blundering, Humphrey threw the conspirators from his track, and so thoroughly did they believe him one of them, that they never questioned his movements, or demanded further explanations.

"It's a long story, Hickey, though it is a simple one," he said. "I'll tell it to you some day, but just now it seems to me we have far more important business on hand than my adventures."

"The lad is right," said Forbes, the blacksmith.

"We must look to our own matters, and quickly. Come, get you gone," he said to the mulatto messenger. "Get you to Flatbush straight, and give this billet to the mayor. With that money once in hand, I can pull our ends together. Jimmy Haff of Fishkill will put his boys in readiness to spike the cannon at the new fort in the Highlands. Fifer Johnson and Green, the drummer, will see that the trusted ones in the Guard are ready for their work at the passes to the town, when the king's ships are in the bay. Then our main coil around the general can be tightened at once. Trooper, you're a fine fellow. You've made our plans all possible by this quick return from the governor."

The lights were screened, and the mulatto messenger sent out into the night on his errand to Flatbush. But Humphrey was not yet ready to leave. He must know the "coil" that threatened his general.

"Am I to help you in that, Hickey?" he inquired.

"What's that ye mean? The coil, as Forbes calls it, around the general? Better leave that for those deepest in it, lad," the Guardsman replied. "Faith, Humphrey, there's little done in this world without having a woman at the bottom of it; and one you know well, I'm tellin' you, is at the bottom of this business, which should be no concern of yours."

"But it is a concern of mine," Humphrey per-

sisted. "Have I not a reckoning with the general over his double-dealing toward my father?"

"His father! Who's his father, Hickey? Not Vandyne of Rockland?" demanded Forbes. "Tory Vandyne, they call him. Pah!" and the blacksmith spat contemptuously. "Don't let me hear anything of that runegade. Jimmy Haff of Fishkill posted me on him. And would you trust the son of such a father? Pah!" and again the blacksmith expressed his contempt by a vicious snap of his fingers.

"My father? What do you know about my father, Gilbert Forbes?" Humphrey demanded hotly. "He's a better man than all your crew of plotters and cut-throats put together. He's honest, he is; he's—"

"Now softly, me lad; softly, Humphrey, me boy," said Hickey soothingly. "Sure it's not you should be calling out plotters and cut-throats, when 'tis in the same fine crew ye are, d'ye mind that. Gilbert Forbes and your good father don't pull together—and that's all there is about it. Whist, now! the two of ye, and let's to business. It's the girl ye know of is cooking up a rare deal with me, that will give the quietus to his Excellency the general."

"We're putting too much faith in her, I'm afraid, Hickey," Forbes said slowly. "Can you trust her?"

"With my life, and with the general's too, d'ye mind, — to do with as we agreed, eh?" Hickey replied.

"But, surely, Hickey," exclaimed Humphrey, his eyes big with surprise, as an inkling of the "coil" drove from his mind even his plan for mastering the details of the plot, "you don't mean that the general's life is really in danger, do you?"

"Oh, no, my lamb," the blacksmith said with a sneer; "we're just a'playing with his gracious Excellency — unless Mr. Hickey's gentle little cup of poison puts an end to the play."

"Poison!" Humphrey broke out, as the full realization of the truth burst upon him, and swept away caution, design, counterplot — everything but an open and unmitigated horror of the conspiracy, and flamed out into the rage of indignation. "You villains! Would you poison General Washington?"

"Hoity toity!" cried the blacksmith, swinging his burly frame around to where Humphrey Vandyne stood, blazing with wrath; "what Jumping Jack have we here, shouting out as if this were a mass-meeting in the Fields? Hold your tongue, boy, if you can hold nothing else. Do you want the whole town to know our plan?"

"The whole town shall know it, you wretch, you treacherous Tory hound!" Humphrey cried, now quite beside himself with anger. "What vile things are you, that dare to plot against the gracious life

of one at whose feet you are not worthy to kneel? I'll spread abroad the whole dastard design until you feel —"

A hand clutched him by the throat; a hand smothered his speech.

"Is it mad ye are, you young fool?" cried Hickey. "What's got ye, Humphrey, to rage and roar like that? Sure ye knew all the time what we had in store for the general. Say no more, lad, or there'll be murder here this night."

"He's said too much," growled Forbes the blacksmith, snatching an iron from the forge and advancing threateningly on the young Guardsman. "Have off your hands, Hickey; I'll stop the spy's mouth forever."

"Stand back, Forbes. What nonsense is this? Ye are both madmen, I'm thinking," said Hickey, releasing his hold on Humphrey, and stepping between the two.

Quick as thought, Humphrey darted to the forge, and caught up the weapon nearest at hand; it was a blacksmith's heavy hammer.

"Cowards!" he cried. "Touch me if you dare. You are six to one, but come on. I dare you to touch me — murderers, assassins, traitors!"

"Traitors, is it? Faith! I'm thinking the biggest traitor stands in your shoes, Humphrey Vandyne," the big Guardsman said. "What sort of friend and comrade are you to worm yourself into a

secret and seem to be one of us, only to betray us at the last?"

"There'll be no last, except as it comes now and here," said Gilbert Forbes. "Johnson, bring those guns from the shop. We'll stop this young bantam's crowing."

"Faith, me Humphrey," said Hickey, "'tis not good policy, I'd be tellin' ye, to stand on guard with a hammer in a gunsmith's shop."

And Humphrey awoke too late to the truth of this opinion, when four muskets, levelled at his heart, covered him completely, and held him at the mercy of the conspirators in the smithy.

Forbes stood forward, pistol in hand.

"Come, my young gamecock! drop the hammer," he said. "If you will not, my pistol shot shall be a sign to these gentlemen, and that signal shall be your certain death. Drop your hammer or die."

"My dear Hickey," said Humphrey airily, turning towards his fellow-Guardsman, "I don't know who's the greater fool in this smithy—I myself, for showing my hatred of your beastly poisoning plot too soon, or you and your friends for threatening to shoot in a place where your safety depends upon your silence. One shot from that pistol, or one volley from those muskets, and the sentries at the fort will be upon you, and then, good-by to you all. Where, then, is your little plot? Now go on; fire if you dare!"

"The lad's right," cried Hickey, smiting his thigh in conviction. "Let me tell ye, Gilbert, it's early in the morning ye must be risin' if ye look to get ahead of Humphrey Vandyne. We shall have the guard upon us at the first sound of gun or pistol. We're at your mercy, Humphrey, boy; what would ye have?"

"Liberty," replied Humphrey; "leave to go out through that door, and never see you again."

"Humph!" growled the big blacksmith. "When you do, you never will — alive. See here, Hickey; we've been played the fool with, by this young spark, long enough. If he goes out of this smithy alive, it is our death warrant; and I, for one, don't intend to be juggled with by this spy and traitor. So, down with that hammer, young man, or take the consequences."

With that the blacksmith seized an iron bar, and sprang at Humphrey with a vicious lunge; but the young Guardsman, athletic, alert, and watchful, parried the stroke so deftly that the bar flew out of Gilbert Forbes's hand, and fell with a clatter to the smithy floor.

"By the powers, Gilbert! If you're doing that again, ye'll have the whole provost's guard down upon you for your racket," protested Hickey. "Be careful, man; we can get the lad by some less noisy way, I'm thinkin'. Humphrey wouldn't be after tellin' our plans; now would ye, dear?"

"I'll not give him the chance," almost shouted the enraged blacksmith, as, bar in hand, he once again rushed to the attack.

It was a singular duel, fought there in the smithy on the green. The smouldering fire in the forge threw a sullen half-glow on the scene, while the dim candle-light made odd and indistinctly moving shadows on floor and wall. It was brains against brawn, and for a brief season the other occupants of the smithy offered no interference. Indeed, the fear of giving the alarm kept their muskets quiet, while they had no desire to get in range of the swift and swinging movements of that heavy hammer. Again and again did the young Guardsman, trained by practice to swing the hammer with least expense of force, ward and parry the iron bar wielded by the unskilled but powerful hands of the angry blacksmith. How it would have ended, if fairly fought out, man to man, none can say ; but the issue never came, for, as the fight swung in his direction, Hickey, by a sudden out-thrust of a treacherous foot, caught the young Guardsman by one unsteady leg, and threw him heavily to the ground, like some stricken animal. The next moment Forbes and another of the conspirators were down upon the lad ; and, tightly bound hand and foot, Humphrey Vandyne was fast prisoner in the hands of these angry and determined plotters.

And the trip-up that Guardsman Hickey gave to

his heels, and laid him in the conspirators' power, severed the last link of faith that had bound Humphrey to his false friend and comrade. He knew now that Hickey had, from the first, been using him simply as his tool, and that he need expect no mercy from this double deserter, if once he fell into his toils.

Gagged and bound, he could neither protest at his treatment, nor express his opinion of his captors. He could only listen, while they calmly discussed what disposition they should make of their prisoner.

Forbes, the blacksmith, was for despatching him at once.

"He knows too much already," the blacksmith said. "Let me smash the life out of him, and end his fun for once and all."

But Hickey objected.

"D'ye think I've schooled this fool of a boy to serve my ends, only to slit his gullet when he finds us out?" the recreant Guardsman demanded. "It's not that way I do my work, Mister Forbes. Whist, now! I'm thinking it would be the trick for us to use this lad to serve our own ends. He's got a father up-country that's suspicious for bein' in this plot, never mind what Jimmy Haff of Fishkill may say. So you may trust me to get the two of them in so deep by my connivin', that it's forced to help us they'll be, whether they would or no. Never drop a good tool when ye have one in hand, Gil-

bert Forbes, even if it's one that would cut you deep unless you make good use of it. Trust me; it's sharpen 'em down I will, until I get all the metal there is in 'em, and then," — Hickey snapped his fingers contemptuously, — "it's toss 'em aside ye can, for all I care. They'll be after having served my purpose, and faith! 'tis all I've troubled myself with this young hot-head for."

"But how can you use him for our venture, Hickey, when he'll split the whole thing if he once gets out?" the blacksmith inquired.

"'Tis not a very wise head ye have, Gilbert Forbes, for all your plottin' and plannin'," Hickey replied, "if it's thinkin' ye are that I'm such a fool as to let him get away. There's other ways to work our ends than that. There's letters may be sent, and decoys used, and this spalpeen's father to bring to us by wise manoeuvrisms, until the two of them'll be used to bring our ends about. Leave me think it over the night, Gilbert, me boy. 'Tis a fine plan I'll have cooked up for ye by to-morrow; and faith! I'm too sleepy now even to stop to poke fun out of this trussed chicken we have bagged for the day's dinner. Stow him in your shop till mornin', Gilbert Forbes, and 'tis make good use of him we will before the day is over."

So, bound and a prisoner, poor Humphrey was dragged into a secure corner of the gunshop, and there, until morning came, he passed the time,

guarded and watched by one or more of the conspirators. His thoughts were his only companions, and they were but sorry ones; for now Humphrey knew that, because of his heedlessness and his inability to keep his temper and hold his tongue, he had defeated the very plan he had so carefully prepared, while he had failed to carry out the orders of Colonel Jay. Clearly, so he decided, the chairman's remark was true—neither as a conspirator nor a secret-service agent was Humphrey Vandyne a distinguished success. But deepest of all his disappointments, keener even than the uncertainty of the future, was the knowledge that Thomas Hickey, his comrade of the Guard, was false friend to himself, and traitor to the general who trusted him. For Humphrey Vandyne was ever true and loyal to his friends, and treachery hurt him sorely.

So, through what was left of that eventful night, Humphrey's thoughts were not especially invigorating; and, as the twilight grew into the morning hours, his speculations as to the possible happenings of the day that was before him were varied, even if they were not inspiring.

His bonds were irksome; and, for so talkative a young fellow as Humphrey Vandyne, the gag was torture. The conspirators had evidently no desire to persecute him in imprisonment; but as the morning brought them from their short sleep, Hickey stood, arms akimbo, before his captive comrade.

"Well, Humphrey, lad, and was it pleasant dreams you was after havin' on your luxurious couch?" he said, a mocking light in his eyes. "It's woeful sorry I am to see ye in this strait, me boy; but 'tis yourself you have to be thanking for it. Sure, 'tis a fool boy you were not to follow my lead. I'd have made a man of you, so I would; and the governor's bounty would have set you up in style, and helped you to tide matters over on your father's concerns, and get square with the general, who played you such a scurvy trick. It's mortified I am, Humphrey Vandyne, that, through your own folly, you'll not be able to see and share in the beautiful little tragedy we're preparin' for the general, in which we have booked his Excellency for the chief part. But, faith! 'tis a little tragedy of your own, I'm thinkin', you've to take part in, before his Excellency dines like the great gentleman of Greece — Socrates, I'm thinkin' ye'd call him. Starch up, me boy; I think the stage is waiting for your tragedy this blessed minute. For I've thought your case over this night; and, d'ye know, I'm thinkin' you're best out of the way."

Indeed, as he spoke, Gilbert Forbes and the other conspirators came into the gunsmith's shop; and with no gentle hands Humphrey was carried into the smithy, where, through a half-shuttered window, a partial light crept into the gruesome-looking room.

"Well, boys, let's get this thing over at once, since we're decided on it," the blacksmith said. "We're all agreed that it is not safe for us, nor for our venture, to let this traitor go out alive. Our sentence was death. But in what way, and by whose hand?"

"Sure, we'd all like to take a hand at him, I'm thinkin'," Hickey declared brutally; "but, don't ye see, the place is not commodious enough, as you might say, for such a pleasuring; and 'tis silent and secret we must be, so near to the fort. 'Tis I am suggestin' to you, gentlemen, that for this little job we draw lots, the one drawing the longest to be executioner, in such a way as he chooses, except with firearms. Is it that way ye'd be thinkin', boys?"

A nod of assent from the half-dozen conspirators was the reply.

"Then, here are the straws," said the big Guardsman. "Sure, I prepared them all, for I'm thinkin' our young friend is anxious for the sport to begin. Now, it's mixin' 'em I am. There, shove them under cover, where ye may all see only the tips. Draw, boys, and the longest straw wins the prize."

He had arranged the straws, of unequal lengths, on the flat of the anvil, concealed by a doubled handkerchief. One by one, Humphrey's judges drew for selection; and, when each showed his straw, the choice had fallen to Hickey, the Guardsman.

"'Tis an honor, I assure you," he said gracefully. "Fate has been most kind to me, Humphrey, me boy. Sure, 'twas I helped you into the Guard; faith, 'tis I will help you out. Cut his ropes, boys, but leave in the gag. 'Tis a fine, clear voice, Mr. Vandyne has; but we have no wish to please the sentries at the fort by his choice singing for mercy. And I think ye'd best tie his hands behind his back, for he's vastly nervous with his fingers. That's the ticket, now. I'm thinkin' the very hammer he tried to slaughter us with is the right instrument to deal with so sweet a traitor. Stand him up against the forge, boys, where I can get a fair crack at him; and be you close at hand, so that it's not a-dodgin' too far he'll be. Is the door tight barred, Gilbert?"

"Of course; it hasn't been opened this morning," the blacksmith replied. "We'll make sure of it, though."

He strode toward the door, and shoved the bar safely in place. But as he turned with the words, "All right, Hickey; start in," a quick double-rap sounded upon the barred door of the smithy.

"Perdition! who's that?" whispered Hickey. Another double-rap, and a sharp single one followed.

"'Tis our signal; 'tis one of us," Gilbert Forbes announced. "Hold a bit until I unbar the door, Hickey. It will do no harm for another of our

comrades to see for himself the justice meted out to traitors."

The bar was lifted and fell; the door opened to a man's width; the morning sun shot its light across the floor, and within its rays there walked into the smithy a figure that gave even Humphrey a start of surprise. It was Elizabeth, the girl from Corbie's Tavern.

CHAPTER XII.

OUT OF THE NET OF THE FOWLER.

THE girl stopped in the shaft of light; even the blacksmith closed the smithy door slowly; while Hickey dropped the hammer, and the other conspirators stood staring at the intruder.

"Corbie's niece!" cried Hickey. "And what would ye be wanting here, girl, I wonder?"

For one moment the girl looked about her in amazement, peering through the dim light of the smithy at the men gathered about their gagged and bound victim. Then, as she recognized Humphrey, she gave a little cry.

"Why, what are you doing to Mr. Humphrey?" she demanded.

"Sure, darlin', it's just introducin' him into our sacred order, we are," Hickey replied. "'Tis a new arrangement of rites and ceremonies, we have; and Mr. Humphrey is just takin' the oath, as it were. What brings ye here so early, girl? Is it something new to report, ye have?"

With another quick glance at the assumed "novitiate" in his gag and bonds, the girl made him an

almost imperceptible sign of warning, and then replied to the big Irishman's query, in pert imitation of his brogue.

"Faith, then, Mister Hickey," she said, "'tis not to the likes of you I'd be reportin' my news, with such a scarecrow like that you've made of Mr. Humphrey, as a warnin'. Sure, then, how do I know ye'd not be makin' one such of me, with your rites and ceremonies, as you call 'em?"

A movement of distrust and dissatisfaction came from the blacksmith, Gilbert Forbes.

"Come, girl," he said, "this is no time for tomfooling. Out with your report, if you have one, — what else could have brought you here at this time of day, — and then take yourself off. We've business on hand."

"And so have I, Gilbert Forbes," the girl replied boldly; "and better business, too, than tying up a young fellow, and then setting on him, six to one. I don't know a bigger tomfool than you — if these *are* rites and ceremonies you're playing on him."

The emphasis she placed upon the closing words was proof enough that the bright girl saw through the thin disguise which the big Guardsman had attempted to throw around their brutal action.

"Take out that thing in his mouth," she said; "untie his limbs, and set him free. I won't tell you one word of my news unless you do."

The blacksmith gave a veritable snort of rage, and made as though he would include the girl in the sentence passed upon Humphrey.

"What did I tell you, Hickey?" he cried. "Said I not this girl was not to be trusted? Tell her to give you her news and begone. If she won't tell it willingly, there are ways to make her tell."

"A brave man, truly, is Gilbert Forbes, the blacksmith," said the girl from Corbie's contemptuously. "Whom will you trust the most, Thomas Hickey, to help you in your work, — Corbie's niece, who knows what she's about, or a big coward like Mister Forbes, who worries boys braver than he dares to be himself, and threatens girls who know more about things than he does, and are not a bit afraid of him either?"

Hickey recognized the need of diplomacy.

"Faith," said he, "the girl's right, in a way, Gilbert. She's got the key to the situation, and if she says she won't give it up she won't. It's knowin' I am, that ye're souring 'over me friend Humphrey here, and that ye don't like to be braved by a girl; but all instruments are to be used when a good job is a-doin', and, sure, the boy and the girl are not to be snuffed at, if there's any help in 'em at all, at all. If I let the lad free, me lady, will ye tell your tale — providin', of course, that he breathes not one word about these rites and ceremonies we'll be after postponin' to a more convenient season?"

"Let the lad free and I will speak," Elizabeth replied shortly.

"An' ye promise to tell nothin' of these ceremonies we're puttin' ye through? Have we your word for that, Humphrey, lad?" Hickey continued.

Humphrey's long imprisonment, and his nearness to death; his conviction that, except by silence, his help for the general and the cause were impossible; and his knowledge that his hasty words in the smithy had well nigh wrecked his plans, — led him to make the promise Hickey extorted from him, and he nodded his head vigorously in reply.

"Then I guess it's undoin' his hands and mouth I'll be," said Hickey, overruling the blacksmith's movement of protest by sudden action. "Your life's in my hands, ye young fool," he whispered in Humphrey's ear. "One word about this, and faith! I'll hammer the life out of you."

The hands were set free; the tongue was unloosed; and Humphrey, stiff and sore, took a deep breath of freedom, and concluded that diplomacy and liberty were sometimes better than blundering into outspoken defiance. But he cast a grateful look toward the girl from Corbie's, and fell back toward the closed shutters of the smithy window.

"Well, now you've had your way, Hickey, push the rest through, will you?" growled the blacksmith. "If the girl's got anything to say to us, bid her say it."

"By your leave, Mr. Gilbert Forbes, my word is for Guardsman Hickey, and not to you," said Elizabeth.

"Sure, we're all friends here," Hickey replied, again recognizing the need of mollifying the blacksmith, and humoring the girl with a secret; "ye needn't fear to speak the truth afore Gilbert Forbes, d'ye mind; for without Gilbert — faith! we'd be like a rudderless ship."

"Well, then," the girl said, "it's this way. The general is to be back from the outposts to-night. He dines at Mortier House to-morrow, and I'm to wait on him at table. My aunt, the housekeeper, has promised me that."

"Then, be the powers! his Excellency is our game," cried Hickey gleefully. "'Tis a rare girl ye are, Mistress Elizabeth; and proud the governor will be of ye. He'll line your weddin' stockings with gold, and the king's majesty himself will make a fine lady of ye. Can ye be brave, girl? You have the saving of America in your hands this day."

"I can do what I have set my hand to, Guardsman Hickey," the girl replied. "If you will dare to put in the poison," — her voice dropped almost to a whisper, — "I swear to serve the dish to General Washington."

"God save the king!" cried blacksmith Forbes. "I take it all back, girl. You're the trump card in the pack. The game is yours by honors."

"Who said poison?" said Hickey. "Sure, 'tis the word that makes the stomach of our young hero in the blue and white yonder so squeamish that 'tis worse to him than a sou'wester off the Cape. Say 'tis doctor the green pease ye'd have me do, girl; and if ye'll swear to serve 'em, I'll put in the physic. Ye will? Ye swear to do it? Then, Heaven bless you for a patriot, Mistress Elizabeth! Green pease for the general! and good-by to the king's chief stumbling-block in these rebellious colonies."

Humphrey listened with horror to this cold-blooded plot at assassination. But caution bade him be silent. He could not believe it possible that this girl, who had planned with him to save the general, now plotted his death by poison; and yet, as his over-zealous tongue had led him into trouble before, he wisely decided to hold his peace and await developments. The girl from Corbie's had certainly got him out of one serious hobble; he would not judge her unheard, nor speak his mind before he knew the actual truth.

Of one fact he was suddenly assured. The interest in the girl's information had drawn the attention of the conspirators from their prisoner; and even before he knew it, he found himself free and almost unnoticed beside the shuttered window of the smithy. Cautiously feeling behind him, he discovered that the window was open, and that the shutter-bolt was loose and easily worked.

With one hand behind his back, while to all appearances he was intently listening to the conversation before the forge, Humphrey deftly and silently worked the bolt upward, with a muscular thumb and knuckle.

Up and up it worked ; it was almost near the yielding-point.

"You must do the mixing of the—medicine yourself, Guardsman Hickey," the girl was saying. "It's quite enough for me to do the serving. My aunt has promised me. She thinks I so dearly love the general, that I shall count the chance to serve him at his table a favor. I shall. But when once I get that dish of green pease ready to serve to the general, then—"

Click ! the shutter bolt sprung free. The shutter flew open ; and with one hand on the sill, and one unerring and athletic backward vault, such as the lad had often tried with his mates, Humphrey Vandyne, careless of what was on the other side of the window, flung himself over the sill, as the morning light flooded the smithy.

He heard the cry of surprise and anger that followed his leap for liberty ; and even as he cleared, in his vigorous vault, the great tub of water that stood beneath the smithy window, and struggled to his feet, he felt, rather than saw, the blacksmith leap through the window, and, stumbling over the water-butt, struggle to his feet, and start away in pursuit.

But Humphrey's legs were trained to run; his muscles were trained to sprint; and with a yell that woke the morning echoes, and startled the sentries at the fort, he turned into the lane that led westward to the Oyster Battery; then, doubling, he leaped the barricade that protected McDougall's redoubts, and sped away for dear life, across country, to the Greenwich Road.

The sentries at McDougall's challenged him with levelled muskets; but Humphrey flung his hand aloft, partly in salute, and partly in protest.

"It's all right, boys; don't stop me," he cried. "I'm a Life-Guardsman, on special service for the general. It's life or death to get there."

He was back of Trinity now, past the barricades, across the college grounds he knew so well, and along the river path, to where the Greenwich Road was commanded and covered by the Grenadier and Jersey batteries.

"On service for the general! Don't stop me! Way for the general's messenger!" he cried; as, again and again, the muskets of the sentries at redoubt and battery would have blocked his path. But the blue and white of the Life-Guard was his passport; for at sight of his racing figure, and at sound of his warning voice, the muskets were silent, and the sentries cheered his pace.

"Go it, lad!" "Light out there, boy!" "Odds on the blue and white!" "Huzzoy for the Life-

Guard!" they shouted, as Humphrey ran; and so, dashing on, right in the middle of the highroad that ran from the fort to Greenwich Village, he came at last to the well-kept lane, made into a thoroughfare for the general's service, that turned sharply to the right, and led from the Greenwich Road to Mortier House.

Then, and then only, did he stay his headlong speed, and, panting breathlessly from excitement and his long run, drop into a walk.

He was free; but what was he to say at headquarters? He had not thought of that before; and, as he slackened speed, he was puzzled as to what his report should be.

"I ought, rightly, to go first to Colonel Jay, I suppose," he reminded himself. "But I don't know as I have carried out the plan he told me to work, and this is a matter of life and death now. The general's safety is first of all."

He was climbing the southernmost rise of the sandy Zantberg hills, where, green with verdure, and crested with towering oaks, rose the slightly elevation familiar as Richmond Hill, upon which stood the stately porticoed and pillared mansion known as Mortier House, — the headquarters of General Washington.

At the entrance to the grounds a sentry barred his path.

"Halt! Who goes there?" rang the challenge.

"A friend," replied Humphrey, promptly enough.

"Advance, friend, and give the countersign."

"Bunker Hill," responded Humphrey, at a venture, recalling the pass-word of the day before — it seemed almost a month before, so full of excitement and adventure had been the hours.

"Halt! Countersign's not right."

Down came the levelled musket, barring his further advance.

"See here, old fellow, you've just got to let me pass," cried Humphrey. "I'm on the general's service, — one of his Life-Guard, don't you see? It's a matter of life and death. 'Bunker Hill' was the password yesterday, when I left. I've been out all night on the general's service. Let me pass, I say, or it will be worse for you."

"Can't do it, Guardsman," the sentry said. "Orders is orders, you know. You're one of the blue and white boys, all right; but you haven't to-day's countersign, and I couldn't let you by, not if you were the general himself. No, you don't," — as Humphrey tried to press in. "Hold on, there, I say, or you'll get into trouble."

Then he lifted his call for help.

"Corporal of the guard! Corporal of the guard!" he cried.

The corporal and a file of men came double-quick across the lawn, in instant response to the sentry's call.

"Life-Guardsman without the countersign," the sentry explained. "Says he's on the general's service."

"On a spree of his own, I guess," said the corporal. "The general don't send out his Guardsmen on special service without giving the password."

"But it's a matter of life and death, Corporal," Humphrey repeated. "Let me through. I've been out all night on this service, and I must report."

"All right! You'll report at the guard-house then, I guess," replied the corporal. "This out-all-night business is just a bit fishy, my friend; for no Guardsman has been reported absent on leave without the countersign. Fall in, lad, and report at the guard-house. We'll let Captain Gibbs or Lieutenant Colfax investigate your case."

"That's all right, Corporal, so long as I'm inside," Humphrey said cheerfully. "Obey orders if you break owners, eh?"

And falling in with the corporal's guard he marched on to the guard-house.

There Lieutenant Colfax speedily answered the summons, and came at once to inspect this Guardsman without the countersign.

"So, Trooper Vandyne! it's you, is it?" he said sternly. "And where have you been, sir? You have been reported absent without leave, and our men are afoot scouring the city to find you. Give an account of yourself, sir."

"I was despatched by you, sir, on special service at Corbie's Tavern," Humphrey explained. "Don't you remember, Lieutenant?"

"Remember? Of course I do," the lieutenant replied. "But that service was over long since. Why did you not return here?"

"Return!" cried Humphrey; "why, Lieutenant, didn't Comrade Hickey explain?"

"Explain? How could he? He had nothing to explain," Colfax responded. "He said that you disappeared suddenly from Corbie's, and he had no idea where you were or whither you had gone."

"He said that? Did Hickey make that report?" Humphrey exclaimed, anger and surprise struggling for the mastery.

"Most certainly he did," the lieutenant replied.

Gradually Humphrey recalled the promise of the chairman of the Secret Committee.

"And did Colonel Jay make no report of my absence?" he demanded.

"Colonel Jay? Colonel Jay sent no word of you, sir?" the lieutenant answered. "What would the chairman of a committee of the Congress have to do with a Life-Guardsman?"

"Why, he sent me on special service, and said he would explain my absence at headquarters," Humphrey replied. "So did Comrade Hickey."

"It won't do," said Lieutenant Colfax. "We have neither record nor report about you, except

that you were missing from roll-call, absent without leave. You are under suspicion, sir. In fact, Captain Gibbs has just signed a warrant for your apprehension as a deserter; and I arrest you, Trooper Vandyne, for deserting your post without permission or orders. Corporal, detail two men to escort the prisoner to headquarters. We'll put him in the guard-house of his company — a Life-Guardsman shall be watched and guarded by his own. You have disgraced the Guard, sir; but what else could be expected from the son of a Tory father? The general himself shall decide your fate."

"That's just what I should like him to do, Lieutenant," said Humphrey. "I have matters of life and death to communicate to him. Take me to him straight."

"Life and death will have to wait, I reckon," the lieutenant replied. "His Excellency is at the outposts, and will not return until night."

The girl from Corbie's had reported correctly, Humphrey assured himself. So much the more reason that the general should be warned. If one thing was true, another might be; and the green pease might be poisoned before he had a chance to warn the general. Hickey's treachery, Colonel Jay's forgetfulness, even his own arrest as a deserter, did not have so much effect on Humphrey as this fear that he might not see the general in time. He must; he would see him.

"Lieutenant," he cried, "believe me, I speak the truth; I have matters to report to the general that mean life or death to him. Where is he? At which outpost can I find him? Give me leave to ride away and find him. I can do it, sir, and I must see him. I must, Lieutenant. Send me off, sir, at once, I beg."

"It won't do, Vandyne," the lieutenant replied. "That dodge to get free won't work. You're too anxious; and anxiety itself is suspicious; it is even proof of guilt. You are under arrest as a deserter; and your place is in the guard-house. So to the guard-house you go, sir. Fall in; march!"

There was no alternative. He must go to the guard-house a prisoner, while the general's life was threatened. Humphrey almost wept over his defeat; his emotion quite moved Lieutenant Colfax, who said to him, more kindly than he had spoken before.

"I am glad you appreciate your disgrace, Vandyne. More is expected of a trooper of the Life-Guard than of the common soldier. The wearer of the blue and white must be an example for loyalty, truth, and honor. You are a new recruit, and that may plead for leniency. I myself will report the case as mildly as possible to Captain Gibbs. But the general expects the highest service of his Guard; and both Captain Gibbs's and my own good words will avail you little, if the general is not satisfied.

But hope for the best, my lad. You may gain pardon because of youth and inexperience."

Youth and inexperience! This was but a fresh drop to poor Humphrey's bitter cup. A sharp reply sprang to his lips; but experience, that harsh master, held him silent. Shame and wrath alike filled his soul; but, silent and downcast, he marched on to the guard-house at Mortier House.

Without a word more of appeal or protest, he entered his prison. Deserted and forlorn, he sank to a bench in the solitary pen to which he had been taken, and, with his face in his hands, tried to think a way out of his trouble. But no way presented itself.

For an hour or more he sat there, deep in un-availing thought. Then a movement outside his barred door attracted his attention. The guard was being changed. A new sentry paced before his cell; the retiring guard passed out of hearing; and then Humphrey heard a low chuckle of satisfaction from the sentry at his door.

It had a familiar sound; and, rising from his bench, Humphrey peered through the bars to see whom his new jailer might be.

As he recognized him, he gave a cry of wrath and disgust. It needed but this last drop of gall to fill his cup of bitterness and mortification to overflowing. The new sentry was Thomas Hickey, the renegade, the traitor, the assassin.

CHAPTER XIII.

HUMPHREY'S BUSY DAY.

THE cry that escaped from poor Humphrey's lips attracted the attention of the pacing, chuckling sentry. Hickey paused in his walk, and looked leisurely through the bars.

"Ah! and is it there ye are, Humphrey, me lad?" he said. "Caged again, eh? And never a bolt nor a bar for you to slide away! Ah, now! but, d'ye mind, 'tis a sad situation for such a broth of a boy. D'ye know the punishment for desertion? 'Tis I will tell it, then. Sure' I'll break it to ye easy like, for the sake of old friendship. Faith, then, 'tis: Ready, aim, fire! and down drops Master Humphrey, the deserter, shot dead by his comrades in the sight of all his company. There's a show for ye, Humphrey, me lad! or, be the powers, 'tis a show of you I'd best be callin' it! Sure, then, I'll be a friend to you, and apply for assignment for meself to a place in the firing-squad! I'll see ye off for sure this time, like the good, kind friend I'll be to you to the last."

The mortification and shame from thwarted de-

sires and ruined plans that had, for the moment, well-nigh broken Humphrey Vandyne's high spirit, fled in an instant before the smooth and persecuting mockery of his former comrade.

Indignation and detestation came in their place; and even as the Indian's captive stiffens into courage and returns insult for insult, so the caged and badgered Humphrey faced his hectoring persecutor.

"Every dog has his day, Thomas Hickey," he said; "and I can afford to wait the judgment of my comrades, which is more than you can do, you double deserter, craven, thief, assassin, and liar. I cannot be punished without trial; and when I am told to speak in my own defence, I shall tell the simple truth; and where, then, will you be, Hickey the renegade?"

The dark face of the Irish deserter flushed a darker red beneath the stinging taunts of his caged comrade. But he turned them off in his usual manner.

"'Tis right there I will be, by your side, Humphrey, my dear," he replied; "and for every fairy tale you're tellin', 'tis I that will cap it with one your judges will believe. And whose story, think ye, will be taken as true, — the yarn of a self-convicted deserter, or the plain, unvarnished tale of a Guardsman, in good standing and with the confidence of the general? 'Tis one, two, three, fire! Humphrey, and there'll be no Humphrey after that. 'Tis

sorry I am, me dear, that you'll not be able to have a seat in the pit at the other tragedy we know of; but Master Humphrey will be detained by a previous engagement, bad luck to it; and before his appointment with his judges is kept, the banquet we know of will have already been eaten, and his Excellency the general will have small need of his young Guardsman's fairy tales. The pease are a-pickin', my lad," he added, significantly; "and 'tis the niece of her aunt will soon be servin' them at table. Don't ye wish ye might have a seat at the banquet? 'Tis your own father will be served as dessert, I'm thinkin', Humphrey, me child; for Mr. Jay has him safely in quod, by the orders of the general; and the Liberty Boys are promisin' a fine Tory ridin'."

"Traitor and hound, you lie, and you know it!" cried Humphrey, stung to madness by these tidings of evil. "False friend and false comrade, let me but once be free of this unmerited prison and standing before you, face to face, and I will cram your double falsehood down your false throat, as I would choke a mad dog with his own venom."

"Fine words butter no parsnips, Humphrey Vandyne," the sentry replied. "Sure, if 'tis so anxious ye are to fight it out with me, the way is at your hand. See! above your head is the bar, sawn through by one I know of, who well-nigh broke jail here; 'twill push aside if you force it smartly.

It's a-thinkin' I am, that if Humphrey Vandyne is as bold as his talk, he can push his way through to liberty, and then we'll stand face to face, even as he wishes. Faith! we've more than one score to settle, Humphrey Vandyne; but I will never take advantage of one in distress like you. Do ye dare to try the loosened bar?"

A drowning man will clutch at any straw; and all his misfortunes and experiences had not yet cured Humphrey Vandyne of acting on first thought, or, as Hickey himself would have said, "lettin' his forethought come afterward."

He was at the upper grating at once, trying each bar with almost feverish haste, while Hickey paced his beat before the solitary cell. One bar at last yielded to the trooper's touch. It had been skilfully sawn asunder; and, under pressure, it pushed easily aside. The space it left was small; but a wiry youth could push and pull his way through the window, and Humphrey was certainly active and wiry enough.

Clinging to the cross-bar, he had worked his head and shoulders out, and the old thrill of freedom ran through his sinewy frame.

But even as he hung there, head and shoulders free, Hickey, the Guardsman, who had just declared he would never take advantage of one in distress, swung his long, clubbed musket aloft, with treacherous and murderous intent.

"Ye'll never tell anything now, Humphrey, me lad. Take that!" he cried; and the heavy musket butt came crashing down.

But it missed its mark. For, even ere he swung it high, a girl carrying a pipkin of steaming hot water came darting around the corner, beyond which were the cook-rooms and kitchen of Mortier House.

Pipkin and all flew through the air, straight against Guardsman Hickey's long legs; and as the steaming water and the weighted pipkin struck his black half gaiters and his tight white breeches, the shock surprised and unsteadied him. The hot bath, unexpected and stinging, completely upset his equilibrium; his arm lost its force; his eye its aim; and, giving forth a yell of surprise and pain, the big Guardsman measured his length on the ground, while the clubbed musket fell harmless from his hands.

The girl sped on. But as she passed, she cried softly to the equally surprised boy at the broken grating, "Back, get you back, Master Humphrey. Push the bar in place and drop down. Help is at hand. You are safer inside."

Then she disappeared.

Involuntarily Humphrey drew back his head and shoulders; and as his quick wit saw the force of the girl's injunction and the folly of his own impulsive break for freedom, he shoved the broken

bar in place, and, dropping to the floor, drew back into his cell.

Hickey sprang to his feet, furious with rage and pain.

"Murder! Corporal of the guard! Turn out, turn out!" he cried. "Prisoner breaking jail!"

The ever-ready corporal and his file of guardsmen came tearing to the scene, with Lieutenant Colfax at their heels. Colfax dashed past the infuriated Hickey, and was just in time to knock aside the levelled musket of the revengeful Guardsman, aimed full at the defenceless prisoner within the solitary cell.

"What's all this?" shouted the lieutenant. "Are you mad, Private Hickey?"

"Mad, is it, sir? Sure I'm mad all through," the big Guardsman cried, mechanically saluting his superior. "Faith, sir, the prisoner struck at me with some sharp instrument that clean threw me off my feet; and he was trying to break out of the cell, your honor."

"Break out! How could he break out?" the lieutenant demanded. "Everything is sound," he added, trying the grated door of the cell.

Hickey paused. To tell of that broken upper bar would raise unpleasant questions; for how had he known of it, he would be asked. So he fell back upon his first and last defence — a lie.

"Sure, I don't know, sir," he replied. "I was


pacing up and down, quiet like, and thinkin' sad thoughts about the prisoner, — for I loved the lad, — when, sir, sure he comes at me like a raging lion, shaking the bars till I thought they would be after giving way, and, by the same token, slashing at me with something sharp and gingery. Then I summoned the guard, as the rule is."

"Hickey, you stayed at Corbie's too long, I reckon," Lieutenant Colfax said with a laugh. "That cell is all right, and so is the prisoner. There is no weapon in sight anywhere. But you seem to be wringing wet with fear lest your prisoner get loose; or some one has been dousing you with water. It couldn't have been the prisoner; for he had but a dish of cold water, and yonder it stands, untouched. Something is wrong with your head, Hickey. Get to quarters; I'll relieve guard for a while. Here's a visitor for the prisoner, anyhow. Vandyne, to your feet. Captain Hamilton is permitted to see you."

Hickey departed grumbling. For once his ready self-poise deserted him.

"Leftenant, look to the prisoner," he said; "he's dangerous. Let him not talk to the Captain Hamilton alone. It's not safe, I'm tellin' you."

"To your quarters, Hickey," the lieutenant commanded. "We can look out for ourselves. Captain, the cell is opened. You are permitted to talk with the prisoner."



And leaving a new sentinel on duty, Lieutenant Colfax returned to his quarters, while Hamilton entered his friend's "solitary."

"Hun, what's this all mean?" he asked. "Why are you in solitary? I had warning, not an hour ago, in an unsigned note, from I know not whom, asking me to ride here at once, as you were in danger. Of course I came; I've galloped for dear life from my post. What does it all mean?"

"O Injun, you blessed boy!" cried Humphrey excitedly; "for the love of Heaven get me out of this. It's all a misunderstanding—it's a plot and a perjury. Get me an hour's freedom, and I'll come back here and face the music. But an hour—get me one hour; I must have an hour, Injun,—on private service to the general. If you love him and me, get me an hour's liberty."

"But they say you're a deserter, Hun," said Hamilton. "Absent without leave or countersign, and with no word of explanation, they claim. Tell me the whole story, won't you? and I'll see what I can do. Did you desert, Humphrey?"

"Don't you know I didn't, Injun—Captain, I mean?" replied Humphrey. "If the general were here, he would tell you I was all right. So would Colonel Jay. I've been plotted against, and I have—I must see the general, Injun. I can't speak until I have seen him. Don't you believe me, Hamilton? Don't ask me any questions yet, but

get me speech of the general. Is he here, or still at the outposts? I must see him first."

"The general is not yet in from the outposts, Hun," Captain Hamilton answered. "So Lieutenant Colfax tells me. Of course I believe you, Humphrey. I'm ready to stand surety for your return and to ask you no questions. Patience, lad, till I return. I'll get you an hour's liberty to find the general."

He left the sentry on guard at the unlocked door, and hastened away. In ten minutes he was back again. Humphrey was pacing the cell in a fever of anxiety, hope, and expectation.

"I have pledged my word of honor to Captain Gibbs for you, Humphrey," he announced. "You have two hours liberty. I ask no questions. I only ask your confidence at the proper time. To the saddle, Hun! Your horse is ready. You are my man, remember. For two hours I am responsible for you. Don't let me regret it by any act of heedlessness. That, Humphrey, dear fellow, is your only fault. Go now, and Heaven speed you."

"Where is the general? Does any one know?" was Humphrey's only query as he crushed Hamilton's hand in the grasp of thankfulness.

"He was at King's Bridge yesterday, and inspected the new redoubts at Jeffrey's Point, so Colonel Reed informed me," Captain Hamilton answered. "He is doubtless on his downward way

toward headquarters, but where at this moment no one can say. I should strike up the Greenwich Road toward Apthorpe House. I believe he is somewhere about the redoubts that command the Bloomingdale Road, near Apthorpe's. Seek him there, Hun, and Heaven attend you. Make the two hours three, if need be, and I'll assume the risk. But return here surely."

So Humphrey sprang to saddle, and galloped up the Greenwich Road, a free man once more. But as he drove off from Mortier House, Thomas Hickey, in the quarters of the Life-Guard, saw him hurrying away; and, with a curse at his own slip-up, he went straight to Captain Gibbs, and asked for leave of absence. He wished to see a sick lad from Wethersfield, in Webb's regiment, near the Oyster Battery, he said.

But, instead of turning south for the town, when he reached the foot of the lane, he, too, turned into the Greenwich Road, and galloped northward, as had Humphrey Vandyne.

Where the Greenwich Road led over the Lisenard Meadows and across the raised causeway that spanned Manetta Water, Humphrey galloped on, unconscious that a pursuer was almost at his heels.

With eyes to right and left, looking for any sign of the notable figure of the commander-in-chief on the road, or at redoubt or barricade, Humphrey

rode on; and, when near the Glass House Farm, turned to the right, and rode across to the Bloomingdale Road.

Hickey followed this course, too; but instead of turning off from the Greenwich Road, at the Glass House, he rode on straight by lane and footpath and across the open fields, until he came to the Bloomingdale Road at the big Apthorpe House. There he suddenly turned, and, riding southward down the Bloomingdale Road, only drew rein as, ahead of him, he caught sight of Humphrey galloping over the little bridge that spanned DeVoor's Mill Stream. A shrewd and foreseeing man was Guardsman Hickey, and here he had tracked his game.

"'Tis a fine ride you're havin' the day, Master Humphrey Vandyne," he said, facing the galloping Guardsman two hundred yards beyond the bridge; "and it's sorry I am to interrupt it. But I'm after havin' a bit of business with you, if ye please; and ye'd oblige me by walking beside the pond with me, quiet like, while we discuss it."

Humphrey clapped a hand to his pistol; but Hickey had his already in hand, and the younger man saw that any movement in that direction would be forestalled.

But Humphrey had not been trained to the saddle in vain. He could ride like a Comanche, and drop and duck like a circus-performer. With-

out a word to his quondam comrade, he turned his horse's head as if to lead the way to Hickey's rendezvous beside the pond. But, even as he did so, his hand was ready on the bridle rein, his foot was slipping in the stirrup.

A man accommodated is a man off his guard. Humphrey had responded with such apparent readiness, and so without question, to Hickey's demand, that the big Guardsman thought the lad was afraid of him; and, though watchful, he was just the least little bit careless. It was just that "least bit" that was Humphrey's opportunity. As he rode over the springy turf to the little pond, one hand suddenly grasped firm the bridle-rein, one foot twisted itself in the stirrup. Then the other hand clutched his horse's mane; the other foot, withdrawn from the stirrup, was flung like a flash across the horse's back, leg and body following it. Responding to his spur and shout, the well-trained horse pivoted cleverly, and in an instant was off again to the Bloomingdale Road, with Humphrey dangling on the off side, and Hickey for the moment too surprised to fire or follow.

It was but for a moment, however. Then the big Guardsman came thundering after the younger trooper; and his pistol ball came whistling so closely to the lad that it cut through his horse's mane, and just escaped the rider's clutching hand.

Crack! a second shot came singing through the

air, as the enraged Hickey, determined not to lose his game, let go his other pistol at the flying youngster.

This shot did better execution ; it severed the bridle-rein ; though, by some marvel, it just escaped cutting the horse's throat.

The severed bridle slipped loosely over the horse's neck ; and, save for Humphrey's desperate grasp, it would have dropped the rider head foremost to the ground. But, though his clutch on mane and rein still held firm, the one-sided haul upon the crippled bridle drew the horse half about with a sudden swerve, as he answered the sharp and unexpected pull ; and, with a shout, Hickey spurred down upon his quarry.

But Humphrey was not yet caught. He knew that he had exhausted Hickey's brace of pistols until the big Guardsman could reload. So, with an answering cry, he flung himself erect in his saddle again, and, letting the severed reign dangle as it would, he seized the pommel of his saddle, and by spur and cry, sent his horse flying up the road at panic speed.

Unable to equal Humphrey's break-neck dash, Hickey dropped behind, baffled and surprised.

"Faith ! I thought I had the young villain, sure," he said to himself ; "but he's brighter nor I am. I wonder can I head him off again ? 'Tis his life or mine, I'm thinkin'. Ye need to plan clev-

erly, Thomas Hickey, for it'll be all up with ye if that boy wins through this day. By the powers! I have it now. I'll ride across to Kingsbridge Road, and head off the general as he comes down from the redoubts at McGowan's Pass. Then I'll split the whole thing, and charge the lad and that girl from Corbie's with the poison plot."

Thereupon he turned back, and riding down the Bloomingdale Road to its junction with the old post-road, or Kingsbridge Road, at what is the Madison Square of to-day, he drew up at a roadside tavern at that point, and, commanding both roads, awaited the return of the general.

Meantime Humphrey, rejoicing at his escape from his pursuer, rode on to Apthorpe House, near which seedy, old-time mansion, to-day, Ninety-first Street crosses Ninth Avenue. But the general was not there. He had stopped for but a brief rest, they said, on his southward way from Jeffrey's Point, and had gone by the cross-road to McGowan's Pass, near the Kingsbridge Road. So Humphrey mended his bridle-rein, and, taking the cross-road, through what is now Central Park, went far out of his way, hoping at a venture to meet his threatened chief at the strong works at Horn's Hook (at the foot of East Eighty-Eighth Street); and, with time and patience both slipping away, again sought the Kingsbridge Road, and galloped southward toward its intersection with the Bloomingdale

Road, where Hickey was waiting, still hopeful, also, of intercepting the general.

A half-dozen of Colonel Heyer's "Brown Buffs," coming up from the long redoubts at Kip's Bay, ran against him at the cross-road from that defended post on the East River; and, as they reported that the general had not been seen at that outpost, Humphrey galloped on with them to the junction. There, as he reined up at the tavern to make inquiries, the first person he saw was Thomas Hickey.

The big Guardsman came bursting through the door.

"Ah, ha!" he cried; "is it there ye are, ye blunderer? Sure! I've been searching for ye all the morning. Boys, d'ye know who ye have? Sure, 'tis a prize ye have, unbeknownst, as it were. The young gentleman in the blue and white is none less than Master Humphrey Vandyne, a trooper in his Excellency's Life-Guard — a deserter, and in treasonable communication with the Tory governor on the *Duchess of Gordon*. They're wantin' him badly at headquarters. I'll trouble ye for his company, boys; or, if ye'll ride with us, 'tis the general himself will reward ye handsomely."

At this fresh obstacle in his way, Humphrey quite lost his temper.

"He lies, boys," he exclaimed angrily. "He's a traitor and a sneak himself. See here, I have leave of absence from Captain Hamilton himself."

"And how long would it be, lads, since Captain Hamilton of the artillery commanded Washington's Life-Guard, or could give leaves of absence to its troopers? Pt!" and he snapped his fingers contemptuously — "Its no good, at all, at all. This runaway broke jail at headquarters this very morning, and we've been searchin' for him all day. I command ye, as loyal patriots and soldiers of the Congress, to bring him along. Sure, then, I'll ride ahead and report your coming to Captain Gibbs of the Life-Guard; and, to his Excellency himself, I'll tell of your zeal in his behalf, for the patriotic gentlemen ye are."

This last bit of "taffy" quite captured the "Brown Buffs;" so they closed about the "deserter" with formidable display, and poor Humphrey was a prisoner once more. With a sneer and a chuckle, and a loud "Huzzoy for Heyer's 'Brown Buffs'!" Hickey shook out his bridle-rein, and spurred down the Bowery Lane, while the "Brown Buffs" and their unresisting prisoner followed more leisurely behind.

"It's all a mistake, boys," he said; "I'm no deserter, Tory, nor traitor. I'm on life and death service for the general, and you'll pay dear for this mistake. But you're too many for me, and I'll go with you freely. Only get me to headquarters as quickly as you can, so that I can face that villain Hickey, and explain things to my captain."

There were few words spoken as they rode down the Bowery Lane and turned into the cross-road to Greenwich. The "Brown Buffs" guarded their prisoner securely, but would neither bind nor disarm him; for, to tell the truth, they were not altogether certain of their ground.

But as they passed the sentries at headquarters, Humphrey leaned from his saddle, and questioned one of the Life-Guard eagerly.

"Has the general returned?" he demanded.

"Ay, lad, a half-hour ago, and his dinner is well-nigh ready," was the reply.

With no word, but a low cry of horror, Humphrey Vandyne threw himself from his horse so suddenly that none could stay him, in spite of hue and cry. He dashed up the stairs and through the great doorway, calling to sentries, orderlies, and aids:

"A message for the general! To be delivered in person."

The dining-room at Mortier's, into which he almost flung himself, was unoccupied, though the table was already partially spread. So, across and into the general's apartments Humphrey sprang, almost knocking down Colonel Reed himself in his impulsive onset.

"How now, Trooper! What means this?" demanded the colonel, his dignity woefully upset, as he himself had very nearly been. "Come back, sir; the general will not see you."

But Humphrey stayed for neither word of command nor protest. Into the general's "study," or private office, he dashed; and then stopped short, stayed even in his onrush. For there, before the general, stood "the girl from Corbie's."

"Very well, my child," the general was saying; "I'll take your suggestion. It is a dish of which I am most fond. 'Green pease for the general' is my special order, do you remember? Why, what means this, sir? Who — what — Trooper Vandyne! Why do you enter here in that headlong way, sir?"

"The pease, the pease, General! Do not eat them, do not taste them, I beg, I pray!" cried Humphrey, dropping, almost unmanned, at the general's side. "The pease are poisoned, sir; and she knows it."

"As do I, too, my boy," responded the general, kindly and reassuringly. "This good child is before you, and has just told me the very tidings you would bring."

CHAPTER XIV.


ON THE GENERAL'S SERVICE.

"THANK God! You are safe, General!" exclaimed Humphrey fervently; but it must be confessed that he rose to his feet mortified, as well as surprised.

Had he stayed quietly at headquarters, he could have told his story, without unnecessary haste, and certainly without all the worry and peril of that ride to the outposts. But Humphrey Vandyne was not the first boy, or man either, to learn the lesson of "more haste less speed," which good Doctor Franklin had taught his fellow-countrymen.

"But I have ridden to no purpose," he said, a bit ruefully. "They said you were at the outposts, General, and I rode to find you. I knew the plot, your Excellency, and I wished to save you from it; but I seem only to have bungled, while this girl from Corbie's has given you the warning."

"You meant well, Trooper Vandyne," Washington said; "but say no word of this to anyone; to no one, do you hear? We must work out the plan as this brave girl has laid it."



"But Colonel Reed —" Humphrey began, when a rap on the door interrupted him.

"Open the door, Trooper," said the general; "and do you, my girl, withdraw at once. But see that you carry out this business for to-morrow's dinner. I will say nothing."

"To-morrow!" said Humphrey to himself, as he sprang to the door; "and I thought it was for to-day."

He opened the door to Colonel Reed.

"Your Excellency," said the colonel, placing a hand on Humphrey's shoulder; "this man, I am told, is a deserter, who has broken jail from headquarters."

Into the outer room came Captain Gibbs and a corporal of the "Brown Buffs."

"Your Excellency," said the captain, "Trooper Vandyne, of the Guards, has been apprehended for desertion and treasonable communication with the enemy —"

"Yes, your Excellency," the corporal put in eagerly, "me and my men caught him on the Kip's Bay Road —"

Through the doorway of the outer room, by which but an instant before the girl from Corbie's had disappeared, Guardsman Hickey came hastening. His tall form towered above all the rest.

"I charge Humphrey Vandyne, of the Life-Guard, with desertion and treason, your Excellency,"

he cried. "I apprehended him on the Bowery Road, so I did. Put him away, your Excellency. 'Tis worse agin' him than that, too, there is, that I have to tell you, sir."

"Begging your Excellency's pardon, I would say that for his breaking jail I am responsible," Captain Hamilton said, pushing his way into the throng. "With Captain Gibbs's permission, I promised Vandyne three hours' absence to find you at the outposts, on business vital to yourself, he told me. And I believe Humphrey Vandyne against all others."

"Captain Gibbs," said the general, "as this young trooper's commanding officer, you have him in charge. Let him be securely confined, until you have orders to bid him report to me. I will investigate this matter myself. Withdraw, all of you."

"Under favor, General," cried Guardsman Hickey, "I beg your Excellency to keep away from the lad. 'Tis a dangerous conspirator he is, sir, and I know it. Let me see you privately, so please your Excellency."

"To your quarters, Guardsman," said the general; "communications for the general-in-chief must be sent through the proper officers. The affairs of the Congress are of more importance than the personal affairs of the commander-in-chief. I will investigate in time."

The room was emptied. But Humphrey, re-

turning to his confinement, was not certain of anything save that he had been a blunderer; that the girl from Corbie's, whom he had so discourteously accused of complicity in the plot, was really the heroine; and that the general had not committed himself, but had simply bidden him say nothing. In addition to all this he had been sent back to the guard-house, and Hickey was free. Things did not seem to be going just right with Trooper Vandyne, and he scarcely knew whether to feel elated or cast down.

"The general is safe, anyhow, and has been warned," he comforted himself by thinking. "So I don't care about myself."

Hamilton accompanied his friend back to the guard-house.

"Can't you tell me anything yet, Humphrey?" he asked. "This thing is mixed up beyond my understanding."

"Patience, Hamilton; I'll tell you all in time," Humphrey replied. "I may need to have your advice and help soon, and then you shall know everything; but just now the general bids me be silent, and I must obey. Thank you for all the help you have given me."

"I had to. The summons I received permitted no delay," Hamilton said.

"I sent no message to you," Humphrey answered him. "Whom could it have come from?"

And as Hamilton bade him farewell, and promised to see him again, and to stand by him through all, Humphrey had still another puzzle to think about. Who sent the message to Alexander Hamilton?

"That girl from Corbie's," he decided; and then he found himself wondering how she could have known of Hamilton and of his friendship. But "that girl from Corbie's," he was beginning to assure himself, was "a monstrous clever girl."

The "monstrous clever girl" had proved her cleverness, as well as her patriotism, by giving the very key to the plot that Washington and the Secret Committee needed. As a result, Humphrey was summoned from the solitary cell in which he had passed a few weary hours; and, as the twilight of the long day faded into night, he was directed to follow the sentry into the presence of the commander-in-chief.

He went, uncertain whether he was to meet with reprimand or appreciation; though from the experiences he had passed through, and because of his lessening confidence in his own abilities, he expected reprimand even more than appreciation.

"Trooper Vandyne," the general said, as Humphrey saluted and awaited his pleasure, "I have carefully investigated your affair, and find that, through oversight as well as intention, your safety has been twice put in jeopardy — though I cannot

refrain from saying that certain of your troubles have been self-imposed. Let me hear your story from your own lips,—frankly, fully, and unreservedly, sir.”

Humphrey could not, if he would, have held anything back. There was that in Washington's presence and in his eye that compelled the truth,—this man, who was himself the soul of truth and honor. Humphrey told the general the simple facts from the very beginning, neither omitting nor slurring over his own indignation and wavering, when what he thought to be the general's double-dealing in his father's case, as reported by Hickey, influenced and angered him.

“Was not my assurance that your father should not be implicated or disturbed sufficient for you, sir?” the general inquired. Then, as Humphrey would have explained, Washington silenced him with an imperative gesture. “Say nothing in extenuation, Trooper,” he said. “I would have no man accuse himself unjustly; and I myself am not altogether free from fault in this affair. Colonel Jay's word to me as to the mission upon which he had despatched you was neglected by me, simply because I was overburdened with other matters; and I never supposed that the further labors laid upon you would bring you into fresh trouble. They did, however; and, while I fear that your over-confidence and boyish heedlessness are partly

to blame, I myself seem to have been equally careless; so I make my apologies to you, as I also assure you of my thankful appreciation. As proof of this, I wish to put you to a new test."

Humphrey was raised from despondency to bliss in an instant.

"Put me to any test, General," he cried, "if only you will say that you have confidence in me. I feared I had lost my last chance to prove my devotedness. For I am a blunderer, General, I know it; but I mean to do right always."

The general smiled.

"When I was a boy," he said, "my mother possessed a young colt, of which great things were prophesied. But I felt that the colt should be trained without delay; and when certain of my playmates dared me to try and break the animal in, I said I would, — for, like many another boy, Vandyne, I would not take a dare. So I caught that colt, and, after a furious struggle, I broke him, — but I broke his neck as well. A few days later, my good mother, missing the colt, came to me while I was with my mates, and said, 'Pray, young gentlemen, have any of you seen my sorrel colt?' And then I had to tell. So you see, over-confidence often brings its own punishment, and meaning to do right is not always doing the right."

"But you told the truth, General," cried Humphrey, his mind on his chief's reminiscence; "and

surely that was everything. Didn't your mother think so too?"

Again Washington smiled on his impulsive young follower.

"My mother is a very just woman," he replied; "but she loves truth equally with justice. She told me that while the colt was a great loss, untruthfulness in her son would have been vastly greater; and so, you see, I had alike reward and punishment — as all men must expect for good or evil deed — even yourself, Trooper Vandyne. You stood true to the cause, even at your own peril; and now, as I say, I would put you to further proof."

"I am ready, General," the young man replied.

"Here are instructions to General Greene, at his headquarters near Brooklyn," the general replied. "You know where they are, do you not?"

"Yes, General," Humphrey replied, overjoyed to be sent upon a strictly soldierly errand; "they are near the Flatbush Road, beyond the Wallabout shore."

The general nodded.

"Ride at once, post-haste, to General Greene," he continued, "and bid him act upon the instructions in this letter at the earliest moment. It orders, so I may tell you, the immediate arrest of Mayor Mathews, at his house in Flatbush; and you, Trooper, are detailed to accompany the detachment General Greene sends, and to report his arrest and

search to me. Thus, my lad, may you see the Tory mayor in an entirely legitimate way, and with commands from me, rather than from his Excellency Governor Tryon, whom you once left so hastily, I believe. But that you may go away feeling that you are not leaving under a cloud, bid Captain Gibbs report to me, and return you here with him, sir."

Humphrey was back with Captain Gibbs speedily.

"Captain," said the general, "I wish in the presence of his commander, to exonerate Trooper Vandyne from all suspicions that you or his comrades may have against him. He has been absent on special service for me, and has executed it so well, that I am to detail him again as bearer of despatches to the camp near Brooklyn. I pray you, Captain, let this be understood by all the Guard — excepting Guardsman Hickey, as I warned you. Despatch Hickey, I beg, on some distant errand away from the Brooklyn Ferry at once, so that Trooper Vandyne may leave without Hickey's knowledge. Vandyne, you will await orders in the assembly-room until Hickey has ridden away. Then ride on your mission, and report as I bade you."

The captain and the Guardsman both saluted and withdrew.

"Vandyne," said Captain Gibbs, as he left Humphrey in the assembly-room in the mansion, clapping him heartily on the back, "you are an honor

to the Guard, I know, — without knowing just why. For, if the general says so, that's enough! I'm proud of you."

Humphrey saluted his captain, and, proud and elated, awaited the assurance of Hickey's departure. Then he rode through the night to where, near where to-day rise the piers of the present great suspension bridge, ran the primitive ferry to Brooklyn.

At the fort near the hill in Brooklyn, now familiar as Fort Greene or Washington Park, he found General Greene, Washington's firm reliance through seven years of war, the second greatest soldier of the American Revolution. To him Humphrey presented the order from the general-in-chief.

"Ah, ha! We've got to the marrow of this accursed business at last, have we?" the general said, as he finished his reading. "Arrest that arrant Tory, the mayor? Nothing could please me more. Major Blodgett," he added, turning to one of his aids, "bid Lieutenant-Colonel Cornell, of Hitchcock's Rhode Islanders, to report to me in an hour's time, with one of Hitchcock's companies, duly armed, and ready to march to Flatbush. If any one can rout his *dis*-honor the mayor from his lair, it will be 'Old Snarl.' Trooper Vandyne, the general orders that you accompany the detachment. Remain here until Lieutenant-Colonel Cornell reports, when I will transfer you to his charge."

"Cornell," said the general, when, after a brief

space, the lieutenant-colonel of Hitchcock's, familiarly known as "Old Snarl," from his sharp, fault-finding, but watchful and patriotic ways with his men, reported for duty, "here is a vile and diabolical plot unravelling. It plans to murder General Washington, seize on the persons of the other general officers, and blow up the magazines at the instant of time the king's troops shall land at New York. The general commanding bids me send a detachment of men to Flatbush, and arrest the person of David Mathews, Mayor of New York, who, with Governor Tryon on the *Duchess of Gordon*, is named as being at the bottom of the conspiracy. Is the detachment, as ordered through Major Blodgett, in readiness, sir?"

"Ready, General," reported "Old Snarl."

"Then do your duty, Colonel," the general said; "and such other Tories or suspicious persons as you may bag with the mayor, you also have orders to detain and seize. The general requests that you take with you his messenger, this trooper of his Life-Guard, here present. Vandyne, you will go with Colonel Cornell and his detachment to Flatbush."

The lieutenant-colonel of Hitchcock's regiment, and Trooper Vandyne, saluted and retired; and at an hour near midnight the arresting party was marching by the Flatbush Road, over the hills that now skirt pleasant Prospect Park, and into the

quaint Dutch village of Flatbush, in which far-off suburban retreat the Tory mayor of New York had taken refuge, to plot and plan against the Congress and patriots of America.

The old Dutch farmhouse, whose sloping roof and ample doorways sheltered the runaway mayor, stood silent in the midnight gloom, as, at one o'clock in the morning of the twenty-second of June, the detachment from General Greene's brigade quietly surrounded the house. Then the stout double door rang with the startling summons by which so many "disaffected persons" are aroused in times of treason, stress, and war.

Three times was the summons made.

"Open in the name of the Congress!" Colonel Cornell demanded loudly; and at last the bolt slipped, the half-door swung open, and a hand-shaded candle and a touselled negro head appeared at the opening.

"'Clar to goodness, if it ain't sojers!" the negro exclaimed. "What you want, Massa Cap'n?"

"Is David Mathews, Mayor of New York, within?" Cornell demanded. "Bid him here at once. We are on service for General Washington, and must see him without delay."

"Gin'ral Washington! No? Is the Gin'l thar, massa?" the negro queried, peering over the opened door at the cordon of Continentals.

"Come, sir; no dodging," said "Old Snarl"

snappishly ; "I'll have no trifling. Is Mayor Mathews within, I say ?"

"I don't jest know, massa Washington," returned the negro slowly, as if taking the peppery lieutenant-colonel for the commander-in-chief.

"You don't, eh ?" Colonel Cornell snapped out ; "well, I'll help you to know. Lieutenant Torrens, send two men here to batter this door in. We'll deal with Master Black-man later. A dance on nothing may improve his memory."

"There is no need for severity, gentlemen," the voice of the mayor came from the shadows of the wide hall. "I am David Mathews."

"So-called Mayor of New York ?" Cornell demanded.

"I am the Mayor, sir, by appointment and choice," Mr. Mathews replied.

"David Mathews," said the lieutenant-colonel, "I arrest you by order of his Excellency the commander-in-chief and the Secret Committee, for conspiracy, treason, and sedition. Do you yield yourself prisoner, or must we use force to compel you ?"

"I have no choice in face of this unwarranted show of power, sir," the mayor replied. "I yield myself prisoner ; but I am innocent of any wrongdoing, save as loyalty to my king be counted treason."

"It is treason to the people of America and their

lawful Congress, sir," "Old Snarl" snapped out. "Bid your servant open the door, sir, ere we batter it in. We are ordered to search your house and seize your papers, unless you give them up willingly. Will you compel us to use force?"

"An Englishman's house is his castle," the mayor replied, "which he is at liberty to defend by resistance of arms, if need arise. So, too, is his property inviolable. I yield me prisoner, sir; but as for papers, I have none in this house that can compromise me in the way you charge. I defy you to find even one. Cubit, open the door."

"You protest too much, sir," exclaimed Cornell, entering the house. "We will satisfy ourselves. Lieutenant Torrens, tell off a dozen men, and search the house thoroughly for papers or persons of a seditious or suspicious nature. Vandyne, go you with the lieutenant as his Excellency's representative. Look sharp, and report promptly. Mr. Mayor, you will remain here under guard, until the search is completed."

"My papers I have no control over under your arbitrary seizure," the mayor replied; "but my guests are exempt from annoyance. I protest against any interference with them. Vandyne, do you say, sir?" he added, as Humphrey stepped forward. "A representative of Mr. — of General Washington? Ah, the blue and white. May I have a word with Guardsman Vandyne, sir?"

"No, sir, none save in my presence," snapped out "Old Snarl" vigorously. "I'll have no attempt at contamination, Mr. Mayor. Speak out now, sir, if you have anything to say."

But the mayor sat silent upon the bench to which he had dropped upon his arrest.

"Well, Torrens, why so slow? Time is going," Cornell cried impatiently. "Can't you count out a dozen?" and he stepped to the open door to hasten his subaltern.

"Coming, Colonel; they all want to go," Lieutenant Torrens replied.

"All! all! when only a dozen are called for?" snapped the peppery martinet. "'Tis unsoldierly, men. Come when commanded, and say nothing; that's discipline."

This brief episode gave the captive mayor the opportunity he desired.

"Vandyne," he whispered to Humphrey, standing beside him. "Go you to the North Chamber first. The stowaway under the eaves leads to the east window, and the window opens on the woods. Go there first."

Even before Humphrey fully comprehended or understood the mayor's swiftly-whispered message, the colonel turned back.

"Now, then! right, left, divide!" he commanded. "Lieutenant Torrens, take the right six, and search the first-floor rooms. Vandyne, go with the other

six, up the stairs. If more men are needed, I'll detail another dozen. Step quickly, and look sharp now. Never mind the cellar. I'll see to that."

Up the stairs went Humphrey and his men. Then he remembered the mayor's words, and wondered what on earth had led the cornered Tory to make such a communication to him. But, because he had made it, Humphrey determined to use it in his investigations. So, sending two men to search the other rooms, he himself went into the North Chamber.

It was a large room ; and, under the eaves, he spied the door to the stowaway, indicated by the mayor. He swung his lantern to lighten the shadows of the darkened room, as beneath the open window he could hear the response of a second dozen men being told off for farther search. A noise from the bed attracted his attention ; he swung his light in that direction, and saw that the curtains were closed.

The search of a suspected house allows small respect for person or for sex ; and Humphrey, impulsive and zealous, thought only of his orders.

He grasped the curtains, and flung them apart with a vigorous "yank."

"Wake up and come out of that, you sneaking Tory," he cried. "I heard you ; and here you are. I arrest you in the name of the Congress. Who are you ?"

The question was answered without words. For as Humphrey flashed his lantern full in the face of the aroused sleeper in the curtained bed, he started back in surprise, while the lantern nearly dropped from his hands.

And well it might; for its tell-tale light disclosed to Humphrey the face of his father, — Teunis Vandyne.

CHAPTER XV.

THE SON OF A TORY.

"SON Humphrey ; you ? " exclaimed Teunis Vandyne, as, rising in bed, his eyes met the startled and wondering gaze of his son ; " what are you doing here ? and why this sudden call in the night ? "

" Father ! " cried Humphrey, finding his speech, " why are you here—here, of all places in the world, the house of the Tory and assassin, Mathews ? "

" Tory perhaps, but not assassin surely, son Humphrey," Teunis replied. " That is an ugly word for any man, and surely is not fitted for so high-placed and high-minded a gentleman as Mr. Mayor Mathews."

" Assassin or not—he is a traitor and plotter," Humphrey answered ; " and we are here with a strong force to arrest him, and all Tories found in his house. Come ! you have time to fly, father. Here ! into your clothes quickly ; " and Humphrey fairly flung his father's clothes upon the bed. " Hasten, while I hold the door. Once dressed, slip into this stowaway. By it you may reach the east window, which opens into the woods. I will clear

the place thereabouts of soldiers, and you may go free."

"And why should I go free, Humphrey Vandyne?" his father queried.

"Because I can protect you no further, and your arrest will follow," Humphrey replied. "Hasten, I beg of you. My duty is first of all to you."

"Then do that duty, and arrest me, boy," Teunis Vandyne commanded. "I may not countenance your desertion of your king, but I will not be a bar to your performance of your duty. I am not minded to trust myself to spooky stowaways, east windows, and unknown woods. I am your prisoner, sir. Have I your permission to rise and dress?"

"Father! father!" Humphrey pleaded, almost with tears in his eyes; "fly! fly, I beg you. Do you know what it means, this arrest, just now? It means close imprisonment, harsh treatment, trial, and perhaps death. A vile plot against Washington and his generals has been discovered; his Excellency is to be murdered, and the city delivered to the king's troops. The mayor is at the bottom of the plot, and his arrest means his death. So does yours as his guest at this time. Hasten, father; dress and run. I will aid you with my life."

"No need of that, my son," his father replied. "I will never put your life in jeopardy by a needless defence of mine. And I tell you, son Hum-

phrey, dark closets and dark woods, on a dark night, are not for a man like me. The Vandynes were always stubborn, and I am a Vandyne. I am your prisoner and will go with you."

"I, too, am a Vandyne," Humphrey replied; "and I will have you escape in spite of yourself. Hasten! the soldiers are coming this way; others are climbing the stairs. You shall not fall into their hands;" and, dragging his father, half-dressed as he was, from the bedside, Humphrey fairly lifted him in his arms and bundled him into the stowaway, thrusting his clothes after him. "Feel your way to the east window, sir, and then drop to the woods. I will guard your escape."

The soldiers of his search-company stood at the door.

"We find nothing, Trooper," one after another reported. "Do you?"

"I have here nothing of importance," Humphrey replied; "a deserted bed, an open window, and no papers or effects of value."

Lieutenant Torrens came up the stairs with a half-dozen men.

"Anything up here?" he asked.

"Nothing incriminating, sir," Humphrey replied. "This man must have taken the alarm in time. His bed is empty and his window open."

"When a man jumps like that and loses himself, 'tis a sure sign he fears arrest, and is therefore to be

found at all cost," the lieutenant said. "I've seen cases like this, where the fellow tries to make it look as if he had got away, when he is really in hiding. Here! men; some of you ransack that clothes-press; look for a secret back. Jones, you and Bigelow run your bayonets under the feathers and bed-clothes. Hullo, what's that? A stowaway? Did you look into that, Trooper?"

"Yes, sir. I had it open just before your men came in," Humphrey replied truthfully; "nothing but dust there, I reckon."

"It never pays just to 'reckon' in a Tory search," said the lieutenant. "Tories are slippery customers, and must be hunted thoroughly. Open again, Trooper, and I'll send in two lanterns."

But Humphrey made no move. Instead, he planted himself before the stowaway door.

"I tell you, I've opened it once, Lieutenant," he said; "and once is enough."

"It may be for you, sir," the lieutenant retorted; "but it isn't so for me. If you're afraid to get your Life-Guard's blue and white dusty and cobwebby, I and my men are not. Step aside, Trooper, and I'll look into this thing."

"I say you shall not," cried Humphrey. "The man, whoever he was, got out through the window. There is no need to look again where I have searched."

"You're as stubborn as a mule, Trooper," said

the lieutenant. "I'll report you to Colonel Cornell. Out of the way, I tell you, or my men shall make you. You won't? Here! Jones, Bigelow, hustle that trooper away. I'll see what's behind that door."

The two soldiers grappled with Humphrey; but he resisted so stoutly that he still held his ground before the closed stowaway. But the scuffle brought the lieutenant-colonel springing up the stairs.

"What's all this? Bagged something?" demanded "Old Snarl."

"We've bagged this trooper, sir," the lieutenant reported. "He refuses to let us search this stowaway."

"Because I have already done so, Colonel," said Humphrey. "Lieutenant Torrens's course is disrespectful to his Excellency, whose representative I am. Is not that a rule of the service, sir?"

"All rules fail in a search, young man," said Cornell. "Your hunt may not have been thorough enough to suit so good a Tory-hunter as Torrens. I think you had better give way."

"I will not," replied Humphrey, as determined as ever.

"You refuse orders from your superior?" demanded "Old Snarl," in his "snarliest" fashion. "Why! that is rank mutiny, sir. I shall report you to his Excellency. Stand aside, sir; I'll have that place inspected."

For reply, Humphrey drew his pistol, and squarely faced the room full of soldiers.

"I am here on his Excellency's order," he said ; "and what I have said I will stand by, even at the risk of my life."

The colonel pondered an instant. Questions of military etiquette and precedence were not very clearly understood at that state of mixed volunteer and regular, — of militia and Continental service. Even so unyielding a martinet as "Old Snarl" was uncertain.

"I believe the lad is right," he said, with a nod to his lieutenant. "He stands by his position, anyhow ; and I admire him for that. Trooper," he added, with a bow to Humphrey, "as his Excellency's representative, I yield the right to you. Put up your pistol, sir. I accept your report as final. But now, sir, I will ask you, in courtesy to me, to personally inspect that stowaway again, for your own and my satisfaction. You will not be compelled to do it, however."

Humphrey figured that, long before this time, his father had reached the east window and escaped. He would risk it anyhow. So he saluted the lieutenant-colonel, and, cautiously opening the door, thrust in his lantern. The stowaway was empty.

Humphrey flung open the door, greatly relieved, and, lantern in hand, investigated thoroughly. There was no trace of his father. Evidently Teunis

Vandyne, in spite of his antipathy to dark closets and open windows, had found the eastern window and the woods beneath. Humphrey could only hope, also, that he had escaped the cordon of soldiers.

"There is nothing and no one here, Colonel," he reported. "Will you investigate?"

"Your word is sufficient, sir," Cornell replied. "Lieutenant Torrens, lead your men below. We will put the mayor through his catechism."

Vastly relieved, Humphrey, with the rest, fell into line, and descended the stairs to the wide hall. The room was strewn with papers, and in the midst of the litter sat the mayor, flushed but silent, while beside him, — and Humphrey caught his breath grimly at this new shock, — sat another prisoner. It was his father, Teunis Vandyne.

"Father!" Humphrey sprang down the stairs, and placed himself beside the elder Vandyne. "What does this mean? Who has dared arrest you?" he demanded.

Teunis Vandyne looked the questioner over, from head to foot, but he answered not a word.

"His father?" exclaimed Colonel Cornell, hastening forward. "Is this your father, Trooper? Who is this person, Mr. Mayor?"

"My guest, sir," the mayor replied; "and I solemnly protest against his detention. It is Mr. Teunis Vandyne, of Rockland."

"Another of the Tory crew, eh?" exclaimed

"Old Snarl." Then looking from father to son, he demanded: "Answer, sir! Is this trooper of the Life-Guard your son?"

"He is no son of mine," Mr. Vandyne replied.

Humphrey dropped his head; he withdrew from his father's shoulder the hand he had laid there, ready for protection or defiance.

The colonel turned a look of suspicion on the young Guardsman.

"What is your name, Trooper?" he demanded.

"I am Humphrey Vandyne of his Excellency's Life-Guard," the lad replied.

"Are you this man's son?"

"He says I am not, sir," Humphrey replied sadly.

"Humph! that means that you are," was "Old Snarl's" comment. "The patriot son of a Tory father, I suppose;" and something of pity for the boy came into the brusque voice and stern face of the old martinet. "Well, you're not the only one, lad. In these troublesome times a man's foes are often those of his own household. Was this the fugitive of the North Chamber?" he asked, lowering his voice as he made the inquiry. "Was he the cause of your defence of the stowaway?"

"It was my duty to shield him, sir," Humphrey replied, feeling that he had done so to but little purpose, if now his father was a prisoner. "What would you have done in the same case, Colonel?"

"Did you know he was in this place when we marched to Flatbush?" the colonel queried.

"I did not, sir. I thought him at home in Rockland County," Humphrey responded.

The colonel shook his head.

"'Tis a hard question to answer, lad," he said; "and yet, had my father cast me off— Well, that is no concern of mine. My only duty here is to search and arrest. Gentlemen, you must go to headquarters with us. Those are General Greene's orders."

Thereupon, with their two prisoners, both of them protesting against their forcible and, as they claimed, unjust and unwarrantable seizure, the detachment went back to Brooklyn. But the most dispirited, cast-down, and utterly miserable man in all that cavalcade was Humphrey Vandyne of the Life-Guard. He was forever, he said to himself, running up against unexpected obstacles, and blundering into unforeseen difficulties.

He kept a watchful eye upon his father, however, and sought to make his transfer to headquarters as comfortable as possible; but never, by word or look, did the elder Vandyne acknowledge the courtesies, or seem conscious of the presence of his son, the Life-Guardsman. And Humphrey sorrowfully recalled the words of his father when they had parted that morning in the old farmhouse behind the Nyack Hills.

"He means to keep his word; he means to disown me," he said. "Well, 'tis surely hard. But what did the general say? what was it Hamilton declared? Duty is before all. I will do my duty like an American and a soldier. But my father shall not suffer for his convictions. Even though he disown and disclaim me, I will not let him meet the fate of a Tory caught in a plot. A plot? The general's murder? Teunis Vandyne would never soil his hands with so low and vile a business as assassination and treachery."

Thus did the Vandyne conscience, which some people call stubbornness, carry father and son through the grim ordeal of arrest and examination.

The examination by General Greene was of such a nature as to lead the general to despatch his prisoners direct to the headquarters of the commander-in-chief, and they were at once sent under guard across the river. Evidently, however, in his report, Colonel Cornell had told General Greene the relations between one of his Tory captives and the young trooper of the Life-Guard. For the general requested the young man to remain at the fort for a while, wishing to spare him the mortification of acting as escort to his own father to the place of imprisonment.

"My duty is to my father, General. I will stick by him to the last," Humphrey replied.

"'Tis a hard case, lad," said General Greene.

"Your father denies you ; why, I cannot say. But bear up. Things may take a turn, and your devotion to the cause may soften the rigors of your father's imprisonment, and appeal to his Excellency for mercy. George Washington was ever true to his parents and his home ; and a loyal son respects equal loyalty in other sons. Justice must be meted out to all the conspirators in this vile and diabolical plot. But your father may be free from actual participation in it. He says he is."

"Then he is, General," Humphrey declared. "Teunis Vandyne's word has never been doubted. And yet he will have no word with me, and I know not what to do."

"Your duty, lad," said Greene. "There is no way but that. I have stated the facts in my report to General Washington ; and upon his mercy, as well as upon his justice, you may rely. You are the general's messenger, Vandyne. If you are determined to go to headquarters in the escort to these prisoners, will you carry my report to the general, or shall I send a messenger of my own ?"

"I will take it, sir," Humphrey replied. "That, as you say, is my duty. And I must be near my father ; for I may be his best guard in the presence of General Washington."

So they crossed the river at the Brooklyn ferry ; and, before noon, the mayor and his guest were delivered to the officer of the day at headquarters in

Mortier House. But Humphrey sought the general with his report.

"So, sir, you have brought the mayor here prisoner, have you?" the general said. "It is well. We are scotching the snake at all points, and many another Tory will keep the mayor company. What's this—another taken with him? Teunis Vandyne of Rockland? Why, lad, that's your father, is it not?"

He glanced sharply at the young Guardsman as he made the inquiry. Humphrey bowed his head.

"It is, General," he replied sadly.

"And what was he doing in that Tory headquarters?" Washington demanded. "Is he, too, in this horrible plot? This is serious business, sir. And yet you brought him here! You were of the arresting party and of the escort. Lad, lad! you have the faculty of running into the most unheard of complications and the most baffling conditions. It were better for me to use you only as a Guard, and never as a messenger, it would seem. Truly, I am sorry for you, Trooper Vandyne. What can I do in this case?"

"Oh! set him free, General, I beg," Humphrey pleaded. "He knows nothing of this plot. He has said so."

"To you, sir?" Washington queried.

"O General!" the young Guardsman cried, saddened by the remembrance, "to me he will not

speaking one word. He declared in my presence, to Colonel Cornell, when he was arrested, that I was no son of his. But he is my father, General. Be merciful to him, I pray."

"Poor lad," said the General sympathetically, "the test of patriotism is often harsh and stern. It certainly is with you. But trust to me. Knowing the facts, I will act as leniently as I can. I will save your father if it is in my power."

"It is, General, it is," Humphrey said joyfully. "I can trust him with you. May I see him, sir?"

"It is better not, lad," the general replied. "At this time discretion is best, and I must act alone. It could not be of advantage to either of you to meet just now. For your own sake I will soften the rigors of his detention; but he must stand his examination with his friend, the mayor, at whose house he was taken. Trust to me, lad, I will not forget your duties, or your loyalty in this service—the hardest that can be laid upon a filial son. But I have other work for you, sir."

"What is it, General? See, sir! I am ready," Humphrey declared.

He knew that he could not relieve his father's troubles, or be of service to him in his imprisonment at this stage of affairs. He knew that, if he remained at headquarters, he would be miserable, anxious, and unsettled. He felt that service elsewhere would just then be his best occupation.

"I am ready, General," he repeated.

Washington nodded his approval:

"Forbes, the gunsmith, has been arrested," the general replied. "He refuses to make any disclosures, and now lies in irons in the Bridewell, near the Fields. I know of your experiences with him in your attempt to unravel this plot. Not that you may gloat over him in revenge, but that you may, perhaps, influence him to some confession, I have thought it well to have you see and talk with him. Tell him from the Secret Committee and from me, that his time is short; tell him he has but three days to live, and advise him to prepare himself. The biggest and burliest of men may, on occasion, prove the most arrant of cowards; and you may, by being direct and unyielding in your queries and assurances, break the spirit of the blacksmith, and bring him to tell the truth. Try it, at all events. It will occupy your disturbed mind, and may be of service in securing the ends of justice. And justice, not revenge, is all I seek in this miserable matter."

In the Bridewell, the dark gray stone prison building in the Fields, just west of where to-day stands the City Hall of New York, Humphrey found his former would-be persecutor—Gilbert Forbes, the blacksmith.

His had been one of the earliest of the arrests for complicity in the plot; and to him, without hesitation, courtesy, or favor, Humphrey bluntly stated

the danger in which the blacksmith stood, even as Washington bade him.

The burly blacksmith blustered and swore. He reviled Humphrey as a factor in his capture, and regretted that he had not put into execution his threat to kill him when the opportunity had been his.

But Humphrey stood his blustering as unshrinkingly as he had parried his blows that terrible morning in the smithy, and again showed the blacksmith how closely he stood to death.

"Three days is a short time, Gilbert Forbes," he said; "though it is many times more chances of life than you would have given me that morning in the smithy. The mayor is taken, and will not spare you in his disclosures; Hickey's treachery is known; and when the whole story is told where, then, will be Gilbert Forbes's chance for reprieve or rescue? A dead man you will be in three days, Gilbert Forbes, unless you tell what you know of this scheme to ruin the patriot cause. They made a catspaw of you, Gilbert Forbes; though sometimes I think it was all talk with you, and that you were not the great man of the plot you thought yourself to be."

"Not the chief man of the plot!" exclaimed Forbes, his self-conceit rising at this blow at his importance. "Where would it have been had it not been for me? You know yourself, you eaves-

dropper, what the governor wrote to the mayor about me. Not the great man indeed ! Who was greater ? ”

“ Oh, — Hickey for one ; or even the mulatto — Tryon’s man,” Humphrey replied, knowing that he had struck at the blacksmith’s weak point. “ Why, man, Tommy Johnson, the fifer, was of more importance than you. You were but a go-between, and they were but making a tool of you.”

“ A tool, d’ye say, blockhead ? ” cried the now aroused blacksmith. “ Why, but for me there would have been nothing done. Had all done as much and as well as I, the whole thing would be over by this, and the mighty Mr. Washington be but food for worms.”

“ Thanks, Gilbert Forbes ; that’s about all I wish from you,” said Humphrey ; “ I will report your words to the general and the Committee. Justice will follow swiftly. Prepare yourself, my friend. In three days’ time you will be where you would have put the general, and we’ll read : ‘ Gilbert Forbes, deceased ; who departed this life because he was every man’s fool, and knew how to stumble into a plot, but never how to get out of it.’ ”

“ Not know enough ! I know all, I tell you ! ” fairly shouted the blacksmith. “ And do you think I will suffer while others go free ? Let me go before the Committee ; place me before the Congress, and I’ll open their eyes ; I’ll show them who was of im-

portance, and what that fool of a Hickey and his abettors would have done. Will that give me freedom? Let me have a chance to talk, and I will tell all."

"I'm afraid not," said Humphrey with apparent indifference. "What you can tell will be of little use. If it really were, it might save your life; but — no — I think not — you only know enough to put a rope about your own neck, and that will come in three days' time. Prepare yourself, Gilbert Forbes, and so — good-by to you!"

The gunsmith fairly cried for mercy. To think that he was not considered of first importance, and must die as a tool of others, troubled him more even than the fear of death. He solemnly swore to Humphrey that he would tell all; and being taken before the Secret Committee, while the "fit" was on him, he told so much that the plot was laid yet more bare, and a long list of conspirators added to those already in possession of the Committee.

Humphrey felt that, while carrying out the general's orders, he had also revenged himself upon the man who had so badgered him at bay, and had cast contempt upon him as "a mere boy."

"How are the mighty fallen," he said to himself, and went back to headquarters to report.

Then he remembered his father again, and wondered what he could do to help him, even against

that father's will. For stand by him and help him he would.

Hickey was on guard at the entrance to headquarters. The coil about the big Guardsman was not yet complete.

"Ah, ha! and is it the Tory's son?" the big Guardsman said with a sneer. "Faith! 'tis of good stock ye come, Humphrey Vandyne. Here's the fine father of ye taken up as a Tory, as he deserves, and haled here for punishment. And, bedad! so sneakin' is the ways of all the Vandynes, 'tis broken jail he has, and has disappeared from headquarters. 'Tis said ye helped him run; and when he's caught again, as he's sure to be, 'tis said, d'ye mind, the general will make an example of ye both. I'll be even with ye yet, Humphrey Vandyne."

"Can you never tell the truth, Thomas Hickey?" was all that Humphrey said as he passed through the door. But, instead of reporting directly to the general, he paused at the guard-room door.

"Is your prisoner who came with the mayor safe and in good condition?" he asked.

"What! old Vandyne of Rockland?" came the answer. "Oh, your father, eh? Safe? Why, the old fox broke jail through someone's help, and was up and off two hours ago. But the general has started a pursuit, and they'll run him to earth soon. Sorry for you, Vandyne; but some fellows are mighty careless in their choice of a father."

CHAPTER XVI.

GREEN PEASE FOR THE GENERAL.

A SIGN of relief came to Humphrey Vandyne as the sentry's information confirmed Hickey's sneering tidings. And yet, unconfessed, there arose, with this relief, a feeling of regret that his father should, apparently, have felt unready to display the courage of his convictions, and boldly face his accusers. Humphrey's numerous experiences had shown him the wisdom, as well as the sufficiency, of such action; and already he had formed the opinion which, justly or unjustly, the world now holds as an axiom, that flight, like suicide, is a confession of guilt.

But he would not permit this unacknowledged regret to influence his real feeling of satisfaction over his father's escape; and he went into the presence of the commander-in-chief with a heart less heavy than it would have been had his father still remained a prisoner. He said nothing of the affair as he saluted his chief, but simply reported his interview with Gilbert Forbes, and the willingness of the prisoner to go before the Secret Committee.

"Your work was well done, sir," the general said. "Ride with speed to Colonel Jay at the Province Arms, and give him your tidings, with my suggestion that this Forbes be heard at once by his Committee. Then return here for further orders; and—" the general hesitated an instant—"Vandyne, your father has escaped."

"I know it, your Excellency," Humphrey replied. "I am both glad and sorry."

The general appeared to read the conflicting reasons as he glanced into his young trooper's honest eyes.

"I think I understand," he said. "In this world, Humphrey Vandyne, we are the prey of conflicting emotions; but a man's safety is, usually, his first consideration. And, if an opportunity for escape presented itself to your father, I am not surprised that he should have accepted it. I am pleased to hope, however, that in the case of our party, duty precedes the desire for safety; and that the true men of my Life-Guard may be depended upon to live up to the motto I have given them: 'Conquer or die.'"

"It is our highest honor, General. Shall I ride to Colonel Jay now?" Humphrey responded.

"With speed, Trooper," said Washington. "Suggest to Colonel Jay that he question Forbes at once. And, let me say, in this case of your father's, that, as my duty was, I have sent out a force for his

recapture ; but I have little hope of their success," he added significantly.

Humphrey sprang to saddle and galloped off. But, as he did so, he pondered over the general's words. Was it possible that he hoped for the escape of Teunis Vandyne, a fugitive and an acknowledged Tory, caught in a dangerous plot? He could not believe that the general would intentionally connive at a failure to recapture, even to please the Tory's son. That would surely not be duty. And yet Humphrey felt reasonably certain that the general would not be sorry to learn of Teunis Vandyne's successful flight.

So he rode on bearing his message to Colonel Jay of the Secret Committee, with the result already known to us ; for Gilbert Forbes's confession came at once, and thirty Tories or traitors were listed for immediate arrest.

"Bid the general look to his Life-Guard," came the message from Jay to Washington. "Tryon's gold and Tryon's agents have unsettled and corrupted certain of them ; and the evil influence within his own military household seems to be the Guardsman Thomas Hickey."

The general knew that himself, as did Humphrey Vandyne. Indeed, as he rode back to headquarters, Humphrey had Hickey very largely in mind. He could not understand why the general still permitted his unfaithful Guardsman to perform his

duties, and be practically free of all suspicion or surveillance.

"Here is he, the craftiest and most dangerous member of the most villainous plot ever attempted, and yet no effort is made to arrest and punish him," mused Humphrey. "Can he have pulled the wool over the general's eyes as he did over mine? I don't believe it. The general knows more, and sees farther, than most men; and I suppose we can trust him to do the right thing at the right time. All the same, I wish his Excellency would have an eye on Hickey. I'd like to know myself what the double deserter is up to now."

He was to learn sooner than he anticipated; for, as he rode up the Greenwich Road, near to Corbie's Tavern, he saw the big Guardsman cut across from Mortier House, evidently destined for Corbie's.

To Humphrey, with his numerous experiences of the place, Corbie's Tavern was synonymous with treason; and he was seized with the old desire for an investigation on his own hook. For, as he saw the Irish Guardsman headed for the tavern, he believed the man was not bent on any errand of good; and, still impulsive as ever, he determined to track him for fresh evidence.

So he turned from the road, and, crossing the Lisperard Meadows, left his horse in a leafy covert in Bayard's Woods; then, proceeding on foot, he cautiously approached the tavern.

The tap-room window on the eastern end of the house was open, for the day was warm ; and, stealthily approaching it, Humphrey drew himself around the eastern corner, dropped to the ground, and gradually lifted his eyes to a level with the sill of the open window.

As he did so, he dropped quickly to the ground again. For there, almost within reach of his hand, their backs to the window, and occupying the bench beneath the buttery-hatch, two men were sitting. He recognized their voices at once. They were the mulatto in the blue half-livery, — “Tryon’s man,” — and Hickey, the Guardsman.

“Then what shall I tell the governor, Misteh Hickey, sah?” the mulatto was saying.

“Tell him to keep a sharp outlook for the king’s fleet,” said Hickey ; “and let me know the instant the ships heave in sight. Sure, ’tis I that must do it all, tell him ; for some knowledge of the plot is out, and many of our friends are taken.”

“How did it get out, sah?” the mulatto inquired.

“Faith, I think ’twas some of it fell about through your blundering, ye coffee-colored son of Ham,” Hickey replied. “’Twas you that slopped over like, to that sneak of a Humphrey Vandyne, so taken in were ye with his mock signs of ‘Eighty-Six’ and ‘Rockland,’ which meant just nothing, d’ye mind. Bedad, if I had him here, in me two

hands, 'tis I would strangle the life out of him, so I would. But rest you easy, Humphrey Vandyne, my day will come in the morn, and I'll take full measure for all your pleasant doin's. 'Tis I that will joke with you with the butt of a pistol and the end of a rope."

"And I'll pull it, too, so I will, sah," said the mulatto spitefully. "I've got a score against that boy, too, Misteh Hickey, for the way he bamfoozled me, and for the wiggin' the governor gave me for it. Oh, sah! but he was a mad man, so the governor was, that night that this young Vandyne got away from him on the *Duchess of Gordon*, with Mr. DeLancey's clothes and letters. I had to catch it for that too; and I'll join you in taking it out of the child."

"Pleasant times ahead for me," thought Humphrey, beneath the window. "They say listeners never hear any good of themselves, and this is scarcely a love-feast."

"But that will all come later," Hickey hastened to say. "We've that to do this day will cause a panic in the rebel armies, I'm thinkin', and 'tis I must rush it through. Go you to the governor, and bid him keep his agents busy here and up the river, so that when the fleet comes, all will be ready for my great act. For though the mayor is juggled, and Gilbert Forbes is in quod, faith! 'tis I, Thomas Hickey, will show the rebel Congress that I hold

the trump-card ; and it's to their knees I'll bring 'em, every mother's son of 'em, till they all do be cryin' for mercy like children scared in the night."

"How will you do it, sah?" demanded the mulatto. "Can't it be money for me too?"

"You keep the governor busy, and it will be money for you," Hickey repeated. "Sure, this I have in hand is not what I'd be after tellin' the likes of you, me gentleman, whose tongue needs to be tacked to the roof of your mouth, d'ye mind. You shall know all in good time. Go now to the governor. But as you go, would ye just be lookin' around the house once, and make sure there's no spyin' eavesdropper about? I'll have no one listenin' to my talk, d'ye see. For it means a rope for Thomas Hickey if it's known, and I'd rather wear the king's cravat than the hangman's."

Humphrey heard the order, and knew discovery was near. He looked about for a hiding-place. A bush, too thin for security, was the only covert ; but Humphrey was about to accept its uncertain ambush, when his eye noticed, upon the southern side, a bulkhead door that covered the entrance to the outside cellar stairs. He stooped to try it. It yielded to his touch ; and, raising it, he dropped into the safety of the cellar stairs beneath.

He heard the steps of "Tryon's man" circling the tavern ; they approached, halted, and passed the cellar-door. Then they repassed ; and Humphrey

breathed free as he heard the mulatto at the eastern window, say to the Guardsman within the tap-room, "All safe and quiet, Misteh Hickey. There's no one in sight, sah."

Then the steps once more approached the closed bulkhead. Suddenly they paused; and Humphrey heard the mulatto say to himself, "Um! I reckon I'd better try it."

Humphrey stooped low, and shrank close into the gloom of the closed cellar-door. The bulkhead lifted slowly; and the mulatto's eyes, open for investigation, peered curiously beneath. Suddenly they opened into the wider stare of surprise, as they dimly made out the crouching figure in the corner.

"Who's — ?"

The query got no farther; for, with a spring, Humphrey had grappled the negro by the throat, and dragged him into the bulkhead space. Then the cover closed with a bang, while in the confined quarters upon the cellar stairs, Humphrey and Tryon's man fought it out in the darkness.

Humphrey, however, had been prepared for the attack, and his plan of campaign was completely outlined. As he dragged the mulatto down, he clapped a free hand upon the messenger's mouth. His antagonist twisted and struggled, and sought to throw the trooper down; but Humphrey's eyes were better used to the darkness into which the startled mulatto had been so unceremoniously dragged, and he had

the advantage. He was more sinewy, too, and more athletic, than the governor's messenger; and he speedily had the man on his back. Still with a hand over the mulatto's mouth, he twisted his handkerchief into a ready gag; then, with the man's own handkerchief, he tightly bound the messenger's hands behind his back.

"One word from you, my friend, and you're a dead man," he whispered. "I've got my pistol free," and he pressed the cold muzzle against the man's forehead. "I won't keep you here but a little while, and I won't harm you if you keep still. But I'm desperate now, and at one word or sign from you, I'll up with the bulkhead and shoot you like a dog."

The captive lay quiet enough; and Humphrey slowly lifted the door and cautiously slipped out of the cellar entrance, and crawled around the corner beneath the open window. Again he heard voices from the bench near the buttery hatch.

"'Tis a bright girl you are, and a determined one, me dear," he heard Hickey say. "Indade, me girl, let me get through this thing safely, and you've but to say the word to be Mrs. Thomas Hickey. I admire your spunk; and ye plan masterly, that ye do."

"'Tis not for the likes of you, Mister Hickey, I'll be pining," the girl replied pertly, and Humphrey recognized the voice at once. It was that of

the girl from Corbie's. "I told you I'd do your bidding," she continued; "and now the time has come. Have you the poison ready?"

"'Tis in my room at barracks I have it, me darlin'," Hickey assured her. "But how about the green pease?"

"In ten minutes after I leave here, they will be boiling," the girl replied. "I picked the mess myself this morning. Fine, luscious ones they are, just such as the general is dearly fond of. Where will you be to put the poison in?"

"When you have filled the general's platter," replied Hickey, "I will be hidin' in the pantry as you pass through. Then I'll pour one dose over them; for no one can see us, as the pantry doors are shut. You carry them in; I'll slip back to quarters; and, faith! to-morrow morning there'll be no Mr. General George Washington. The king's chief enemy will be dead, and you on the road to fine ladyhood."

"I want no fine ladyhood, Thomas Hickey," the girl from Corbie's replied. "I want only the thanks I hope to win for the duty I mean to do. Now off with you, one way, and quickly too, while I go the other way to serve the order of green pease for the general."

There was a movement on the bench that betokened departure; and Humphrey slipped behind the bush in time to see Hickey stroll westward

toward the town, while the girl from Corbie's hurried across the fields in the direction of headquarters at Mortier House. Then he, too, strolled slowly in the same direction, distressed once more by conflicting doubts and fears.

"Suppose all should not be right," he said; "suppose that girl from Corbie's should not be true to the general, and really means to carry Hickey's plot through? Whenever I have heard of her she is deep in the plot. But she told the general of it, and the general trusts her. But he trusted Hickey, too, and thought well of him until his villainy was known. I wish I knew just what I ought to do. I've got into so much trouble by blundering over what I meant to do just right, that I'm in doubt. I don't want to make a fool of myself. And yet it seems to me the general should be put on his guard again. Only, it's to-day at dinner that the pease are to be served. I'll go to headquarters; I'll be on hand at dinner-time; and if I catch Thomas Hickey in the pantry, I'll strangle him until he's as black in the face as Tryon's man! Jupiter Tonens! I forgot all about Tryon's man. I left him inside Corbie's bulkhead, and I promised to take him out. He's my prisoner, to deliver at headquarters; and my horse is in the woods too. I'd clean forgotten both the man and the horse. Humphrey Vandyne, something's wrong with your head."

Turning in his tracks, Humphrey hastened back

to Corbie's, to release the man in the bulkhead prison.

"Well, old chap, here I am," he said, as he slowly lifted the bulkhead, and peered beneath. The bulkhead space was empty.

He threw it wide open; and, as the light fell upon the cellar stairs, he saw that the bird indeed had flown. Again had he been defeated by over-confidence.

"He couldn't have escaped by the bulkhead door, I know," reasoned Humphrey; "for the big rock I laid on it was still there."

Then he noticed that the cellar door was ajar. He pushed against it, and it opened wide. The prisoner, had, in some way, escaped into the cellar.

Determined not to be baffled, Humphrey groped all over the dark cellar, amid barrels and casks and boxes, but to no advantage. Again and again he struck his flint and fired his tinder, for a faint, brief light; but it showed him nothing save the stairs to the floor above.

Up these Humphrey crept, and cautiously opened the cellar door at their head. It led into the buttery, which opened into the kitchen; but no one was to be seen. The tavern seemed deserted. He spied the stairs leading to the floor above. Up these he crept, listening intently; and from one of the closed rooms there came to his ears, at last, the hum of low voices.

He strained his ears before this closed door. A man was speaking excitedly, but in low tones. Humphrey was so certain that he had cornered his prisoner again, that, with his usual over-zeal in pursuit of his object, he pushed open the door.

The men in the upper room at Corbie's were Corbie himself, Tryon's man the mulatto, and Humphrey's own father, Teunis Vandyne !

Corbie sprang to his feet with an oath ; the mulatto shrieked, " There he is, the villain, the spy ! Kill him, Corbie !" But Teunis Vandyne sat silent and motionless.

Humphrey drew his pistol with a face as unmoved as that of his father, and levelled it full at the startled group.

" Gentlemen," he said, " you have here an escaped prisoner, a go-between from Governor Tryon. Permit me to take him to headquarters. I call upon you, as I have the right to call upon all honorable citizens, to aid me in this recapture. Yield yourself, man, or I shall surely fire."

The cornered mulatto looked about him in desperation.

" Help me, Corbie. Save me, Mistah Vandyne," he cried. " I shall be murdered."

" You will all be, if you move a hand to resist," said Humphrey sternly. " One, or both of you, has aided my prisoner to escape. Unless you help me, by remaining still and silent, I shall summon

my men, — " Humphrey's emphasis was emphatic because of the shadowy nature of the force he manufactured, — "and arrest you all as suspected persons. Now then, — you, sir, will you come quietly?"

The messenger of the governor once more pleaded for help.

"Corbie, they'll hang me as they will Gilbert Forbes and the mayor and all the rest. Help me; you know this man, Corbie; 'tis the trooper spy," he said. "'Twas he who told our plans."

"One more word from your lying lips, my friend," said Humphrey, "and you are a dead man."

He advanced on the mulatto threateningly. The terrified messenger darted aside, and seized a chair to defend himself. But before Humphrey could beat down his defence, Teunis Vandyne's foot shot out, and the mulatto fell heavily on his back.

Humphrey was upon the prostrate man at once. Swiftly he tied his hands behind his back, and, pulling him to his feet, backed him from the room, the threatening pistol still held before him.

"I thank you, gentlemen, for your silent aid," he said.

And still neither Teunis Vandyne nor Corbie the innkeeper said a word.

Humphrey shut the door; then turning his prisoner about, he headed him down the tavern stairs.

"Now then, walk quickly, my man," he commanded. "There is a loaded pistol at your back. If you make one move to escape, you will never move again. 'Eighty-one' and 'Rockland' mean something at last, eh?"

Out of Corbie's tavern walked captor and captive. Across the open space to Bayard's Woods they marched, the governor's messenger pleading for mercy. But, even as he walked, with his eye on his reluctant prisoner, Humphrey Vandyne was wondering over his father's act.

What was Teunis Vandyne doing in that room at Corbie's? he wondered. Was it he who had discovered and released the captive messenger; and if he had, why now, by that timely thrust of the foot, had he helped the mulatto into the power of his son, whom he would neither speak to nor acknowledge.

It had been a timely piece of help; and Humphrey was grateful to his Tory father, even while puzzled over the action.

"I cannot fathom it all," he said to himself; "for he certainly did help me, and as certainly did he mean to, though no one within sight or hearing could know that he was my father, or I his son. Perhaps he knew the messenger for a babbler, and wished him out of the way. Perhaps—well, I cannot guess. Time may explain it all."

Then, once again within the woods, Humphrey

unhitched his ambushed horse, and flung himself to the saddle. Fastening the cord that bound his captive to his wrist, he bade the mulatto walk swiftly before him, and so, at last, brought his prisoner safely to headquarters.

He turned the messenger over to the guard.

"Here is an important prisoner," he said. "Where is the general?"

"His Excellency is at dinner," was the reply.

Then, all at once, Humphrey remembered his intention of again warning the general of the plot he had heard rehearsed at Corbie's Tavern.

"Heaven grant I may not be too late!" he said to himself. "Where were my wandering wits?"

He hurried into the house.

"May I speak with the general, sir?" he asked Colonel Harrison, the general's secretary, who passed the door of the dining-room.

"His Excellency is at dinner, Trooper," Colonel Harrison replied. "He never wishes to be disturbed, save for matters of the last importance."

"Mine is such, Colonel," Humphrey replied. "Will you not tell him that Trooper Vandyne has a special message, for his ear alone?"

"I will so inform him," the secretary said, opening the door to the dining-room. "Can your Excellency see Trooper Vandyne of the Life-Guard?" he said aloud. "He bears a special message for your Excellency."

"Let him enter," said the commander-in-chief.

"Pass in, Trooper," said Colonel Harrison.

Humphrey pushed open the door to the ample dining-room; and, as he did so, he heard an order given by black Bishop, the general's body-servant, that startled him to terror.

"Green pease for the general," said Bishop; and Humphrey actually sprang forward as he heard the words.

"Do not touch them, General!" he cried.
"They are—"

The general threw out his hand, as if commanding his Life-Guard's silence.

"All in good time I will hear you, Trooper," he said. "Bishop, have the maid hasten with my green pease. I am waiting for them, sir."

CHAPTER XVII.

A DAY OF RECKONING.

HUMPHREY stood silent but apprehensive as the general's order was repeated. Then the door to the pantry swung open, and that girl from Corbie's entered with a small dish, heaped high with the fatal green pease. Humphrey almost rushed in as he recognized the table-maid and saw the poisoned dish. But again the general's eye fell upon him, as if commanding silence; and again he held his tongue. What would the general do? he wondered.

"A most appetizing dish," exclaimed the general, drawing the pease beside his plate. "I am extravagantly fond of green pease, and these do credit to the grower."

He raised a spoon, as if to dish out some of the pease; then, as if remembering Humphrey's presence, he laid down the spoon, and exclaimed, "Ah, Trooper Vandyne, you have something to communicate?"

Humphrey approached the table.

"Yes, your Excellency," he said. "I have cap-

tured Tryon's messenger, the go-between from the governor to the conspirators."

"Indeed! An important capture," said the general. "Is he near at hand?"

"In the guard-house, General," Humphrey replied. "Is he to stay there, or go to the jail?"

The general pushed aside his plate.

"I must look into this case; dinner must wait."

"But the green pease you like so much, General; they will get cold," said the maid.

"They'll have to, my child," the general replied. "Put them carefully away. I may send for them, or have them warmed over later. Here, this will keep them for me;" and the general wrote on a card, "Not to be touched. By order, George Washington, Gen'l Comm'd'g."

"There, put them aside where they will be safe, my child, and at once," the general ordered. "Now, Trooper," he continued, "come into my study. I must hear your account of this most important capture. Later we will examine your prisoner."

Humphrey followed the general into his "study," and carefully closed the door.

"Never mind Tryon's man, Vandyne," said the general hurriedly; "he can wait. Bid Doctor Morgan come here at once. If his examination of that dish of pease discovers the presence of poison, the case against Guardsman Hickey is complete, and I will order his arrest at once."

To Doctor Morgan, the medical director, Humphrey hastened forthwith, and the doctor speedily answered the general's summons. His investigation of the dish of pease discovered the poison with which they had been treated, and the case against Hickey was established.

"My compliments to Captain Gibbs, Trooper Vandyne," said the general. "Ask him to favor me with his presence at once."

"Captain Gibbs," the commander-in-chief said, "the Guard is tainted with treason. And the cause and vehicle of it all is found to be one whom I thought the soul of loyalty to our cause — Thomas Hickey, your trusted Guardsman. Pray order his arrest at once for sedition, treason, and attempted murder."

"Hickey guilty of treason and murder!" the captain exclaimed. "Why, he is our best Guardsman."

"I esteemed him such too," the general declared; "but obedience and discipline were made his cover for sedition, tampering with the Guard, and for plotting treason, mutiny, and murder. I have all the proofs. See, I beg you, to his speedy arrest."

Captain Gibbs hurried away to perform his duty promptly, while Humphrey stood his guard at the general's door.

"Well, Vandyne," said the general suddenly,



A CRITICAL MOMENT.

"That girl from Corbie's entered with a small dish heaped high with the fatal green pease."

looking up at the trooper from the writing to which he had turned, "your troubles from your comrade Hickey seem about at an end. It is a sad disappointment to me to learn the truth about this man; for at one time I regarded him highly, and put no little confidence in his integrity and ability. But men are swayed from rectitude by diverse motives, and this fall from virtue of one of my Life-Guard should be a warning to the rest, that men may not do evil with impunity. It is a noble cause we are engaged in, my son; it is the cause of virtue and of mankind; and every temporal advantage and comfort to us and our posterity depend upon the vigor of our exertions. Freedom or slavery, indeed, must be the result of our conduct. Can there be any greater inducement to men to behave well?"

"I know none greater, General," Humphrey replied; "and I hope that you will feel that such men as Hickey are few in your Guard and in the army."

"I should be glad to think so," Washington replied; "and am, therefore, all the more inclined to make an example of Hickey, that all may see how stern is the justice meted out to traitors. When Captain Gibbs reports the man's arrest, I myself will see — ah, that should be the captain now."

Humphrey responded to the rap on the door, and opened it to his captain. Gibbs entered flushed and excited.

"General," he said, "our man is gone. Hickey cannot be found."

"Cannot, sir? he must!" exclaimed the general. "Order out the Guard; search every house in the town; the villain must not escape us. Who is responsible for this carelessness, sir? How should he have caught the alarm? He must not get down the bay to escape to the governor!"

Humphrey had a brilliant thought.

"General," he said, "may I see that girl from Corbie's? She may be a clew, sir?"

"A clew! that child? How so, sir?" demanded the general.

"May I not see her first? Is she here at headquarters?" Humphrey persisted.

"Inquire straightway, Trooper," the general said; and Humphrey sought the girl's aunt, the housekeeper.

"Bless you, lad, no; she's not hereabouts," the housekeeper replied. "I sent her home once dinner was over. Too bad the general couldn't eat his pease."

"She is at Corbie's, eh?" said Humphrey, and hastened to the general.

"As I thought; she has gone back to the tavern," he said. "I believe, sir, that Hickey has gone there to hear her report of this attempt and its results."

"It may be so," said the general. "After him

at once, Captain; let a file of men be despatched for his apprehension."

"May I not go ahead and reconnoitre, Captain?" Humphrey asked. "I know the place, and am familiar with Hickey's ways; so if he really is there my coming need not alarm him, as a file of the Guard might. If I may go ahead and corner him, let the Guard surround the house in a half hour's time; thus we may apprehend him, if, as I think, he is there awaiting tidings."

"A good plan, Captain. The lad is right," said Washington. "Let it be done as he desires; but, meantime, send out searching-parties in other directions in case he be not at Corbie's. Hasten, Trooper Vandyne, and be cautious."

Now, caution and Humphrey Vandyne were, as we know, not always in accord; and the young Guardsman's personal interest in this affair sent him hurrying on his mission. Across the fields he sped; and, as he did so, he spied, far in advance, a hurrying female figure.

"It is that girl from Corbie's," he said. "She has not yet reached the tavern. Hickey may be watching for her. He must not see me coming."

He turned aside, as he had done before, and, by the roundabout way through Bayard's Woods, cautiously approached the tavern. By the same window through which he had heard the conversations beside the buttery-hatch, he paused to investigate.

He heard no sound of voices, though the window was open. Cautiously he peered in; the tap-room was empty.

"They may be inside the buttery," he assured himself, and thrust his head well inside the window for further investigation.

"If it's goin' that way ye are, sure I'll give ye a leg in," a voice said at his ear; and, seized from behind, Humphrey found himself bundled into the tap-room in spite of himself, while, leaping in after him, came the tall form of the big Guardsman, Thomas Hickey.

"'Tis pleased I am to see ye once again, Humphrey, me lad, even if ye did come into Corbie's unbeknownst to yourself, as it were," Hickey said, as Humphrey picked himself from the floor. "It's still ye'll be sittin', if it pleases ye, me dear; and faith, even if it don't please you. For I'm tellin' ye the truth, so I am, 'tis a long reckoning I have to settle with ye, Humphrey Vandyne; and, d'ye mind, we'll settle it just now. I'm waitin' here, passing time, as it might be, until I hear the sad tidings I'm expectin' from the general. Sure, 'tis mighty sick he's been taken, so I'm told; and I fear the worst, bad luck to it! the very worst. 'Twill be a sorry day for the Cause—with a capital C—Humphrey, me child, when the great and only Washington says good-night to the world; and 'tis about now, as I'm told, that he's sayin' it. So,

before he says it, 'tis you I'd have drinkin' a stirrup-cup to the general on his last journey, like the faithful Guardsman ye were to him, me noble wearer of the blue and white. A stirrup-cup, says I? Sure, no! I'm after sendin' ye along the same road, on the same identical journey as his Excellency. So I'd have ye drink your partin' with me in the same draft I made for his excellency. There's honor for you, Humphrey Vandyne."

He reached for the pewter mug of sangaree, that stood untasted on the bench; and drawing from his pocket a small vial, poured the contents into the sangaree. All this time he had kept the younger man closely covered with his pistol.

"Drink that, me boy, and drink hearty," Hickey said, forcing the cup of poisoned sangaree into the hand of the silent trooper before him on the bench by the buttery-hatch.

Silent, indeed, had Humphrey sat, ever since his recovery from his unceremonious entry into Corbie's Tavern. He knew that he needed all his wits in the battle for life he now felt to be before him; so he said nothing, acting upon the defensive until he could see or feel his way.

Suddenly, although his own life seemed in such imminent danger, a feeling of pity swept over him for this man, whose fate he knew was sealed, and whose punishment for misdeeds he knew was very near. Even as he sat there, with the poisoned

cup in his hands, Humphrey still felt his ability to deliver himself from danger; but for Hickey he knew there was no escape.

"Hickey," he said, "why do you desire to have another crime on your conscience? Why do you hate me so, and seem so determined upon my death?"

"Is it weakenin' ye are, Humphrey Vandyne?" sneered the Guardsman. "Is it tryin' to play upon me feelin's ye're after doin' this day? Sure, then, 'twill not save ye, at all, at all, me boy. Why do I hate you, and why am I so set on your death, d'ye say? Listen: 'tis because ye've thwarted me at every turn; 'tis because, just when I thought I had moulded ye to my hand, ye pulled away from my leading-string and set up a conscience I have no use for; 'tis because I had sworn from the first time I clapped eyes on ye, to use you for the promisin' lad I thought ye, to bring in the king's cause, and put an end to Mr. Washington,—and ye failed me. Faith, Humphrey Vandyne, it's more reasons I have for hatin' ye than ye have fingers and toes to your ungrateful carcass; and now that I've finished off the general, I'll put an end to the pretty young Guardsman, who forced his way into the general's confidence, that had afore that been given to me, and who disappointed me at every turn by goin' ag'in my best-laid plans and most cherished desires."

"But suppose your purpose had failed again," said Humphrey unguardedly; "suppose the general should not be dead; and that, instead, your plans were known and your punishment certain. Suppose that pardon might be obtained by a full confession, and an appeal to the general for mercy; and suppose I had it in my power to help you to this end, and soften the sentence that would surely be imposed; would you still hate me, Thomas Hickey, and seek my death?"

The big Guardsman's eyes grew wide with surprise; his face went almost pale under the fear of final failure. With arms akimbo, he towered over Humphrey Vandyne, his covering pistol dropping to his side.

"Is it thus ye'd be tryin' to frighten me with fairy tales?" he demanded; "and thinkin' to scare me into showing the white feather, even as you're doin' it yourself? I'm not that kind, Humphrey Vandyne. Nothing can move me from my purpose; and as to the general's death,—sure, 'tis proof positive I have at hand. Come in here, 'Lizbeth, mavourneen," he cried, "and show this white-livered lad how two, who are brave and fearless, can do their work as they planned it. Come here, me darlin', and see him swallow the same dose I mixed for the general, and that you gave the mighty chief this day."

The cup of sangaree was still in Humphrey's

hand, but from his heart had gone the temporary pity he felt for the man above whose head swung the sword about to fall.

"See where he sits, quivering with fear," cried Hickey, as the girl from Corbie's came into the room. "Tell us, mavourneen, did I doctor the pease ye cooked for the general this day?"

"You did, Mister Hickey, for I saw you," the girl replied.

"And did you not serve them to his Excellency at dinner, after I had doctored them?"

"I did, Mister Hickey."

"Ah, ha, Humphrey, me lad, what say ye to that?" Hickey demanded, with his most exasperating sneer; as, arms still akimbo, he lowered himself until his eyes were level with Humphrey's own. "What'll the same dose be doin' with Master Humphrey soon, I'm wondering?"

"This!"

Humphrey's arm shot out swift and straight, sending the cup of sangaree full into Hickey's leering eyes, and drenching the sneer from his swiftly startled face. At the same instant the young trooper drew the short hanger he wore at his side, and made a vicious thrust at the Guardsman's pistol hand.

Enraged beyond measure, Hickey sprang to his feet, and almost flinging his pistol toward his assailant, pulled the trigger.

But even before the finger had pressed the trigger, the upward stroke of a heavy walking-stick had knocked Hickey's pistol-arm quite out of range. The pistol exploded with a crack ; but the shot went harmlessly afar, and buried itself in the blackened beams of the open ceiling of Corbie's tap-room.

"What is the matter, Guardsman Hickey? Would you murder the lad? Do you want the whole town about our ears?"

Humphrey, who had raised his hanger for a vigorous defence, dropped it at sound of an interfering voice. The stranger had surely saved his life.

But it was no stranger whose sturdy walking-stick had struck out of aim Thomas Hickey's levelled pistol, and thus saved the young trooper's life. The voice, the stick, the face, were those of Humphrey's father, — Teunis Vandyne !

"Father !" cried Humphrey, half in surprise and half in gratitude. "You have saved my life again."

"As I would that of anyone so at a disadvantage as were you, son Humphrey," replied Teunis Vandyne. "This young girl dragged me from my hiding-place, and begged me to stay the hand of a murderer who would surely kill my son. For my son you are, in spite of what I have said."

"But how —" Humphrey began ; but Hickey cut him short.

"'Tis not balked of my revenge I'll be by any Tory father of a poltroon son," he said. "On

guard, Humphrey, lad, and let us see how much of my lessons it is ye'd still be profitin' by. Sure, I taught you how to use your hanger. On guard! sir; this is for life or death."

The Guardsman had flung aside his pistol, and drawn his own hanger. At once he lunged at Humphrey, and the lad returned the stroke so deftly that even Hickey applauded; and master and pupil were soon at lunge and parry, up stroke and down, in so grimly pretty a piece of sword-play, that even Teunis Vandyne had not the heart to spoil a beautiful hanger duel by his interference.

But the girl from Corbie's had no such interest in skilful sword-work. Instead, she darted at Hickey, and, greatly to his disgust, hung to his coat-tails, seeking to draw him from the fight.

Then she stopped suddenly, listening intently. Darting to the door, she flung it open wide. Her sharp ears had caught the sound of approaching feet in measured and soldierly tread. The duel went on unabated, but through the open door came the old sergeant of the Guard and a file of men.

"Stop! In the name of the Congress and the general, I arrest you, Thomas Hickey, for sedition and attempted murder. Secure the doors, men. Let none escape."

"*Attempted murder?*" said Hickey, as he felt the sergeant's compelling hand upon his shoulder. "Whose murder have I attempted?"

"That of his Excellency the commander-in-chief," was the reply. "Heaven be praised! he thwarted your foul designs, for he knew them already."

Hickey's hands dropped at his side; his teeth closed upon his lips in evident repression of feeling. Just one look of accusation and hatred he turned upon Humphrey Vandyne.

"One more to your score," said he.

"No, Thomas Hickey," the girl from Corbie's whispered; "'twas I who warned the general."

Then, escorted by soldiers, the four who had been found in Corbie's tap-room—the two Vandyne's, Thomas Hickey, and that girl from Corbie's—went across the fields to headquarters. But never another word, in all that march, did Thomas Hickey speak.

Humphrey, of course, felt no concern for himself or that girl from Corbie's. Their association with the Hickey plot—as history has ever since called that dastardly conspiracy against the Cause and the commander-in-chief—could readily be explained. But his father's presence at Corbie's tavern, with his nearness to headquarters after his arrest at the Tory mayor's, and his escape from imprisonment, were hard to explain, and, so Humphrey feared, would work against him.

That his fears were not groundless, he discovered, when report was made at headquarters. Humphrey

was dismissed to his barracks as having been detached for special service at Corbie's tavern, in advance of the soldiers sent to make the arrest for which he was supposed to prepare the way; the girl from Corbie's was placed in charge of her aunt, the housekeeper at headquarters, and ordered to hold herself in readiness to testify at the speedy trial of Thomas Hickey, the Guardsman. But Teunis Vandyne, as a prominent Tory of the river counties, supposed to be concerned in plotting against the Congress and the general officers, known to be an escaped prisoner under arrest for treasonable communications with the enemies of the Congress, and charged with corrupting the men of Rockland for the seizure of the fortifications above the city, was too important a person to be allowed to attempt another escape. He was, therefore, closely imprisoned; and even Humphrey, grateful though he was for his father's aid in the struggle with Hickey, and anxious as he was to save him from danger as an open associate with those concerned in the Hickey plot, felt the task beyond him.

"He seems to have as unfortunate a habit as I have of running against troubles and discovery again and again," he said to himself. "I'm afraid it is in the Vandyne blood to get into scrapes — though my father does not look like such a man."

To much the same effect did Washington speak

when he questioned Humphrey, the morning after the arrest of Hickey.

"I fear that your father does not know enough to keep out of danger, even from repeated experiences," he said. "Indeed, his son seems to have that proclivity too. How did you happen to blunder into that bitter fight with the desperate Hickey, for example? Could you not have discovered what you wished without discovering yourself?" — which was about as far as Washington ever proceeded on a joke. In fact, George Washington and a joke seem about as uncongenial a combination as the combination was congenial in the case of Benjamin Franklin. And yet both patriots, though of such vastly different make-up, were equal in their devotion to liberty, self-government, and the rights of man, and were, alike, powerful factors in the independence of America. It takes all sorts and conditions of men to make up a world.

Humphrey explained his surprise by Hickey, whom he had hoped to surprise himself; but he could not account for his father's presence at Corbie's, just in the nick of time — nor, in fact, could he give the reason for Teunis Vandyne's absence from his Rockland home — he who had always been esteemed as close an old home-lover as any Dutchman in all the river counties.

"May I not plead once more for him, your Excellency?" he inquired. "Even though he has dis-

carded me, and refused to acknowledge me since I joined your Life-Guard, he evidently feels he must keep an eye on me, whereas I should be the one to keep one on him. If you will see that he has safe-conduct to our home in Rockland County, I will see that he promises to remain there, and that some good patriot, like Mr. John Haring, our neighbor of the Convention, compels him to remain there. Only thus can I keep him from wandering."

Washington looked closely at his young Guardsman, who was thus pleading again his father's cause, and who was ready to be responsible for his father's actions, even though the father would not recognize the son's responsibility.

"My lad," said the great chief at length, a smile playing across his strong and noble face, "can you keep a secret for your general?"

"With my life, your Excellency," Humphrey replied.

"Then listen, sir, while I unravel your mystery," Washington continued. "I would not seek to keep your father from wandering; I do not wish him to promise to remain on his farm in Rockland; I do not desire you to assume the responsibility for his actions. Your father is very necessary to me, Trooper Vandyne."

"My father is necessary to you, General?" cried Humphrey, more puzzled than ever. "In what way, sir?"

"In the most important of ways, Trooper," the general responded. "Save for him, this Hickey plot might have failed of discovery. Mr. Teunis Vandyne of Rockland, the supposed Tory and proscribed enemy of the Congress, is one of the best friends and most capable servants the Cause and the Congress have. Your father, Vandyne, is, and has long been, in my special service as secret custodian of the river counties. Your father is no Tory; he is a true patriot."

CHAPTER XVIII.

WHEN THE FLEET CAME IN.

"My father a patriot! O General! is that true?" cried Humphrey.

"He has been one from the very first," Washington replied. "But from the first, too, he saw how active the enemies of liberty would be, and how necessary it was to circumvent their secret methods. So he fell back on secret methods himself; and no man in all the river counties has been more active in the affairs of the Congress. But because of his secret activity, he has ever been misunderstood, and has often been in danger,—as when his name went upon the suspicion list of the Secret Committee. But, let me assure you, Colonel Jay knew it all the time, and simply put down your father's name to quiet the suspicions of his own associates, and—if I may say so, who now can see no need of it—to test the patriotism of the supposed Tory's son, who, because of his father's services, and at his father's especial request, had been made a trooper in my Life-Guard."

Humphrey was simply speechless from surprise.

Many things were explained in that brief recital of reasons; but the thing that troubled him most was the thought that there had been any question as to his fitness and loyalty before he was drafted into the Life-Guard of the general.

"O General!" he cried, "could you not trust me? Could you not take my word for my loyalty?"

"Colonel Jay is full of suspicions in these days of uncertain faith," the general replied; "and even where I was willing to accept your father's assurances as to his son, the chairman of the Secret Committee was not. It had been better if all the Life-Guard had been put to the test you stood. It would have prevented the present conspiracy, and saved good men from the contaminations of treachery. There are ever weak-minded men associated with any great cause; and in making choice of instruments we cannot be too particular. Even in selecting the men who are to wear the blue and white of my Guard, it is best to be thus careful. And when I reorganize it—as I must after purging it of traitors—I must cautiously select and properly train the new drafts, that the spirit of my men may have an influence on the minds of all disaffected persons, and those yet weaker ones who are dupes to their artifices and opinions."

In that selection, Humphrey wondered where he would be? For no one was more conscious of his heedlessness and short-comings than was Hum-

phrey himself; and he feared that, if the general were to be so particular and "educative" in his reorganization of the Life-Guard, he would have no place for so careless a Guardsman as Humphrey Vandyne.

He said nothing of this, however, to the general. His thoughts flew to his father again; and he had a great desire to see him, and tell him how proud he was to be the son of Teunis Vandyne, patriot, instead of Teunis Vandyne, Tory.

And yet — and yet — so ingrained in human nature is detestation of a spy, that Humphrey Vandyne, in the midst of his rejoicing over the patriotism of his father, found himself remembering Gilbert Forbes's accusation in the smithy, when he fairly spat upon the mention of Teunis Vandyne, and charged him with being a "runegate spy."

"And I dared him to prove my father a spy," mused Humphrey. "I gave him the lie, and declared that, even if he were a Tory, my father was an honest man. Is it honest to be a spy? I wonder what Hamilton or Captain Nathan Hale would say. I wish my father had just stayed quietly on his farm, and not mixed in all this secret business."

"Could I see my father, General?" he said at last. "Can I visit him in prison, and have a talk with him?"

"Prison!" exclaimed the chief; "why, my lad, your father is free from his confinement long ago.

He is too valuable a man to waste his time in jails. He was delivered almost as soon as received, and, by secret ways, sent on to his work again. He must knit up the ravelled edges of this far-reaching conspiracy before the king's fleet is sighted off the Jerseys."

And so it came about that Humphrey had no opportunity to see his father and "have it out with him;" for honest Humphrey, while congratulating his father upon his patriotism, would certainly have questioned him as to the "morality" of his acting as a "secret agent," — the other name for a spy.

Both Humphrey and that girl from Corbie's, however, were important witnesses at the trial of Thomas Hickey, for which the garrison court-martial was convened at Mortier House the day after the arrest of the big Guardsman.

Other recreant men of the Life-Guard were also arrested: but Thomas Hickey, as the main "corrupter" of Guardsmen into traitors, was esteemed the chief of the evil spirits; and, as the ringleader, was tried first, and, as a soldier, tried by court-martial.

There was little question as to the result of the court-martial. The charge against Hickey was "mutiny and sedition, and holding a treacherous correspondence with the enemies of the colonies."

Upon the charge, fully proved, and especially upon the testimony of the girl and the Guardsman,

whom, so the record distinctly states, Hickey "had unsuccessfully tried to corrupt," the culprit was found guilty, and sentenced to be hanged.

Here, once again, Humphrey found his detestation of Hickey's crime turning almost into pity for the baffled traitor on trial for his life. Looked upon as the chief conspirator, faced by judges who were stern and merciless as his own merciless plotting deserved, Hickey had little to say; but the eyes that met those of Humphrey, when the young trooper left the witness-stand after his damaging and unanswerable testimony, were full of malice, bitterness, and unconcealed hatred. And still, in spite of himself, Humphrey could not but feel pity for this unmitigated villain, brought to swift and certain justice.

He said as much to Captain Alexander Hamilton, who, with Captain Nathan Hale, had come to headquarters to attend the trial.

But Hamilton could never excuse a man who betrayed his trust or proved a traitor to duty.

"I told you at the first that I distrusted that Guardsman, Hun," he said. "A man who talks so smoothly, and protests too much, is a shifty fellow who will stand watching. Your father, you see, knew him better than did you, and was more watchful of him than was the son, whom this plotting Guardsman would have used as a tool, if the trooper had not been the soul of honor —"

"Thanks to his early companionships, Injun," Humphrey broke in. "But does it seem the thing for a fellow to play the spy upon his comrade as I am afraid I did. Is it decent for a man to act as a secret agent, and gain from his associates the knowledge of their intentions, as —" Humphrey paused — "my father seems to have done?"

For to Hamilton, in strictest confidence, Humphrey had told of his father's association with the Secret Committee of the Congress and the designs of the commander-in-chief.

"You know my thought about that pretty well," Hamilton answered. "In war, as in diplomacy, you've simply got to fight fire with fire, as the farmers do to save their crops, their stock, even their very homes. Your watchfulness and your counterplot helped to save the general; and George Washington is the life of our cause. Your father, whom we neither of us understood, has, by his knowledge of the plans and purposes of the Tories of the Hudson, saved that whole region from the fatal consequences of sedition and treachery. Is not that of more moment to our cause than the marching and fighting of a whole battalion of soldiers, who war against open, as he fought secret, foes? As to the patriotism of thus risking one's life in other than open ways, why, let's leave it to Hale. He has views, I know."

"How can there be but one answer to your ques-

tion?" said Nathan Hale, when they sought him out with their inquiry. "The value of an action lies in the motive that prompts and the duty that sanctions it."

"But would you do such work if the opportunity came to you? Would you act the spy if you knew that the necessity existed for some one to play such a part?" Hamilton inquired.

"Unhesitatingly," Nathan Hale replied. "If I knew that the general was anxious to fathom the enemy's intentions, and could only do so through information obtained by some one in his confidence penetrating the hostile lines, I would go; I would try, if he would accept me."

"As he would gladly, I am certain," Hamilton said.

"But think of the consequences of discovery and capture," said Humphrey, whose experiences had already made him uncertain as to results.

"I am fully sensible of them," Captain Hale replied. "But, see here, boys, I yearn to do something for the Cause. I've been in the army a year, and what have I done to show my devotion? I've simply received the pay of the Congress, for which I have given no return."

"But you have ever been ready and willing to do so," cried Humphrey.

"I have, indeed," responded Nathan Hale, — and his reply has become history; "but I wish to do

something to prove my devotion. I do not think of money or applause; I should not be influenced by the expectation of promotion or pecuniary reward. I have but one life to live, and I wish it to be of some benefit to my country. I wish to be useful; and—a spy? Why, I tell you, Vandyne, to me there is nothing repulsive in the name or the duty. Every kind of service necessary to the public good becomes honorable by being necessary.”

And how nobly Nathan Hale met the responsibility and stood the test, when necessity called upon him for action, history fully records, and America gratefully remembers. The statue on Broadway tells the story and perpetuates his patriotism: “I regret that I have but one life to lose for my country.”

Humphrey felt his scruples quite blown away by the fresh, strong breeze of Nathan Hale’s unquestioning patriotism; and if he could have met his father then, his regrets as to the association of Teunis Vandyne with the Secret Committee would have been altogether dispelled.

But his father was not at hand; and, instead, there came to him an order from the general. He reported promptly.

“Vandyne,” said the commander-in-chief, “you have, I am sure, no wish to be present at the execution of your former comrade of the Guard, who, thanks to your vigilance, was convicted easily. In

two days' time Hickey dies. I need a man for special service down the bay. I have selected you. Be ready for departure within an hour's time."

"I am ready now, your Excellency," Humphrey declared, thankful for the general's consideration.

"I wish to be advised by an actual witness of the movement, when the fleet of the King of England is sighted in the Lower Bay," General Washington continued. "Ride at once with Captain Hamilton to his post at the Grand Battery; see that he finds some means of sending you and your horse to Colonel Tupper's squadron; or, if it is not cruising conveniently, let him set you ashore as near as possible to the Staten Island heights. There secure such sharp-eyed help as you may be able, and keep a close watch for the first sight of the British fleet. Then ride post to the shore, and let the swiftest row-galley or whaleboat pull you across the bay. I must have the very earliest tidings, for upon your news much of my instant action must depend."

Humphrey was glad of an opportunity for action, and especially pleased that he was not to be on duty with the Guard on the day when Hickey must meet his fate.

He found Hamilton awaiting him in the barrack-room at headquarters, and made ready for his mission at once. But even as he prepared to mount, the thought that he would not see Thomas Hickey

again, turned, once more, his severity into pity. Begging Hamilton to await his return, he applied for, and received, permission to see the condemned comrade.

In the same "solitary" in which Humphrey himself had been imprisoned, and from which the lad had reminded the sneering sentry that every dog has his day, Humphrey found the prisoner. Four sentries kept regular pace before his cell, and the broken bar could not be moved to advantage under those watchful eyes.

But not a word would Thomas Hickey say to his comrade, the young Guardsman who, out of the nobility of his nature, was ready to forgive past injuries, and extend the hand of farewell.

"Would ye be after tellin' the gentleman I don't know him, at all, at all," Hickey said to the corporal who advised him of Humphrey's wish to see him. "Faith! I've got along all me life without the pleasure of his acquaintance, and what little I'm knowin' of him is not to his advantage. Tell him kindly, too, 'tis pressed for time I am; for, d'ye see, lad, if I'm not mistaken, 'tis a slight appointment I'm after havin' with the provost marshal in the mornin', and after it's over I'm thinkin' I'll be takin' no interest in this Mr. Humphrey Vandyne, — if that's the gentleman's name."

He was Thomas Hickey to the last; and the last came at eleven o'clock on the morning of the twenty-

eighth of June, when, "upon the ground between the encampments of the brigades of Brigadier-General Spencer and Lord Stirling," — very near to where Grand and Chrystie Streets cross each other in New York, — sentence was executed upon Thomas Hickey for "mutiny, sedition, and treason." It was the first military execution in the Continental army ; and, because of it, the "Hickey plot," as it has since been known, ended in failure, ruin, and death.

"The unhappy fate of Thomas Hickey," so runs an entry for Friday, June 28, 1776, in Washington's own Orderly Book, "executed this day for Mutiny, Sedition, and Treachery, will, the General hopes, be a warning to every Soldier in the Army to avoid those crimes and all others so disgraceful to the character of a Soldier, and pernicious to his country, whose pay he receives and whose Bread he eats."

But when that fatal eleven o'clock arrived, Humphrey Vandyne was keeping his lookout on the heights of Staten Island where, beyond him, stretched the wide Atlantic, and below him the curving shore of Sandy Hook.

As he paced his lonely round, straining his eye seaward, and keeping his helpers up to their watchful work, he had time to think of many things that had grown out of his brief but exciting experience as a wearer of the blue and white. He had learned

much in that comparatively short space of time ; but the chiefest had been obedience, watchfulness, caution, forethought, and discipline. Above all, he had learned that a man's reliance is not upon himself alone ; while his experience with such a man as Hickey, and his misunderstanding of his own father's position and actions, had begun to show him that a boy really does not "know it all," but must become a student of men and of character before he can set up an infallible opinion for himself ; and, even then, he finds that no man is infallible.

So the months he had passed in the opening days of the great Revolution had not been lived in vain by Humphrey Vandyne. He had seen no service in the field ; he had fought no battles, led no charges, and won no victories over the red-coated troops of King George.

All these he had of course expected to do long before this ; but, did he but know it, he had done even grander things. He had seen service in many ways, for he had fought it out with his conscience ; he had charged against the ranks of temptation and discontent, and had won a signal victory over disloyalty, craftiness, and dishonor.

His first campaign in the uniform of the blue and white had not been as purposeless as he esteemed it ; and the campaigns and battles in which he was to engage as a trooper of his general, were made less hard to face because of this first bloodless campaign.

How soon those other campaigns were to come he could not tell, as he paced the heights of Staten Island, above the sands of "the Hook." They were near at hand, however; and the white sails far out at sea, which at length grew distinguishable to the watchers on the shore, were the heralds of the coming war.

At the first glimpse of those threatening sails dotting and then enlivening that broad blue field of sea, Humphrey sprang to horse. He waited only to distinguish the approaching sails sufficiently to count their number, and record a tally from the other watchers; and, when he galloped off, forty-five vessels were already bearing down on the Hook.

It was the fleet from Halifax-town, bringing to the contemplated capture of New York, Howe and his veteran redcoats of the disastrous Boston campaign. Others were to follow speedily; indeed, before Humphrey had his horse aboard the big row-galley that was waiting for him on the Brighton shore, another sail had come into view, and another messenger went hurrying almost at his heels.

His row-galley pulled quickly across the broad stretch of bay that makes New York harbor; his horse went galloping up the Greenwich Road; and, flinging his reins to the sentry at the door, Humphrey dashed into headquarters at Mortier House.

"The fleet has come, General. I counted forty-five sails myself."

At once a fleet messenger was despatched to the President of Congress with information from the general.

"I have just now received an express from one appointed to keep a look-out on Staten Island," wrote Washington to the President of Congress, "that forty-five ships arrived at the Hook to-day; some say more."

Now, the president of Congress was at Philadelphia, but the chairman of the Secret Committee was at the Province Arms. To him, also, the tidings of the enemy's arrival were despatched; and, even before the fleet messenger was sent galloping toward Philadelphia, the general bade his weary watcher from the Lower Bay "Ride at once with your news to Colonel Jay. Assure him that the utmost vigilance is necessary, for now is the critical moment."

So Humphrey once again put his horse to his speed, and, taking the short cut by the Hospital road, made straight for the Province Arms.

But, as he passed Corbie's, he could not refrain from casting a look toward that low-roofed hostelry of varied memories, and wondering whether that girl from Corbie's was beneath its roof, and how she was. For his Staten Island vigil had lost him several days in town; and, in his hurried ride to report, no time had been allowed him to inquire as to headquarters happenings.

He had no opportunity, now, beyond his thought

of the instant, so he pushed past the inn heroically, and broke into a gallop for the Hospital road. But even as he did so, a loud hail came down to him on the wind ; and, turning in his saddle, he spied Corbie, the innkeeper, hatless and breathless, dashing after him at full speed.

Instinctively Humphrey reined in his horse.

"What's the matter, Mister Corbie?" he demanded, as the innkeeper neared him. "Pray speak quickly, for I am on hasty service."

"Oh, Mister Humphrey ! oh, Master Vandyne ! good young friend," panted the innkeeper, as, halting beside the trooper, he laid a hand upon his rein ; "you have influence with the general. Bid him not arrest me. I am a good patriot, you know. I was not in this vile plot. I am a victim of it. 'Twill ruin my business if I am apprehended. Bid the general leave me unmolested."

"You, Corbie ? Why, are you in danger of arrest ? And how ?" Humphrey demanded.

"I am, most assuredly I am," the innkeeper replied. "All the villains that met in my tap-room to plot and plan are taken or hanged — Hickey is, at all events ; and I have been warned that my own safety is in danger, in spite of all I told at the trial. Why should not that evidence have freed me ? Why should I be again in jeopardy ? Is it not enough that I should suffer suspicion because of the arrest and imprisonment of one of my household ? Is it —"

"One member!" cried Humphrey, turning upon the innkeeper with a sudden pull at the heart. "Who, Corbie? Who of your household has been thus imprisoned?"

"Who?" demanded Corbie peevishly; "don't you know who—and you of the general's Guard? Oh, Mister Humphrey pray see that I go free. It will ruin my—"

"See here, Corbie," Humphrey cried, laying an ungentle hand on the shoulder of the complaining innkeeper, "tell me what you mean? Who has been apprehended and taken to jail from your house? Not—?"

"Your father? No, no," the innkeeper replied. "I haven't seen him for days. But my niece, of course—the girl who waited on the general, I mean. She was taken up yesterday on suspicion of being Hickey's accomplice."

CHAPTER XIX.

THE HOUSEKEEPER'S NIECE.

THAT girl from Corbie's imprisoned! and for complicity in Hickey's plot! What could it mean?

Humphrey was dumfounded. He could not believe the report.

"Why, but she was the main instrument in discovering the plot," he said; "how, then, could she be implicated? Has someone been playing her false? Does the general know of this? He cannot, surely he cannot. Stay you here, Mister Corbie. I'll see the general at once, and have this foul wrong made right."

He wheeled his horse about, thinking only of the girl's peril and the injustice that had been done her; for Corbie and his fear of interference and arrest Humphrey had no sympathy. The innkeeper's seeming indifference as to the fate of his niece angered and disgusted him.

"That girl is of first importance," he said. "I'll see the general straight. "I'll see —"

He paused. Even as he turned his horse for the gallop back to headquarters, he reined in. He

was under orders ; he was the bearer of a message of importance to the cause he had sworn to defend. Upon him depended the prompt action of those who were straining all against the whole force of the king. What was the general's word — what that of Hamilton, of Hale, of his own father, Teunis Vandyne? — “duty ; duty is first of all.”

His duty was to deliver his message without delay. Wrongs could be righted, injustice stopped, errors corrected ; but which way lay his duty ? It was the old question that had come so often before him for decision, and that had been the mainspring of so many of his misadventures, because of his impulsive decision to try to set things straight himself. His duty was to follow his orders, first of all. The message to Colonel Jay must be delivered. And yet — and yet — that girl from Corbie's ?

“Where have they taken your niece ?” he demanded of the innkeeper.

“Oh ! I do not know, Mister Humphrey,” replied Corbie. “To the Bridewell, I think. That is where they sent the mayor and Gilbert Forbes and all the rest, except the Guardsmen. That's where they'll send me, if you will not interfere. Say a good word for me, Master Vandyne. It will ruin my —”

Humphrey turned him about with an impatient gesture.

“'T is yourself, always of yourself you're think-

ing, Corbie," he broke in. "And here is one you are not worthy to shelter, in deep distress, and all through you. In the Bridewell, you say. I'll do what I can."

And up the lane and across to the Hospital road he dashed at a gallop, leaving Corbie standing where he left him, unanswered and enraged.

"You young villain," muttered the innkeeper, shaking a fist at the galloping Guardsman, "I'll serve you out for this, if things come round my way. What is a silly girl's stress to this great peril of ruination to my business? Let but the king have his own again in this rebel town, as he will when the fleet comes in, and if Jay and his minions don't rush me off to some outside prison beforehand, I'll pay this young runagate for his carelessness as to my needs. My niece indeed! Where, then, does the uncle stand, I wonder."

Ignorant of all this criticism of his action, Humphrey rode on at top speed; but when he turned into Broadway, below the Hospital redoubts, he slackened his speed perceptibly. Straight ahead lay the Province Arms, to which duty directed him; to the left rose the gray walls of the Bridewell prison, where desire impelled him.

Only for one instant did he waver, however. Then, with hands clenched and teeth hard shut, he sped onward down Broadway to the Province Arms. Duty had won the day.

It was with a sinking heart, however, that he dismounted at the door of the Province Arms, and entered with his message. His thoughts were at the Bridewell.

"In sight, eh! and more of 'em coming?" said Colonel Jay, as he received the general's message. "His Excellency is right; extra vigilance is our need, if we would give the final blow to this Tory plot, and keep the enemy within from aiding the enemy without. With Hickey hanged and a hundred Tories jailed, we have it well under our hands — thanks to your father, Vandyne. Was I not right, Trooper, as to your honored father? You fired up to no purpose. He was doing our business for us nobly among our enemies."

"But you said he was a spy, sir," said Humphrey, still sore over that much detested word; "and General Washington never called him that. He called him 'custodian of secrets in the river counties,'—and that sounds much better."

Colonel Jay laughed in spite of himself.

"The general is as tactful as he is truthful," said he. "But shall we let a word stand in the way of independence and victory? Call it 'custodian of secrets' if you will. 'A rose,' so the playwright tells us, 'by any other name would smell as sweet;' and Teunis Vandyne's good work for liberty smells just as sweet to patriots, whatever name it may receive from his thoughtful Excellency the

general, or from the blunt Mr. Jay of the Secret Committee. The river counties are saved, thanks to Vandyne of Rockland; and a hundred Tories jailed means the last gasp of this deep, long-concerted, and wretched plot, in which you and that young girl at Corbie's Tavern played no unimportant parts!"

"But they have jailed her too," cried Humphrey, brought sharply back, by this reference to his services, to the present peril of his young partner in counterplot.

"What do you mean, Trooper? Who has jailed her?" Colonel Jay demanded.

"Faith, sir, I cannot tell you," Humphrey replied. "I supposed it was by your orders, sir. It couldn't have been the general who did it. He knows she saved him."

"The general — or I! Don't let me think you a fool, Trooper, in spite of all your cleverness," cried Colonel Jay hotly. "Who told you this absurd thing, sir?"

"Her uncle, the innkeeper — Corbie, I mean, and not ten minutes since," Humphrey replied. "I was minded to go back to the general at once, fleet or no fleet, and ask him what it meant; but — my duty was here, sir, and I drove on. But she is in the Bridewell, Colonel. Oh, release her, I beg!"

"Your duty, eh?" said the chairman of the Secret Committee. "Well, you're a good lad, if

you are a bit of a fool, Trooper. What think ye the general would have said if you had turned back? The general is not the man to welcome one who dallies in his duty. Don't try it on him, Vandyne, if you desire to advance. But as to this girl — who ordered her arrest? what was the charge?"

"On suspicion of being an accomplice, so her uncle said," Humphrey responded.

"But who ordered it?" said the chairman. "I did not. The general — pshaw!"

"Might not one of the other gentlemen of your committee?" suggested Humphrey.

"One of our committee!" cried Colonel Jay, "when all orders must be countersigned by me? Again, Trooper, I must say that for a clever lad you are — but wait; I will investigate."

He rose from his chair, and quickly summoned the secretary of the Committee.

"Who? Mr. Gansevoort, Mr. Morris, d'ye say? They ordered the arrest of the girl at Corbie's and the general's housekeeper, too, under secret advices from Gilbert Forbes? Has the whole world gone crazy under the spell of this vile conspiracy, or has some of the foolish strain crept into our committee?" The chairman was evidently disturbed. "Gilbert Forbes, indeed. Why, he would drag everyone in to save his precious bacon. Wait you without, Trooper, while I confer with Mr. Morris, and right this foolish wrong."

Humphrey withdrew to the anteroom, while Colonel Jay "had it out" with his colleagues. Evidently he gained his point speedily, for Humphrey was soon summoned before him again.

"Overzeal, overzeal, my lad, and over-confidence in the words of that blackguard blacksmith," Colonel Jay explained. "That girl from Corbie's saw the pease poisoned; her aunt, the housekeeper, arranged for the girl to serve the general — therefore, say my brothers of the committee under Gilbert Forbes's pressure, these women were accomplices of Hickey, and should be apprehended. Presto! they are apprehended, without waiting for my return from Liberty Hall, where I had gone to confer with my father-in-law, Livingstone. But they shall not stay there longer. I will order their instant release."

"Let me take it, Colonel Jay," cried Humphrey. "See, I can ride there at once, and I cannot think of that girl in the Bridewell."

"That girl, eh?" said the chairman quizzically; "and what about her aunt, the housekeeper? I suppose one is all your clever young brain has room to think of, eh? Well, 'tis natural, I suppose," he added, with another sly look at the young Guardsman's flushed face.

"But it was the girl who was with me in the affair," began Humphrey, in explanation.

"Of course, of course. I understand," said Col-

onel Jay, putting his precise signature to the order of release, while the trooper was of the opinion that the chairman was "understanding" altogether too glibly. "There, speed to the Bridewell, lad; assure these ladies of my regret at this unfortunate occurrence; and, for Heaven's sake, lad, don't trouble the general with this affair. He has enough to worry him, and he might — well, be off, Trooper; and — don't forget the aunt!"

"He might think there were hotheads even outside his Life-Guard," said Humphrey to himself, rounding out the chairman's uncompleted sentence, as he sprang to horse. "I think so, too, Colonel Jay. Even the Secret Committee makes mistakes; but why did he think I might forget the aunt?"

And honest Humphrey rode up Broadway toward the Bridewell, as unconscious as many another honest young fellow with whom wiser heads make sport, all on account of a girl.

The unfinished, long gray building in what is now City Hall Park, standing between the present City Hall and Broadway, was crowded with prisoners apprehended because of the Hickey plot; and when Humphrey rode to its doors with his order for release, he found high and low, gentleman and servant, innocent and guilty, uncomfortably packed alike in the long room and in the upper story, while even as he sought the jailer's room to present his order, he passed Mayor Mathews being

transferred from his apartments in the Bridewell to the safer seclusion of Litchfield in Connecticut, lest the coming of the British fleet should somehow lead to his escape.

But when Humphrey, breathless and anxious, presented his order to the jailer, behold ! there was no one to release.

“Keep the general’s housekeeper in custody, man ?” cried the jailer ; “did you expect I should be long honored with such select company ? Mayors and councilmen, Guardsmen and gentlemen, all of these I may have and to spare — for as you may see, my ‘mansion’ is overfull ; — but the general’s housekeeper ! heavens, man ! the success of the cause depends upon the general, his success upon the well-being of his stomach, and that upon his housekeeper ; *ergo*, as they tell you at school, when the general’s housekeeper is under apprehension, the cause must suffer. So, Trooper, she’s gone almost before she gets here, and by order of the general too ; and between you and me, lad, this arrest was all a mistake. Someone found a mare’s nest ; and because the housekeeper was housekeeper, and the general was plotted against in his own house, the good lady had to suffer. But that was soon over, and now she’s looking after the general’s comfort — without Mr. Hickey’s assistance,” he added grimly.

“And the girl brought here with the housekeeper ?” Humphrey inquired ; “where is she ?”

"A girl! was there a girl too?" the jailer inquired, turning to his records. "Ah, yes; I had forgotten her; a niece of Corbie's was she not? and a niece of the housekeeper's too? Yes, here it is. Let me see; I think she was detained because of—" He was exasperatingly slow, Humphrey thought. "No, here it is, 'discharged by order,' the record says. She must have gone when the housekeeper did."

"But where, where did she go?" cried Humphrey.

"Praise the powers, lad, how the 'nation do I know?" replied the jailer. "D'ye think I have the goings and comings of all my guests at my tongue's end? When they go, they go, and my interest in 'em stops. Besides, she was only a slip of a girl, if I remember her. Save as companion to her aunt, the housekeeper, she was of no importance."

"No importance!" cried Humphrey; "she was all-important. But for her, things would be very different hereabouts, the general would be dead, and you, perhaps, locked up in the very place you're forever locking. You want to thank your lucky stars for the monstrous cleverness of that girl from Corbie's."

And without waiting further to explain to the unappreciative jailer of the Bridewell, Humphrey mounted his horse again, and rode to headquarters.

He was glad, and yet he was sorry. For, if the

girl had been in peril or jeopardy, he would have been the one to release her — and he rather liked the duty ; for he felt that he owed her reparation for the charges he had blurted out against her in the “dish of pease” excitement ; and to bring her safety and release would have proved his friendship and concern.

“There’s always something going wrong with me,” Humphrey thought in self-complaint. “I am always not getting there, or getting there too soon.”

He reported at headquarters.

“Hold yourself in readiness for instant service, Vandyne,” said the general ; “we must keep ’count of the fleet as it comes into Staten Island waters, for upon its numbers depends the magnitude of our needs. I may send you to communicate with Colonel Tupper, on his fleet. His fleet ! brave and bold as he is, what is his little squadron in the face of the king’s great armament ? But he’ll annoy them, lad, and I may need to advise him. Remain at call until I summon you.”

Humphrey saluted ; then as he turned to go, he hesitated an instant.

“Your housekeeper, General,” he said ; “is she safely returned ?”

“Yes,” the general replied, “and —” with a smile, “that girl from Corbie’s with her. Of all stupid things, — but there, I make no complaints. Other confident and busy patriots besides a certain

trooper of my Guard are prone to be overzealous, Vandyne. The girl is safely returned — and the aunt too. You will find — the aunt, at her duties.”

Again Humphrey saluted, returned to Lieutenant Colfax, and then went straightway to the housekeeper's quarters. And there he found the girl from Corbie's preparing for the general's dinner a dish of green pease.

“More trouble in store for his Excellency?” queried the young Guardsman, as, standing by the table, he helped shell the pease. “There is no Hickey concealed in the pantry, I hope.”

The girl from Corbie's smiled on the trooper. Then she said just a bit soberly :

“He was a horrid and vile conspirator, was Mister Hickey, and his fate was just, I know. But, O Master Humphrey ! I could not but feel sorry for his end. Think of it ; to be hanged before all his comrades ! 'T is told me that he appeared unaffected and obstinate to the last.”

“So he seemed to me when I visited him,” Humphrey said, recalling his attempt at a farewell with his comrade.

“Yes,” the girl continued ; “but my aunt says that, when the chaplain took him by the hand under the gallows to bid him adieu, a flood of tears streamed down Thomas Hickey's face. But he wiped 'em away, she tells me, with an indignant, scornful air, and the confident look returned ; while

almost with his last breath the big Guardsman called out that it was best that General Greene himself be very cautious, for, even if his Excellency escaped, the design would yet be executed upon old Greene. And so he died."

"And yet you feel sorry for the fellow," said Humphrey almost indignantly. "Think of the misery he would have caused you if he but had his way."

"I feel sorry for any one in trouble," the girl replied. "I did for you, Trooper Vandyne, when Hickey worked so many coils about you—"

"And you saved me, again and again," said the lad gratefully.

"As you would have labored to save me, I'm sure," protested the girl from Corbie's.

"Oh! that's different," said Humphrey. "A man should be able to look out for himself."

"When they really are men, to be sure," cried the girl with a saucy smile. "But, la! Master Humphrey, big as you are, you seem still very much of a boy, and sadly need looking after."

Humphrey was inclined to resent this.

"A boy!" he began; and then, as the recollection of his many misadventures came over him, he laughed merrily. "Well! I reckon I am," he admitted. "But the general just told me that there are others besides myself that are, as he says I am, apt to be overzealous. Why, when I galloped off

to the Bridewell as soon as I heard you were there — ”

“ You did, you did, Master Humphrey ? ” cried the girl joyously. “ I knew you would. I told aunt so. Now who looks out for other people, sir, when coils are worked about them ? Oh ! you were very good to take so much trouble for — us.”

“ Trouble ! ” exclaimed Humphrey. “ Why, I’d have stormed the gates, and pulled down the Bridewell itself about the old jailer’s ears, if need be, to have set you free. I had an order for your release from Colonel Jay ; and no one should have stayed me.”

“ Oh ! you did ? You appealed to the Secret Committee to release us ? ” and the expression of joyous gratitude and personal satisfaction on the girl’s face quite repaid the young Guardsman for all his worry and all his endeavors. “ Aunt, aunt ! ” she cried, as, much to Humphrey’s annoyance, the housekeeper entered the room, “ Master Humphrey moved heaven and earth to save us from the Bridewell, when he learned we were there. Was he not good ? ”

“ Good for nothing,” replied the housekeeper, but with a smile, however, that belied her slighting words. “ I mean, Trooper, that before you could have done anything, we were free. The general had no wish to see his housekeeper in trouble over an affair so foolish. As if I knew anything about

that horrible Hickey and his vile plot ! But yonder girl — ”

“ Was cleverest of us all,” cried Humphrey ; “ and to think that I was so great a gawk as to denounce you to the general ! Can you ever forgive me, I wonder ? ”

“ The general was first of all,” said the girl from Corbie’s. “ Did we not decide that, as we planned our plans through the buttery-hatch ? And you are — well — as the general told you, a bit over-zealous, Trooper,” she added with a laugh. “ But what matter now, so long as he is safe ; and after it’s all over, and the fleet is drawn off, and our independence is won — ”

“ Well, after that ? ” queried Humphrey, as the girl from Corbie’s hesitated.

She looked at him with one of her archest smiles.

“ Why, after that — when all is right and bright — ” she began.

“ Trooper Vandyne ! to the general at once, and in haste. ’T is special orders,” came the word, as a Guardsman appeared at the door ; and Humphrey, for once greatly against his will, was forced to answer the summons of the general.

“ I wonder what she was going to say,” he asked himself, for Humphrey was just a bit heavy, you know. “ I’ll find out some time.”

But that time meant opportunity, and opportu-

nities were not plenty with Humphrey Vandyne for many days thereafter.

Once more he was ordered down the bay, to get report from Colonel Tupper — afterwards known as the commodore — as to the condition of the British fleet.

“Tell his Excellency they’re still a-coming,” said the doughty commodore. “But he must clear Staten Island of farm stuff, if he hopes to starve ’em away. If we had the force, one might do it; for a deserter from the fleet tells me they’re short of provisions already, and that the men are on half-allowance. Now, God increase their wants, say I; but if his Excellency could but make Staten Island waste, and stop supplies going out to ’em, we might help to increase ’em ourselves and so starve ’em off. But — ’tis a job my flotilla can scarcely hope to do.”

The gallant commodore, indeed, could scarcely hope to accomplish this; neither could the general. For Staten Island was already in the grip of the enemy.

Their hostile force grew hourly. The transports kept coming in all that June Saturday. By evening one hundred and ten had appeared. The general officers were in council; Greene, from Brooklyn, brought the latest news; Mrs. Washington left headquarters; and the general sent out to the army this Order for the Day, on the second of July: “The time is now near at hand which must

probably determine whether Americans are to be Freemen or slaves, whether they are to have any prosperity they can call their own, whether their Houses and Farms are to be pillaged and destroyed, and they consigned to a state of wretchedness from which no human efforts will probably deliver them. The fate of unborn millions will now depend, under God, on the Courage and conduct of this Army. Our cruel and unrelenting Enemy leaves us no choice but a brave resistance, or the most abject submission; this is all that we can expect. We have therefore to resolve to conquer or die."

Humphrey braced up at once, as he read that determined and unyielding Order of the Day. He could not but think that the general drew too gloomy a picture of possibilities. Hamilton had told him that Great Britain could not possibly conquer the Colonies. And Hamilton was a very wise young man.

But — the general was wise too, Humphrey knew. He had taken the motto of the Guard to inspire confidence in his order; and this seemed, in itself, an assurance of the general's faith in his Life-Guard, notwithstanding the wretched Hickey plot. So Humphrey echoed the general in his resolve to "Conquer or Die," and confidently waited developments.

CHAPTER XX.

HOW HUMPHREY SERVED HIS APPRENTICESHIP.

DEVELOPMENTS came speedily. Almost on the heels of the appeal to the army to "Conquer or Die," came swift news from Philadelphia, that the Congress, assembled in that city, had answered the coming of the British fleet in equally bold and manly fashion.

On the ninth of July, 1776, Washington issued another order to his army, which, so he declared to Congress, met with most hearty assent.

The order ran: "The Honorable Continental Congress, impelled by the dictates of duty, policy, and necessity, having been pleased to dissolve the Connection which subsisted between this Country and Great Britain, and to declare the United Colonies of America free and independent States; it is ordered, that the several brigades be drawn up this evening on their respective Parades at six o'clock, when the declaration of Congress, showing the grounds and reasons of their Measure, is to be read with an audible voice."

Humphrey was enthusiastic. The Life-Guard

in its neatest uniform of blue and white, with its white silk flag, emblazoned with the goddess of liberty, the shield, and the eagle, and with its streaming motto "Conquer or Die," was drawn up near to the general-in-chief. The "audible voice" read the Declaration that has now become immortal; and Humphrey thrilled through and through, as the closing words awoke a responsive echo in his enthusiastic young soul — "and to these we pledge our lives, our fortunes, and our sacred honor."

How sad, he thought, that good soldiers and bright men, like Thomas Hickey, should have sullied their honor, wrecked their fortunes, and flung away their lives in a mad attempt against the man who alone could lead the new nation to victory. Again he swore to be true to his trust; and his eye was the brightest, his arm the steadiest, his voice the loudest, as, presenting arms in honor of the general, the Congress, and the Declaration, the army huzzaed so vigorously for America, Independence, and victory, that Washington reported to Congress that "the expressions and behavior both of officers and men testified their warmest approbation of the measure and declaration of Congress."

From that time forward history was made rapidly. Ship after ship, transport after transport, anchored off Staten Island, until the force of King George of England, sent to the subjugation of America, amounted to four hundred ships and transports, and

twenty-three thousand men — “the best officered, disciplined, and equipped army that Great Britain could then have mustered into any service.”

To oppose this formidable array Washington gathered an army of only nineteen thousand “effective” — or available men; the most of these were green soldiers, militia and “raw levies,” as less than half of the fighting force was what were known as “Continental,” or regular troops.

The disparity between the two armies was very great. It showed on one side, as one who has carefully studied the campaign assures us, “a crude, un-military host, strong only in a body of volunteers determined to resist an invasion of their soil;” on the other side were the tried and seasoned veterans of England and the Hessens, led by fit, able, and experienced generals.

But Washington’s spirit was high, his will indomitable.

“The enemy’s whole enforcement is now arrived,” he announced to the army on the thirteenth of August, “so that an attack must and will soon be made. The general, therefore, again repeats his earnest request, that every officer and soldier will have his arms and ammunition in good order, keep within their quarters and encampment as much as possible; be ready for action at a moment’s call; and, when called, to remember that Liberty, Property, Life, and Honor are all at stake.”

The British army was duly landed ; and on Tuesday, the twenty-seventh of August, came the inevitable conflict, — the famous Battle of Long Island.

It ended, as all the world knows, in temporary defeat. Out-flanked and surprised, seven thousand Americans engaged twenty thousand British and Hessian troops in and about the present Borough of Brooklyn. A fierce battle ensued ; but superior numbers and superior discipline won the day, and Long Island was lost to Washington. Then followed his masterly retreat to New York — in itself a victory ; and, out of the disastrous day at Long Island, came that stubborn campaign of defeats, retreats, and reverses that should have ended in the conquest of America, but for that unconquerable spirit that only found in each new reverse a fresh reason for resistance, and educated America in that school for continuous and slowly organized resistance that led at last to the “graduation exercises” at Yorktown, with George Washington at the head of the world’s first class in war.

The Battle of Long Island was Humphrey Vandyne’s first taste of real war. He did not like it ; for, talk as we may about the glory of the strife, and the enthusiasms, exultations, and fervor of the battle-field, war is, after all, only legalized butchery, and no man in his right mind ever really enjoyed it.

But Humphrey was in the heat and heart of the

struggle. For, as one familiar with Washington's Life-Guard declares, "they were never spared by the general in battle."

The Guard remained in New York where the general feared an attack by the fleet; but when this seemed improbable, it was hurried across the river. Posted on a hill, in the region of Court and Pacific Streets, in the Brooklyn of to-day, and upon which Washington stood to direct and view the battle, the Guardsmen were used for escort and special service, in which latter duty, as a mounted trooper, Humphrey was employed almost as an aid.

Thus he saw, or was a part of, most of the heaviest fighting. He saw the total rout of Sterling's division; he witnessed, and was almost involved in, the terrible slaughter of the Marylanders, in memory of whose wonderful valor the beautiful shaft in Prospect Park has been raised.

For, when the battle was lost at left and centre, and the "Maryland Four Hundred," at the old Cortelyou House, held back Cornwallis's brigades, and saved the army's line of retreat, Humphrey was caught within the struggle, and fairly fought his way back to the commander-in-chief. Smallwood, the colonel of the Maryland regiment, came galloping up.

"General," he said, "my men are sorely pressed. Give me a force to march out and assist them, I beg."

"The risk is too great, Colonel," Washington replied. "I have lost too many brave men to-day to sacrifice more. I will do what I can however. Here! Trooper Vandyne, ride as hard as you can to Captain Thomas's Independent Company, at the mouth of the Creek, and beg him to check the enemy with his artillery, and protect the Marylanders as they fall back. Let Hamilton's artillery assist if possible. I must save needless slaughter."

Again Humphrey dashed into the thick of the fight. The Marylanders were stubbornly holding their ground, falling back as they fought; but Cornwallis, with an overwhelming force, was pushing them desperately. Humphrey's order hastened Captain Thomas forward, and hurried Hamilton into the fight.

"It's going badly for us, isn't it, Injun?" Humphrey said to his friend.

"Yes; but it may take a first defeat to show us the way to victory," declared the hopeful artillery captain, waving his hand to his old comrade as he dashed into action; while Humphrey, inspired by Hamilton's words, galloped back to join his chief, crossed the Mill Pond creek, near Fort Box, to save time — and fell into the hands of a half-dozen Hessian yagers, returning from the rout of Sterling's gallant force!

Nothing daunted, Humphrey fought "the Dutchmen," as he called them, six to one; but it was a

useless struggle, for he was fighting against heavy odds. Then it was that he saw Cornwallis's red-coats swarming across the meadow, and recognized among the officers of the detachment the face of his old schoolmate, Auchmuty, the loyalist.

"Sam, Sam!" he cried, letting out the old "college yell," which Auchmuty at once recognized. "Rescue! lad; King's men to the rescue!"

Auchmuty was charging across the Mill Pond meadows, blood in his eye, and carnage in his heart, when his ear caught the well known-call. He stopped the fury of his charge, saw the lad in blue and white holding the Hessians at bay, and, springing from his own line, came down upon the group.

"What! Hun, old boy! is it you?" he cried. "Yield you to me. You are my prisoner," and with what little German he could muster, he broke the Hessian corner. Grumblingly they gave up their prey to this interfering British officer, and Humphrey was in the hands of the enemy.

"Where do I go, Sam?" queried Humphrey. "I don't know much about this prisoner business."

"No more do I, Hun," Auchmuty replied. "But we're quits now anyhow. You helped me to my commission, I'll help you to your life. Only don't let Governor Tryon get his hand on you. He's got a rod in pickle for you, my boy. Now cut, gallop, begone! The next time we meet, perhaps we'll have a little sword-play; but now the

chance is too desperate. Tell Mr. Washington he's done for; but—didn't those Marylanders fight? I'm proud of 'em as an American, if we are rebel and loyalist. Goodby, old fellow; remember me to Injun', if he's alive!" and with a cordial hand-grasp, and a cut on the horse's flank, Auchmuty sent his old college mate into safety, and Tory and Patriot drifted apart again.

Humphrey galloped back to Cobble Hill, as Washington had named his outlook, and rejoined the commander-in-chief. But the first test of actual combat had gone against the general, and the Battle of Long Island was over. On the night of Thursday, the twenty-ninth of August, the masterly retreat from Brooklyn was made; and Washington saved his army of nine thousand men from what seemed almost certain capture, and wrote his name as one of the world's successful strategists.

The weary army was completely "done up," after safety in New York was fairly won. Washington himself was so exhausted by worry, responsibility, and work that he declared he was "entirely unfit to take pen in hand, or even dictate a letter;" and the army itself was almost as worn out as its leader.

But recuperation comes speedily. The British general failed to follow up his success on Long Island,—proof that he had no mean opinion of the fighting qualities of Humphrey Vandyne's comrades-in-arms; and the Americans, "braced up"

by their general, gathered themselves for a new effort.

Humphrey was in continual service as despatch-bearer, vidette, or patrol ; for the general was ceaselessly busy during those days of uncertainty and preparation, endeavoring to fathom the enemy's plans, and determined, even to the last moment of decision, to defend New York against British attack.

Until well into September, Mortier House was the general's headquarters, and Humphrey was forever, so it seemed to him, galloping up and down the well-worn roadway that led to its porticoed front.

Once in a while he would find his way to Corbie's tavern, but not now to listen to plots, or to plan for their overthrow ; for Guardsman Hickey's fellow-conspirators had, after the execution of their ring-leader and the landing of the British, been sent into imprisonment in Connecticut,—all of them, from Mayor Mathews down to his mulatto go-between,—and a further trial, with its consequences, never came.


But Corbie, double-dealer though he was, had been spared from arrest and punishment, thanks to the good offices of his niece, for Humphrey would make no plea in his behalf. Humphrey hated a craven. Corbie, however, had become a good patriot now ; and Corbie's tavern was still a favorite resort

for those of the blue and white, including Humphrey Vandyne, who was attracted there more by the girl than by the tankards Corbie was ever ready to fill.

Their union of interests in the experiences they had both gone through during the dark days of the Hickey plot, and the mutual assistance they had given each other in deliverance from the "coils" worked about them, had strengthened and cemented the friendship of these two "youthful persons," as the housekeeper called them, first begun that day beneath the chestnut-tree. The Guardsman, to be sure, brave as he was, could not summon up the courage to ask the girl to finish that uncompleted sentence. But he haunted Corbie's nevertheless; and Corbie, for reasons of his own, seemed willing to favor this friendship.

Humphrey, as we know, did not altogether believe in Corbie's conversion to a patriotism which seemed forced, and rather distrusted his advances; but, as he decided in his boyish way, "Corbie's friendliness gives me a chance to see his niece, whenever I desire, and so—what's the odds? I can keep one eye on Uncle Corbie, I reckon."

But, important as this was to him, there were yet more important things than watching Corbie, or even chatting with his niece Elizabeth, to occupy the spare moments of Trooper Humphrey. He had, indeed, very few spare moments; for on the



twelfth of September a council of war at headquarters determined at last upon the abandonment of New York, as the necessity of a successful campaign. Since the British invasion and occupation of Long Island, the city was no longer safe; and the army was to move out from it by the Harlem Road and across the Hudson.

Humphrey saw his father at last. Teunis Vandyne had found his way to Corbie's with reports as to the condition of things up the river, and, as it was not yet deemed safe or wise for him to be seen at headquarters, Humphrey was sent as messenger to and from the general.

The meeting between father and son was characteristic. Teunis Vandyne was, in appearance and nature, the last person to be suspected as a "secret agent." Slow in speech as in action, he seemed, as indeed he was, the country farmer and gentleman, rather than the brisk, active, keen-eyed, and sharp-eared "collector of treasonable information."

But as Humphrey declared, "What father doesn't see or hear, isn't worth seeing or hearing," and the general evidently subscribed to the son's opinion.

"Father! I know all about you now," said Humphrey, as he met his father in the tap-room at Corbie's. "And you kept it from me! But—how about Patem's Elishamet's Brachie?"

"Well, son Humphrey, the girl is growing," his father replied; "and the farms are still there. I

reckon the governor's bounty could be arranged even now, if you'll go down to the fleet once more. I understand the governor is very anxious to see the son of Tory Vandyne of Rockland. He's got something interesting to say to him."

Humphrey laughed heartily. He was so happy to think of his father as being of his party, that his spirits were high.

"But how did you keep in touch with 'em all, sir, and no one—not even I, father—suspect you?" he asked.

"Why, I'll tell you, son Humphrey," Teunis Vandyne answered slowly; "if a man looks wise and says but little, he gets the reputation of being a good deal of a man. That's my way among the king's people up-river; and, as I never contradict 'em, they think I'm telling them something when they are doing all the telling themselves. And so I get the truth about things. In this world, son Humphrey, the man who says little, but does much, generally learns a good deal and gets around to his ends. And that's the rule I go on."

"Even with me, father, I suppose," said Humphrey.

"Even with you, lad," his father replied. "You were away at college during all the beginning of trouble. You knew really nothing of my position. But when I cast you off, and seemed to disown you, you took my action as final, and did most of the

talking. Besides, I simply had to throw you off the track; for your tongue, lad, was ever an unruly member, and if you had known my secrets and purposes, that tongue of yours might have got us both into trouble."

Then Teunis came to business.

"These ciphers of the general," he said, looking at the papers before him, "tell me of his desire to fathom the enemy's designs. He wants to know whether I think there may not be friends, in or near the enemy's camp, who can obtain, or send him, frequent accounts of what they are doing. 'Leave no stone unturned,' that is what he writes me, 'nor do not stop at expense to bring this to pass, as I was never more uneasy than on account of my want of knowledge on this score.' Now, that's all very well, son Humphrey, but I'm not one to penetrate the enemy's camp and find out their intentions. I can do it up-country, or among country folks, but to get military secrets is not in my line. Now if you —"

"That's not my style either, father," Humphrey replied, with vivid recollections of his own misadventures as a "secret agent." "But I should think — why!" he broke off, as a sudden idea struck him, — "I know the very man, Captain Hale of the Rangers! He told me that any service that was for the good of the Cause becomes honorable by being necessary."

"That's good talk," said Humphrey's father approvingly. "Can't we get him interested enough to offer his special services to the general?"

Humphrey thought he could, and he did. As a result, Nathan Hale went on the secret expedition that cost him his life, but won for him a deathless name. Humphrey Vandyne ever mourned his friend's fate; and, in a way, he held himself responsible for the tragedy of Nathan Hale's ignominious but glorious death.

Humphrey was by the general's side when Washington, furiously indignant, attempted to stem the disgraceful stampede at Kip's Bay — that forerunner of "Bull Run," as an unnecessary and unjustifiable panic, due to the overwrought nerves of men not yet schooled to the shock of battle. He was with him at that first American victory — the battle of Harlem Heights, which, according to Washington himself, "seems to have greatly inspired the whole of our troops, and must result in many salutary consequences." And so, from Long Island to Morristown, Trooper Vandyne proved himself ready, willing, valorous, and reliable, winning the confidence, affection, and good opinion of the commander-in-chief, who, as a result, "never spared him" in battle, camp, or quarters.

At Morristown, in May, 1777, came that reorganization of his Life-Guard, which Washington had determined upon after the closing of the Hickey

plot. And Humphrey was made sergeant of horse in the new Guard !

The general was never perfectly sure of his followers after the Hickey plot. As later, in the case of Arnold's treason, it led him to question his own faith in men, and to wonder whom, indeed, he might trust, when those who seemed most true to him were false.

"I am satisfied," he said to the colonels, when requesting a new draft for his Life-Guard, "there can be no absolute security for the fidelity of this class of people. But I think it most likely to be found in those who have family connections in the country. You will, therefore, send me none but natives." He wished no more aliens or double deserters, such as Thomas Hickey ; and that is why he showed confidence in such Guardsmen as Humphrey, the heedless but faithful.

The further adventures of Humphrey Vandyne, trooper of the Life-Guard, — the gallant fight he made at Trenton, the part he played with Sergeant Champe, and almost captured the traitor Arnold, — these are matters of record, as are the part played in them, too, by that girl from Corbie's ; but they have no real place in this story, which simply aims to tell of the earlier adventures and misadventures of this heedless but honest young collegian and wearer of the blue and white.

To be under the general's eye, a sharer of his

perils, his worries and his woes, his triumphs and his victories; to gather inspiration from Washington's noble nature, his high serenity, his undaunted courage, his untiring patriotism, and his indomitable will,—these were enough to make a man of any boy, however headless, however impulsive, and however over-confident. All of these latter, as you know, Humphrey Vandyne was; but he was also honest, honorable, loyal and true: he was endowed with patriotism as with courage, and with zeal as with integrity; and these were the very qualities that had made him so acceptable to the commander-in-chief as one of the bravest and most reliable of his Life-Guard in the early and most trying days of the American Revolution.

BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

The Popular "True Story" Series

Seven 4to volumes of from 200 to 250 pages each, profusely illustrated, and attractively bound in cloth, each \$1.50.

"A series which contains the lives of Columbus, Washington, Lincoln, Grant, and Franklin, and worthy of hearty commendation. Every grown-up person who has read one of them will wish to buy the whole series for the young folks at home." — *The Christian Advocate*.

The True Story of Christopher Columbus,

Called the Admiral. Revised edition.

"With its thorough historical research and its novelty of treatment it is the Columbus book of the time." — *The Interior*, Chicago.

The True Story of George Washington,

Called the Father of His Country.

"Although many excellent biographies of our first President have been prepared for the young, we think that Mr. Brooks has presented the best, and has sustained well, if not added to, his reputation gained by his previous efforts in historical fields for young readers." — *S. S. Library Bulletin*.

The True Story of Abraham Lincoln,

The American.

"His life reads like a romance, the best romance that ever was printed, and Mr. Brooks has done an admirable work. . . . The story of Lincoln was never more ably told." — *Evening Post*, Chicago.

At all bookstores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO. . BOSTON

BOOKS FOR YOUNG AMERICANS

BY ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS

The Popular "True Story" Series

The True Story of U. S. Grant, The American Soldier.

"Carefully written in that style which makes Mr. Brooks so popular a writer with young readers."—*The Pilgrim Teacher*.

The True Story of Benjamin Franklin,

The American Statesman. The only popular life of the great Franklin written from a human standpoint for the boys and girls of America.

"We doubt whether a better biography for the reading of boys has ever been written."—*Christian Endeavor World*.

The True Story of Lafayette,

The friend of America. This volume, the sixth in the series of "Children's Lives of Great Men," will appeal to all young Americans. It is an absorbing, simply told, and stirring story of a remarkable character in American history, and is the "whole story," from the boyhood of the great Frenchman to the close of his long, dramatic, and romantic career.

The True Story of the United States of America.

From 1492 to 1900. This is in every sense a companion volume to the series of "Children's Lives of Great Men." It tells the true story of the beginnings, rise, and development of the republic of the United States. Its object is to tell the story of the people of America. It is largely used for home and supplementary reading, and is accepted as the most popular "story" of the United States yet told for young people.

At all bookstores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO. . BOSTON

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS'S BOOKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

"Nothing deserves better of young American readers than Elbridge S. Brooks's books. . . . It is no wonder that Mr. Brooks's books are being put into so many schools, and if many such books are included in school courses in the near future it is to be expected that truancy will be at a discount."
—*The Interior*, Chicago.

The American Soldier.

New and revised edition. Cloth, 4to, illustrated, \$1.50. A stirring and graphic record of the American fighting-man, — from Bunker Hill to Santiago.

The American Sailor.

New and revised edition. Cloth, 4to, illustrated, \$1.50. The only comprehensive story of the American blue-jacket, from Paul Jones to Dewey.

The American Indian.

Profusely illustrated, cloth, 4to, \$1.50. The first and only complete and consecutive story of the redmen of America.

The Boy Life of Napoleon,

afterwards Emperor of the French. Adapted for American children from the French of Madame Eugénie Foa. Square 8vo, illustrated, \$1.25. An absorbing and attractive volume, and the only story life of *the boy Napoleon* extant. It includes all the latest information touching upon the childhood of the most remarkable man and military leader of the nineteenth century.

In Blue and White.

A story of the American Revolution. 8vo, illustrated, \$1.50. This stirring story of the Revolution details the adventures of one of Washington's famous Life-Guards, who is a college mate of Alexander Hamilton, and is of help to Washington in a great conspiracy.

At all bookstores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO. . BOSTON

ELBRIDGE S. BROOKS'S BOOKS

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

In No Man's Land.

A Wonder Story. Cloth, 12mo, illustrated, \$1.00.

"Sparkles all over with glee. . . . There is not a dull line in it."—*The Dial*.

In Leisler's Times.

A Story of Knickerbocker New York, told for boys and girls. Cloth, 12mo, illustrated by W. T. Smedley, \$1.50.

"A good boy's book; manly, patriotic, and readable."—*The Independent*.

The Story of New York.

Cloth, 8vo, illustrated, \$1.50. This initial volume of the "Story of the States Series," of which Mr. Brooks is editor.

"More like a charming fireside legend, told by a grandfather to eager children, than the dry and pompous chronicles commonly labelled history."—*Critic*, New York.

The Story of our War with Spain.

Told for young Americans. One vol., 8vo, profusely illustrated, \$1.50. An authentic, complete, and reliable account of the war for Cuban liberation in 1898.

"Written in Mr. Brooks's most graphic style, in simple, straightforward, stirring chronicle, without deviation for discussion or undue detail."—*The Interior*.

Storied Holidays.

Cloth, 12mo, illustrated by Howard Pyle, \$1.50. A unique collection of historical stories about the world's holidays.

"A book for buying and keeping, that the children as they grow up, and the parents too, may dip into and read."—*Sunday School Times*.

At all bookstores, or sent postpaid on receipt of price.

LOTHROP, LEE & SHEPARD CO. . BOSTON

